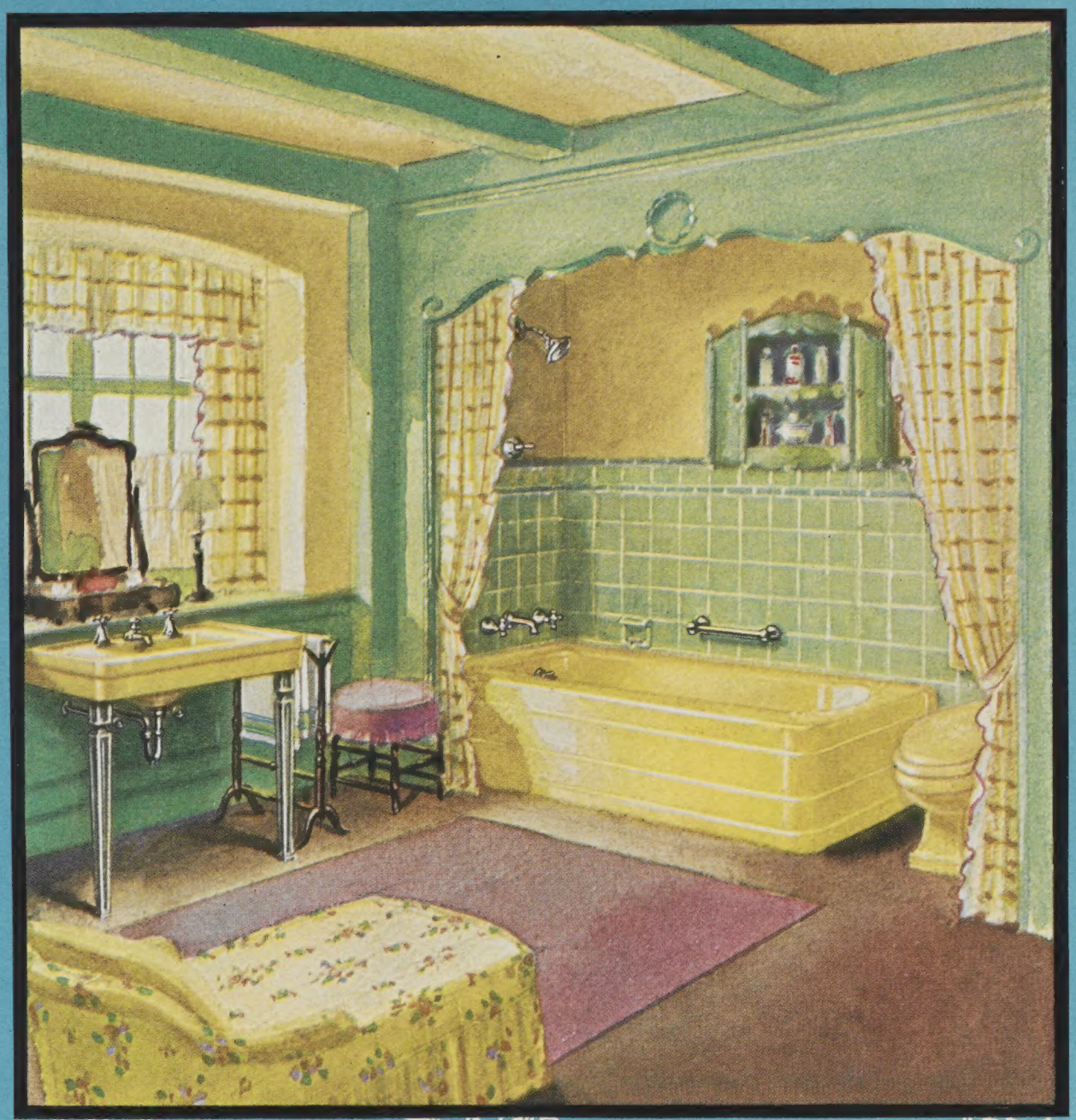
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

July, 1930 *"Canada's Greatest Magazine"* *10c a Copy*



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Yeast *expels* body poisons...

Dr. Catalina of Madrid tells of simple way to keep intestines active!

WORRIED about your health? Then read what this brilliant authority advises . . . Dr. Alberto Catalina, of the Society of Medicine and Surgery of Spain!

Dr. Catalina's astounding feats of intestinal surgery early won him the applause of the European medical world. He is the author of an important treatise, "Constipation." He declares:

"To combat constipation and related disturbances of nutrition and the skin, we have a highly effective remedy in yeast.

"Recent experiments," Dr. Catalina explains, "have confirmed the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms. It stimulates digestion and frees the system from a great quantity of poison."

Give sluggish bowel muscles the simple aid this great physician advises!

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, actually strengthens the intestines . . . "tones" them up to function normally. Food wastes are gently cleared away. Appetite picks up. Your whole system is purified, invigorated!

Try it! Eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast every day. At grocers', restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains. Directions are on the label.

Manuel Urech, Madrid

EXPLAINS INTESTINAL SPECIALIST

(BELOW) "Life on a submarine brought on constipation," *writes* L. WESTON, *Toronto.* "Coming to Canada, I ate Fleischmann's Yeast. Nothing ever helped me so much."

Famous doctors urge this health care!

DR. DARTIGUES, former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris, asserts: "Cathartics should not be used often. An active yet harmless product is required—such as yeast . . . Yeast keeps intestines clean and maintains vitality."

DR. GUSTAV SINGER, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University of Vienna, states: "Yeast is the best way to keep the intestines free of germs. Its purifying action causes skin eruptions to disappear."

DR. JOHAN ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's great St. Göran Hospital, explains: "I have used yeast for 25 years. It keeps the whole intestinal tract in a healthy, clean condition . . . preventing the absorption of poisons into the system."

"Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, my doctor recommended"

"While living in the tropics I contracted intestinal trouble," *writes* MRS. MARGUERITE FALKENBURG, *of Flushing, N. Y.* (at left). "My whole system seemed terribly sluggish and my digestion bothered me . . . On my way home I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast. A doctor advised me to eat it and I took his advice. And today I'm in the pink of health."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

VOLUME XXXI WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 7

Our Greatest Problem

WE MUST of necessity continue to refer to the problem of unemployment since it is the main problem which faces us and the whole world.

Among the causes there are two which are easily observed and understood. These are the invention of labor-saving devices and the formation of mergers or huge combines. Because of the former, ten factory workers can do the work of a hundred that depend upon hand-labor alone. Because of the latter thousands of lesser stores and banks and industrial concerns have had to close their doors. They were powerless to combat the gigantic highly-organized units of production and distribution.

It is said that in some of the United States and even in Western Canada only one fourth of the usual number of men are required on farms since combines have been introduced. In a plant like a modern bakery a dozen men will do what fifty did a few years ago. In a large departmental store five hundred clerks find work, but a thousand in towns and villages have had to give up their positions. When banks merge almost one-third of the force have to find other situations. When oil companies merge hundreds and thousands are thrown out of employment So in every field there is less and less call for men. The problem is no longer that of getting a fair wage for honest work, but of getting work at any price. The machine has displaced the man. We have a new Frankenstein monster. In the sea of finance the octopus has killed all the little fishes. Is there any remedy or are things to get worse?

A Remedy Worth Considering

THERE is a principle in social life that is generally recognized in law and practice. "No man is a law unto himself." A small-pox patient cannot run wild; a man cannot blaspheme in public; a driver must observe the law of the road. If this principle were followed in business it would mean that no employer would make any serious change in his mode of operation without considering first of all how it would affect others—chiefly those working under him. To introduce a new machine which would mean dispensing with help of the staff would be an offence against those who have built up the business. The first care of a man in business should not be for his business but for his men. This is a fundamental law. It applies everywhere. The failure to observe it has been on the master's side, the chief cause of friction between labor and capital. If a man buys a combine for his farm operations he must be sure that its use does not deprive others of work. If he opens a huge departmental store he must think of the thousands in small centres who will be thrown out of work. If he plans for a merger he must be sure that it does not mean starvation for clerks and helpers. Is it not too true that there are thousands of employers who never think of their men in planning extension of their work?

It is not out of order to suggest that the number of workers a business man should use might be measured by the output of the factory. No man has a right to monopolize trade. His business belongs to his men as well as himself. The responsibility of each employer, manager, magnate, can be measured on terms of trade, and the just man will not object to using his quota of workers any more than he will object to paying his share of the income tax. This, of course, applies to more than factories and stores. A loan company—a bank or an insurance company—should hold itself responsible for employing a staff that can be measured in terms of net profit. Two things are totally indefensible, that great financial corporations should hand out excessive profits to shareholders, and slave or overwork the clerks.

Our Coal Problem

EVERY day, in a variety of publications, we are reminded that if Canada is to develop into a well-rounded nation with prosperous and well-to-do citizens, she must look not only to her wheat crop with its strange vicissitudes, but also to every other industry which is capable of being organized and made into a profitable venture. This is sound advice. Man cannot live by bread alone, nor can a nation progress if she depends upon only one source of wealth.

It is time that this lesson was brought home to our people, as far as the coal situation, particularly in Western Canada, is concerned. Here we have an almost inexhaustible asset which is being left unaided, unsupported and uncared for. Do our readers realize that in the Province of Alberta there is 85 per cent of Canada's coal supply, and that this represents almost 20 per cent of the world's supply? The Geological Department of the University of Alberta has estimated that in Alberta there are deposits totalling over 27 billion tons. Do our readers further realize, that as one writer puts it: "The capital employed in coal mining is greater than in any other branch of mining, and that it represents roughly 147 million dollars as against only 50 million for gold, silver, and copper combined. It has more employees than all other branches of metallic mining together. It pays in salaries and wages within one million dollars of the total paid by all other branches of mining, while its net income from the sale of its products, $60,840,000 is equalled by only one branch of metallic mining, this being melting and refining which has a net income of $61,000,000."

The coal question is of the utmost importance both to those who have made such large investments and also to the nation at large. The producers have many difficulties to face in marketing their commodity in the matter of American coal, steam heating plants now being established in various towns and natural gas used in some of the provinces. They have sought relief by way of reduction of freight rates which have been granted. This, however, is but a temporary measure and we believe that it is only fair that steps should be taken, after investigation, to make this reduction permanent and of a wide nature. We further believe that some measure of a protective duty should be given so that the competition of American coal may be lessened. Canada has a wonderful heritage in these coal deposits and every means should be taken to see that they are developed and fostered. The interest at stake is now too great to allow it to become endangered by lack of care. We are firmly of the opinion that both the Provincial and Federal governments would do well to throw their mantle of protection around this industry and it is obviously the duty of every Canadian consumer to make the Canadian mined production first choice. Real patriotism carries with it a practical responsibility as well as fervor of sentiment.

Manitoba's Anniversary

ON JULY 15, 1870, Manitoba was admitted to Confederation. It was a great day for the new province, and as we now see it a greater day for Canada. The union has been of untold advantage to each.

The story of sixty years cannot be told in a single page. It is a story of great men and sacrificing women, a story of hardship and adventure, of daring and courage, of triumphs and defeats, of friendships and antagonisms—above all a story of growth and progress.

So this month the province is celebrating its anniversary. It is difficult in comparing life today with life sixty years ago, to state where the contrast is greatest. One small village to scores of thriving towns and cities; little shacks to massive buildings; petty trading to wholesale dealing; conveyance by Red River carts, to conveyance by boat, train and aeroplane; export of furs to export of wheat reckoned in bushels by hundreds of millions; 30 schools and 1,200 pupils to 2,200 schools and 150,000 pupils; —these are taken at random. There has been similar development in every line. So in Winnipeg and in every centre, men, women and children are joining to celebrate the day, and to remember the old-timers whose daring and initiative made all such growth possible.

It is impossible to think of Manitoba without recalling her troubles before Confederation and since. Now one can hardly believe there were struggles between rival trade companies, open rebellion preceding the union, quarrels with the Dominion over provincial rights, endless disputes over the school question. Fortunately the gaze of the people is outward and onward. They now feel they are a maritime people. Fort Churchill is 900 miles from Winnipeg. All eyes are turned to Europe. She is reckoned as a near neighbor. Similarly with the opening of mines and the development of power, the province is feeling new blood course through her veins. The celebration in July will not be merely an historical review; it will be the occasion for making resolves and assuming responsibilities. May the progress during the next sixty years be equal to and greater than that made since Confederation.

When a Man Votes

IN THIS country we have, whether for good or ill, what is known as party government. Therefore, in voting we support not only the individual who represents us but the party to whom he owes his allegiance. In the end we must choose between policies—but we would be extremely foolish to let it go at that, for a policy is nothing unless it can work out in practice Many policies that are proclaimed as essential to national advancement can never become effective because they are impossible—they are mere window-dressing; others will fail to be realized because the men behind them are not in earnest. There are three things every voter might well ask. First, what policies does a man or his party advocate? Second, are the policies capable of fulfilment? Third, are the men who undertake their fulfilment to be trusted?

It is easy for any party to announce policies, but there is all the difference in the world between the proclamation of a policy and its realization. For instance one might state the policy of his party to be the happiness of all the people: factories in every town: unlimited trade with all countries of the world: two-dollar wheat: a hundred million population in five years. It is easy to promise anything, but no man has a right to hearing unless he can, with the naming of a policy, show how it will become operative. Both Canadian parties, as we understand it are councilled to the deep water-way scheme. Neither has shown nor can show just how that will help Canada, particularly Western Canada, at the present time. There is no traffic for a fleet of lake boats, and for the Hudson Bay Railway, and for the National Railway. We have to pay for all. Or again both parties announce as a policy increased trade with all countries. That is not a policy; it is only a vague hope until a party can show just how it is to become effective.

So electors will do well to criticise policies that are advanced. If they are a sound working basis for national progress, then the party advocating them should be supported. If they are but vague generalizations without a practical programme of means of enforcement, they should be ignored. It is always well to remember that before an election parties will promise anything. It is also well to remember that neither good times nor bad times depend altogether nor mainly upon any government that may be placed in power.

In any case, no man can be justified in voting for a candidate who is lacking in moral principle. Let us leave it at that.

Canada in Nineteen-Thirty

The Retrospect and Outlook From the Tower of Time

By Frank Yeigh

Author of "Through the Heart of Canada"

ANOTHER milepost has been reached on our national way.

And the number is growing. The distance covered between No. 1 and No. 63 is relatively long, taking a short view; 1867 seems remote to the youth of 1930—a dim grandfather period far enough away to warrant the research attention of historical societies or Books of Recollection; though, in the longer perspective, the half-century or more in relation to the four centuries since Cartier's day is but a brief span.

Canada was, at the dawn of Confederation, embryonic as a nation, limited in its boundaries or organized provinces, hampered in its trade ramifications and circumscribed in its transportation facilities. Insularity marked its continental and world position and status. It was a somewhat insignificant member of the Empire family, and filled small space in the record of world-events. But its potentialities were recognized and realized to a remarkable degree by the worthy Fathers of Confederation. There were men of vision among them; men who laid the foundations well and truly of the new governmental structure with very little practical material for their guidance. In that sense they broke new ground and set new precedents that have in part been followed by sister Dominions in the Commonwealth of Nations.

The leaders in the great forward movement had the prescience to foresee a greater Canada, and yet one wonders if their vision foreshadowed the Canada of actuality now. "It absorbs every other idea so far as I am concerned," declared John A. MacDonald; George Brown spoke of the proposed B.N.A. Act as "a measure fraught with advantage to our common country," and Sir George Cartier struck a similar high note, while Joseph Howe made the remarkable prediction for his day of the coming time when many in his hearing would hear the echo of the locomotive hauling a train across the continent, though they had to wait twenty years for the dream to be fulfilled. But the prophecy of Lord Carnarvon, in introducing the B.N.A. Bill into the House of Lords, voiced an even more notable prediction, especially from one viewing the scene and the occasion from the other side of the Atlantic: "We are laying the foundation of a great State." They are words that are still in process of coming true.

A Story of National Expansion

NO STORY of national expansion, within the span of scarcely more than half a century, equals that of the new Dominion—a claim that can be made without the charge of exaggeration or undue boastfulness; and this annual survey of the country's progress, measured by its sixty-third milestone, provides satisfactory evidence. It must be a dull mind and a dwarfed imagination that fails to thrill at the story of the years, at the tale of this Confederation year. Two pictures frame themselves: the Then and the Now. It is a mistake to dispose of our Yesterdays with a shrug or a sneer, as if all life and experience were centred in the present; it is therefore a wholesome habit to check up on 1867, as well as 1930, and to catch the significance of the intervening years. One repeats Professor Zimmern's phrase that "Canada is a nation of public-spirited adventurers," and has been ever so since the worthy Fathers of a past generation laid the foundations of a new era.

A rapid review of the current Dominion Year will provide a series of striking contrasts with the beginnings of the Confederation pact, while emphasizing the advance the country is making year by year; a net advance that is, for it is necessary, as in business, to set up a trial balance, to measure assets with liabilities, to take account of the debits as well as the credits. To be true to the facts, 1929-30 reveals some debits. The total trade declined to a slight extent; the wheat yield was a substantial drop that affected freight business and exports, and in consequence revenues therefrom. There were five million tons less of canal freightage last season. Railway earnings reflected the decrease, as did bank savings deposits, while many business interests suffered sympathetically. There was a degree of uncertainty in the pulp and paper industry as to prices and production, and unemployment provided, as it still does, a most serious problem for industry and governments. These and other factors entered into the year's business and experiences that detracted from the higher ratio of advance in some previous years.

Healthy Totals in 1929-30

BUT allowing for these and other instances of decline, the twelve months ending with the Dominion Day of 1930 shows a healthy total of industrial activity of radiation of trade, of financial movements and of government revenues. The national wealth is steadily rising in amount, nearing the thirty billion mark, and the results of 1929-30 but slightly affected the total. The agricultural wealth item in this comprehensive summary remains near the eight billion dollar mark, and gross agricultural revenue not far from the two billion figure—healthy items all, and bulking enormously large when measured by the data of the Confederation years. The agricultural wealth for example has increased five-fold since 1867, and the agricultural exports fifty times. The area cultivated in field crops has increased from ten million to sixty million acres, and a million more are being added every year to the growing total. The 300-million-bushel wheat crop of 1929, lessened as it was over the previous year, looms large when measured by the mere 16-million bushel crop of 1871. And the 1929 wheat yield, lower as it was, was substantially above that of 1920. The fact that there are nearly 200 million bushels still in stock, at the time of writing, need not be regarded as a calamity, as it is excellent collateral with a monetary value of large proportions still to be cashed in, and that is until then as good as gold.

CANADA

By Thomas Saunders

She holds a worthy place
Amid the world's great Pow'rs;
A golden smile doth grace
Her face—
This Canada of ours!

The sunny, hill-sloped East,
The mountains of the West,
The Northland, silver-fleeced,
And creased
By crevice, crag and crest;

Her cities, rising fair,
And reaching to the skies—
What land on earth could e'er
Compare
With this young Paradise?

Her daughters, young and old,
True womanhood maintain:
Inspirers of her fold
Enrolled—
A never-ending chain.

Not in her ships and guns
Her glory and her pride;
Yet still within her sons
There runs
The blood of heroes died!

Far o'er her rolling plain,
Beyond all human sight,
Behold her crop of grain
And men:
Her stronghold and her might!

All Nature's gifts are hers,
Of timber, grain and gold:
A heritage that stirs,
And ours
To have, to use, to hold!

Her hills and waterways,
Her forests, ranging broad—
What wonders she displays
To raise
A Temple to her God!

The Trade Thermometer

WHAT does the trade thermometer reveal? A total foreign trade that measures up to the two-and-a-half billion standard is not a discouraging record for a comparatively new country against the small 120 millions of 1867-68. The latter was transacted with only a score or two of countries, whereas the present trade radiation of the Dominion is to over a hundred foreign lands, thirty being under the British flag. The trade increase of 500 per cent since 1900 is another effective way of presenting the progress, and every year marks a net advance as new markets are tapped and new channels of commerce opened. Total exports have doubled and imports more than doubled since the pre-war year of 1913-14. Moreover, Canada leads in per capita trade of $260, compared with only $35 in 1867-68.

Trade Ramifications

IN THIS connection it is fascinating to study the distribution of Canada's exports, especially when contrasted with their limited circulation of half-a-century ago. Our wheat and flour goes to fifty countries; our automobiles to almost as many. Our pure bred stock is in demand from many lands, while the Canadian apple finds its way to the Far East as well as the British Isles. We help to feed the fish-eating populations of far-away lands. How many know that Canada ships potatoes to Brazil, macaroni to China, eggs to Argentina, wool to Japan or honey to the Netherlands? Canadian sardines reach Australia, and codfish find a ready market in Spain and Portugal. Sweden orders our lobsters and South Africa is buying Canadian cheese. In the realm of newsprint, while the United States is our chief customer, considerable quantities of both pulp and paper find their way to remoter lands. Russia is using our pure seed; New Zealand fancies our onions, Japan has opened up a trade for our beef and hams, and whale's teeth make an item of British Columbia exports to Japan! Canadian motor cars may be seen in Iraq, Palestine and Egypt; sewing machines are bought in Uruguay and even Canadian soap has a purchaser in the Irish Free State. Canada's agricultural implements advertise the Dominion in countries near and far, while nickel and its manufactures also radiate far afield. Some Turkish farmers use Canadian plows. The Soudan prefers British Columbia railway ties, and Canadian rags find a market in Czecho-Slovakia! All these commercial activities have come into existence since the first Dominion Day.

The Hum of Industry

THE young Dominion sixty years ago was chiefly an agricultural country. It still ranks quite high in that regard, as the soil and its various products maintains nearly half the population, but other departments of national life are challenging its supremacy. This is markedly so in the realm of industry. The multiplication table tells a remarkable story in this connection. The few hundred manufacturing plants in the central years of the nineteenth century were mostly small concerns, employing hand labor and manufactured only for a local market. Although the Government had raised the standard of enumeration for industrial plants, the number is steadily mounting to 25,000. The increase in invested capital demonstrate manufacturing development in a striking manner, the sum having risen from 78 millions in 1870 to practically 4½ billions at the present time; while the gross production shows a similar ratio of growth from 220 millions worth to 3½ billions. The increase of employees from 187,000 to well over half a million since 1867 is another illuminating fact.

The Financial World

HOW trifling the financial returns of the first year and succeeding years under Confederation look in the light of today's figure! Canada has evolved from a Million to a *Billion* Dollar Country. The federal revenue of less than [Continued on page 55]

Wherever the long trail leads

THROUGH heavy city traffic—across fertile valleys and desert sands—to the top of snow-capped mountains—wherever the long trail leads—you will find the Ford car and cheery words about it.

Its flashing beauty gives it distinction at the Country Club, yet it is no stranger to deeply rutted roads and hard daily usage in the far-off places. Its sturdy strength, reliability and capable performance, at all times and under all conditions, reflect the care and enduring quality that have been built into it.

By its constant, faithful service through many months and years you will know that it is a "value far above the price."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

THE NEW THREE-WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN

24,872 doorbells brought this beauty-answer

And 73 dermatologists★ agreed. I've seen the records!

YOU really should *hear* some of the questions that fill my days! Questions about sterling silver and bonds and galoshes and baking powder and—Calay.

For I've the fascinating job of giving advice to business men about women and their ways! Not that I depend on just what I think or feel. I go out and talk to hundreds of women and girls whenever an important new question comes up!

But when the makers of this new kind of soap—Calay—came to me and asked me to contribute what *they* called the "woman's angle," I found they had already talked to literally thousands of you.

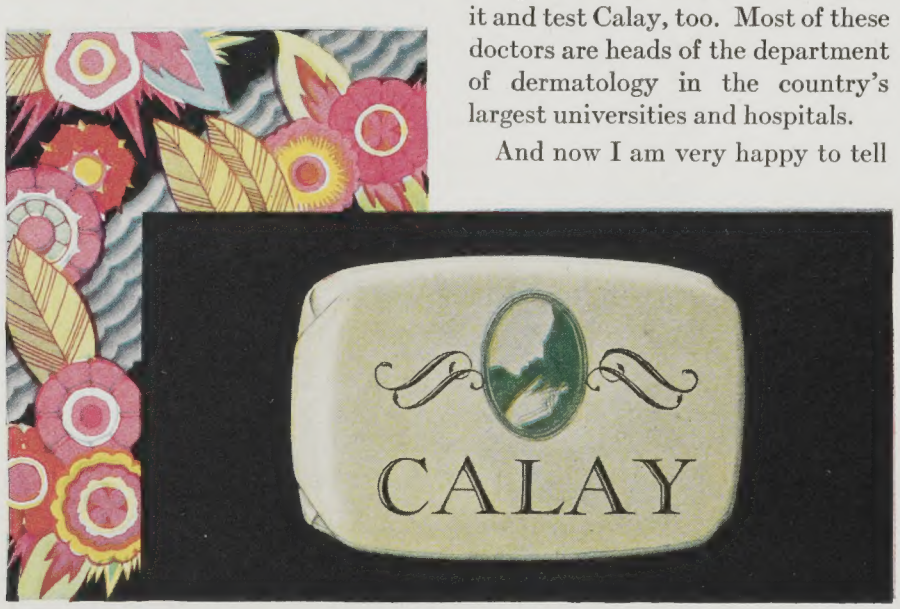
Did *your* doorbell ring?

Some of you who are reading this may remember answering your doorbell some months ago to find a caller who said, "Good morning—*will* you be kind enough to tell me which of these perfumes you like best?"

Others of you may have had two callers—one who gave you a cake of Calay and asked you to try it; another, several weeks later, to ask you about Calay's lather. "Was it instant and free? Did it feel soft and velvety on your face? Did it rinse off quickly, leaving your skin smooth and cool?"

In all, there were calls on 24,872 of you in many different cities before Calay became its present smooth, creamy self!

Now with all that, you may think there was nothing left for *me* to do. But I wanted to have scientific medical approval of the perfect mildness and gentleness *I myself* had found in Calay's fragrant, feathery lather.



I made a beauty-call, too!

So I took Calay to one of the country's leading dermatologists. I asked him to have it analyzed, to test it carefully in use, and to give me his professional opinion of its merits.

He agreed. And he really did much more! He sent copies of Calay's analysis to 72 other eminent dermatologists and asked them to examine it and test Calay, too. Most of these doctors are heads of the department of dermatology in the country's largest universities and hospitals.

And now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists found that Calay was gentle enough for even the most delicate complexions, they have given Calay their unanimous approval.

So you can know that Calay is just the kind of soap these scientists would recommend if you asked them about the right soap for *your* complexion.

Could *any* soap offer more?

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 eminent dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YHH-70, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

★What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

CALAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP [CALLED CAMAY IN THE UNITED STATES] 10¢ A CAKE

His work did not bring him in contact with her. But toward the end of the day he stepped to her side to beg as a favor she would address an envelope for him.

Wild West Paris

By

Francis Dickie

Illustrated by Robert Dorf

DOULCET DEGLIGNY sat upon a metal chair in the Luxembourg Garden. With excited eyes he perused the last lines of a thin paper volume. He closed the book, letting it lie upon his lap, revealing a gaudy cover of yellow and red whereon a score of half-naked Indians rode their horses in pursuit of many fleeing buffalo. And now Doulcet looked upon the real world about him. Directly in front of him some thirty feet distant lay the great basin of the Luxembourg, in the centre of which a fountain played. Upon the calm surface of the basin twenty toy sailing-ships were voyaging under the pressure of the light spring breeze, whilst their proud captains, little boys and girls, walked happily around the cement shore-line of their miniature ocean watching with happy eyes the progress of their various craft. Beyond the basin rose a great double line of horse-chestnut trees, their new green leaves just replacing the glory of the yellowish-white buds. At the end of this tree-formed avenue, and seeming in perspective to loom directly between the last of the so magnificently towering trunks, though in reality some distance from it, rose the gray dome and towers of the Observatory. From this view Doulcet turned his gaze to his right down another long avenue. It gave a far vision of a distant street, the looming apartment houses upon which, in the fading spring light of the dying afternoon, taking on a queerly unreal appearance, like the cliffs and grottoes in a fairy world.

And yet, although Doulcet looked upon two of the most beautiful of the vistas in beautiful Paris, vistas which people came to gaze upon with rapturous eyes, from Buffalo and Bangor, from California, Montana and Manitoba, from Siam and the Bronx, from places all over the world—though Doulcet looked upon these scenes acclaimed by millions, his eyes were now dull and listless. All the brightness that had shone in his orbs as he perused "The Hunter of Buffaloes" was gone; had faded out with his closing of the book.

"Life was a dull affair; Paris a dreary place where nothing ever happened!" Doulcet mused regretfully. Then his gaze returned to the lurid cover of the cheap paper volume in his lap, and he felt a little better. "No, after all, it was not quite true to say life was dull," he admitted. "The far West made life really worth living."

Doulcet was twenty-eight years old. For twelve he had worked in a bank on the Rue du Quatre Septembre. He was a cashier now, and, in recognition of his long and faithful services, received the splendid salary of two thousand francs a month. But even on eighty dollars a month in Paris one's activities are circumscribed. From the grim world of commerce that closed around him eight hours a day during twenty-seven days a month, and usually more with overtime at the end of each month's business, Doulcet long ago had found a way of escape in reading that translated literature from North America dealing with the adventures of Indians and trappers and cowboys, fur traders, miners and settlers in those, to him, magical regions of the far West and North. Between the ages of fifteen and eighteen he had perused the entire works of Fenimore Cooper, and with the passing years, a wide range of Western tales by many authors. But though many of them had held his interest, and while, in recent years, he had read the works of the modern school of outdoor writers, London and Curwood and Grey, Doulcet's unfailing favorites were the long series of Buffalo Bill novels, the latest issue of which now lay finished upon his lap. Always he returned to these; time would not change nor wither by a particle their unfailing charm. Today, on his none-too-comfortable metal chair in the first warmth of the spring weather at the end of March, Doulcet, at the age of twenty-eight, was as thrilled by the hair-raising escapes and daring exploits of his hero as on that far-away day when, at the age of fifteen, he had first opened one of these cheap paper novels and, in spirit, ridden away across the prairie in company with Buffalo Bill, speeding on a mission of vengeance against the Indian chief and his band who had massacred a passing caravan.

However, Doulcet had not merely confined himself to reading of the far West. The life of that entrancing land had laid far too great a hold upon him for books alone to satisfy. Denied journeying to the land of his desire because he was the sole support of an invalid mother, Doulcet had only one course left open to him: to imitate the wild West at home.

He had begun his first experiment at eighteen; this through a chance happening of the most unexpected kind: One Sunday he had wandered along the narrow Rue des Saints-Peres, where so many antique shops rub shoulders. Without any definite object in view he had gone from one interior to another until he had come upon, far back in a corner, a long bow of ash and a quiver full of arrows. There, amid a clutter of porcelain vases, little bronze statues and worm-eaten wooden figures of several saints looted from a convent at the time of the "Separation," stood these weapons from the land of his dreams.

For many minutes Doulcet had looked upon them with gaze rapt and desiring. But at this time his salary was only one hundred and twenty-five francs a month, a reasonable sum in ante-war money, yet far too little to permit him large expenditures. And so wonderful in his eyes was that far-off land, he could not conceive of such precious objects as the bow and arrows now before him being sold cheaply. Presently, however, so great was his longing to possess them, he plucked up courage and timidly asked the price. To his vast surprise the dealer looked upon these treasures with almost contemptuous eyes.

"How much would Monsieur care to offer?"

Vague indignation rose in Doulcet's heart at this slighting of things from his beloved land. Yet he had not spent most of his days in a bank without absorbing some of its atmosphere of commercial poise. So he

So sure was his aim and confidence, he would have emulated the legendary fame of one William Tell, save for the fact he could find no one with equal confidence to stand with the apple upon his head.

shook his head at the dealer's suggestion that he set the price, and answered:

"No, you must set me a price. If it is low enough I might consider taking them."

When the dealer said thirty francs, Doulcet, large as the amount was to him, could not deny himself. So he had ridden proudly home on the Metro, carrying the long bow and the arrows, ignoring the curious and wondering smiles of other passengers, for even in Paris, city of many strange sights, one does not every day see a tall, pale-faced, dark young man on the underground railway with such weapons of the West.

IN THE immediately following weeks of summer, Doulcet had gone every Sunday very happily to the Bois. Here, in a secluded stretch of the great woods he had set up a little target and practiced shooting with his great ash bow. Occasionally little groups of wandering boys came upon him, and for a time surrounded him; with admiring glances and eager questioning drew from Doulcet some of his store of Indian lore. At such moments he was particularly happy, for, though very shy, when opportunity was offered to talk of his beloved far West, his shyness dropped away, and his tongue grew eloquent.

That was perhaps the happiest summer of his first eighteen years of life. Doubtless because he loved these Indian weapons so much, he the more easily became proficient in their handling. So that before the summer was ended he could, at a distance of forty paces, shoot an arrow to pierce an apple. Indeed, so sure was his aim and confidence, he would have emulated the legendary fame of one William Tell, save for the fact he could find no one with equal confidence to stand with the apple upon his head.

Then one chill afternoon when the leaves were gyrating down, and the floor of the Bois was inch-deep with them, and the air was heavy with the melancholy color of the dying year, Doulcet was overtaken with disaster.

He loved windy days to shoot in. It forced him to allow for the varying air; taught him new values in judgment. His target, as usual, was upon a large trunk, a battered old beach tree, and he was shooting from a distance of one hundred and fifty paces, a length never before attempted in the wind. An arrow had just gone from his bow when, to his horror, he saw appear from around the tree-trunk, seemingly out of nowhere, the figure of a fat Sergeant de Ville. And for once, Doulcet's aim, in the heavy wind, proved faulty. The veering arrow missed the target and sped on to penetrate the heavy cap of the guardian of the law.

With the arrow sticking out of either side of his cap, the fat policeman rushed down upon Doulcet, before whom now arose visions of heavy fines and prison bars.

"What is this you do? Shooting in the Bois! Do you not know it is forbidden? Why, you have almost killed me into the bargain!" He seized Doulcet by the arm. "Come along. You shall explain to the magistrate tomorrow this madness of yours to play the wild Indian in a Paris park."

Until this moment Doulcet had never dreamed of the legal aspect of his actions. So far he had just been lucky in not meeting a Sergeant de Ville, chiefly because he had chosen the most secluded corners of the Bois for his practice.

He became eloquent, pleading his ignorance of the law, and his poverty if arrested. The Sergeant de Ville hesitated. Ordinarily his inborn sense of duty would have moved him to carry out his arrest. But now he suddenly remembered he had just finished his day's work; something forgotten when the arrow pierced his hat. If he arrested Doulcet he must go away back to the station at the Port Dauphine; it meant also his getting up early in the morning to attend court. Still, there was the matter of his ruined cap to be considered. so he said very sternly:

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse. There is a very heavy fine for anyone found shooting in the Bois. And then—there is my cap. It is ruined. I will have to pay for that."

Doulcet felt in his pocket where lay fifteen francs. A little fearfully he brought them forth. "You must let me pay for your hat," he said, extending the money.

The Sergeant de Ville glanced carefully around. Seeing no one, he took the money.

"Ah, you are very young," he remarked abruptly. "After all, one must be lenient with youth." He drew the arrow from out his hat. "You may go. But don't ever shoot again in the Bois. As for this arrow," he looked upon it with interest, "I shall keep it for a souvenir of when I was attacked by Indians in the Bois. Certainly, it is a distinction. I'm quite sure I am the only policeman in the whole of France who ever had his hat pierced by an arrow. It is quite romantic!" He turned away and hurried out of sight amid the aisles of the trees.

No longer daring to go forth in public with his weapons, Doulcet had turned back to literature in this added spare time. Yet the weekly Buffalo Bill novel of adventure was quickly perused, leaving for awhile a painful dearth in the way of reading until the next one appeared.

AT THIS period in Doulcet's life, there had begun in far-away North America a tremendous reader interest in the same wild West he loved so dearly. To meet this, a large number of new magazines had sprung into existence. And shortly after his adventure in the Bois, copies of these various magazines hung from every kiosk on the Paris boulevards to supply the large English-reading population.

The covers of these numerous magazines met Doulcet's eyes every day. He stopped often to look upon them, for all these covers, almost as gaudy as his Buffalo Bill novels, depicted scenes of violence: men in Western dress were shown with guns and knives, sometimes mounted, sometimes afoot, but always with plenty of weapons; usually they were firing either rifles or revolvers at other men in Western dress, or Indians, or, occasionally, some savage beast of the forest or plain. Always the men upon the covers were in action. Upon these alluring pictures of the far West Doulcet gazed with wistful eyes, bitterly regretting that the contents of all these magazines, that unquestionably must be of enthralling interest, were denied him by his lack of knowledge of the English language. Then abruptly came the idea: he would learn to read English.

He went at his studies with enthusiasm, and by the time he was twenty-two was able to read easily the swiftly-moving tales of impossible adventure of this fictional far West. And now he found no dearth of reading matter. Indeed, so rapidly had the number of these magazines increased, Doulcet found difficulty in keeping up with all of them. Due to his introduction to this new fiction of the West he became acquainted with the "Camp Fire Tales," "The Adventure Trail," and other columns conducted in these magazines for the benefit of the city-dwelling readers.

In one of these he learned of the methods to make fire followed by the Indians of the long ago. It aroused him to emulation. Following the directions carefully he secured a small piece of round cherry branch about as thick as his middle finger and eight inches long. To the ends of this he attached a stout cord like a loose bow-string. There was just enough slack in the string to permit the insertion of another cherry stick of similar thickness. This was placed upright upon the smooth surface of a small piece of flat soft wood. The upright stick was held erect by another thin strip of hard wood held lightly upon the top of it, and was made to revolve rapidly by manipulating the bow and string back and forth. The friction thus caused on the soft wood below soon created carbon dust which at last glowed into fire, when it was quickly dropped upon a piece of excelsior laid in readiness in a sling. The excelsior in turn was then caught up in a sling, which Doulcet whirled rapidly

around at arm's length till the excelsior burst into flame.

It took him many weeks of practice, and caused him weariness of back and blistered fingers before he finally succeeded. But make fire at last he did, and from then on he very often repeated the performance before an admiring audience of one, his delicate, home-keeping mother.

French matches are notoriously bad; but at its worst a French match is a lightning-quick method, and one of ease when compared to Doulcet's imitation of an Indian one discarded even by the Indians so very long ago that the very oldest member of the most ancient tribe has no memory of the practice. Yet, such is the strangeness of men, Doulcet on many occasions lighted the gas in his apartment of an evening by this Indian device. And somehow the supper cooked afterwards on the flame so lighted tasted better than had he used a match.

Yet, great as was his triumph, it was succeeded by a still greater one.

WHEN Doulcet was twenty-six, there arrived in the autumn of 1925 a little group of Western cowboys, part of a wild west show which had failed and disbanded in London, and come to Paris seeking better fortune.

Just beyond the line of the recently demolished fortifications the cowboys started up a small wild west show in the open in a large fenced enclosure.

Doulcet, trembling with excitement at his first opportunity of real contact with men from the land of his dreams, came with hundreds of other Parisians to sit upon the grass and view the wild west men and their horses.

As such shows go, this one was fairly good. The four cowboys were splendid riders and ropers; their steeds trained actors. So Doulcet saw exhibitions of "sun-fishing" and "buck-jumping" horses; saw long ropes that in the hands of their owners became as things alive. Particularly was he fascinated when a cowboy with a short rope danced within its circling loop. Then, as he danced, manipulated the rope so the loop rose above his head, descended, rose again as though it were a solid hoop. To aid in the wonder a second cowboy presently stepped beneath the circle, lifted the wielder of the rope upon his shoulders—and still the living cord whirled up and down to new heights.

It was a magic vision to Doulcet. Two days later he returned and sat through a second performance. He had that very day received a raise in salary from 1,200 to 1,600 francs a month. This affluence emboldened him. When the show was ended, he walked toward where was standing the cowboy whose act he had so much admired. Doulcet approached with an almost reverent air; came to a halt before this hard-boiled child of the West and stood a moment in that same attitude pilgrims assume who have come a long way to some sacred shrine.

Though Doulcet read English with ease, he spoke it but badly. Yet the greatness of his longing now overcame his natural shyness. Speaking very slowly he addressed the object of his admiration, and explained his desire to take lessons in roping and also to purchase a real lasso.

Tommy O'Brien's life had been full of surprising happenings. Yet he numbered this one among the strangest; that this tall, pale, dark young Frenchman with the earnest, almost worshipful brown eyes should wish to become a roper here in one of the world's oldest centres of civilization was droll beyond words. However, O'Brien gladly seized the opportunity to augment his earnings. So he arranged with Doulcet to come three afternoons a week between the hours of five and six for instruction at a price of twelve francs a lesson. For another four hundred francs, Doulcet acquired a rope.

Each afternoon when his labors in the bank were done, he walked rapidly the few steps to his apartment. Taking his bicycle, he carefully hung the shortly-coiled rope from the saddle, and rode proudly in the direction of the Porte d'Orleans. As he pedalled along, his mind filled with pictures created by the reading of a thousand-and-one Western tales, the bicycle beneath him became a galloping steed, its flat, sharp-pointed seat a deep and roomy stock-saddle, the pommel ornamented with gold. The pavement was rolling prairie where the dry grass rustled under the play of the breeze.

Filled with dreaming, Doulcet at times pedalled with all his power, the while imagining himself and his steed racing in pursuit of a speedy steer. Occasionally he would take one hand from the bar and gently touch the shortly-looped rope hanging from the saddle. In such moments he got from this play-world of his more thrill than did ever cowboy riding his monotonous rounds on the far-away ranges of the Western plains.

Tommy O'Brien was agreeably surprised at the quickness with which his pupil learned. When, at the end of three months, the wild west show ceased to draw paying crowds, and moved elsewhere, Doulcet had mastered the art of the rope sufficiently to perform many feats, among them that of dancing in and out of the moving loop he swung, and while it rose above his head, descended and rose again.

The departure of O'Brien left a gap in his life. For weeks he went about carrying a heavy sense of loss. To shake it off, he took long rides in the evening. Rolling along a deserted suburban roadway in the summer dusk he would whirl his rope in one hand and lasso a passing dog. Fortunately for him, Paris canines are muzzled, so it was possible to set free the victim of his skill without injury from the angry animal.

DUE to his many years of interest in the far West Doulcet's life had been molded differently from that of the average French youth. He had given little thought to the opposite sex; the time spent by other young men during similar years in flirtations and affairs, Doulcet had devoted to reading, to the mastery of making fire and swinging a rope, and handling the bow-and-arrow. Thus it was when love at last came to him, it affected him much more deeply than his companions of similar age, the hearts of whom at twenty-eight had been toughened by many excursions upon this so-troubled field.

Today, as he sat upon the none-too-comfortable chair in the Luxembourg Garden in the unduly warm spring sunshine, not even the swiftly-moving tale of Buffalo Bill's latest adventure could completely hold his attention. And, with the story ended, there surged back strongly the unquiet feelings engendered by his love, which his reading for the time being had partially dissipated.

Six weeks previously he had suddenly noted that there was a newcomer among the half-dozen stenographers whose desks occupied a large floor-space behind his wired-in cage. Until that time none of the girls who came and went in the big office had ever drawn from him more than a passing glance. During the day's business he had at times occasion to speak to some of them; and there the matter had ended.

Then Micheline Priolet had come fresh from the Ecole Pigier to the typist's desk standing directly behind the cage where Doulcet worked as a cashier from ten until four. She faced the door of the cage. Whenever he turned to his cash-boxes he looked upon her trimmed bobbed hair, the dark oval of her face, and sometimes straight into her brown eyes, the long lashes of which curved upward with a precision suggesting a tampering with nature, but most alluring, none the less.

For years Doulcet from his cage had looked without emotion upon the various young ladies seated at typewriters. Yet upon the day of Micheline's arrival when his glance first chanced upon her, he had felt a sudden shock, a disturbing something, as though some mysterious fluid was passing all through his person and taking possession. At first he had fought this with annoyed impatience at himself; then gradually gave way to it. So that, by the end of the week after Micheline's arrival, he found himself turning constantly in his cage at quite unnecessary times to look upon her bobbed black head bent over the typewriter, or if lucky, to catch a view of her oval face, her soft brown eyes and provoking lashes.

He was exceedingly proud of his costume as he entered the long hall.

His work did not bring him in contact with her. But at the beginning of the second week during a lull toward the end of the day, he stepped to her side to beg as a favor she would address an envelope for him.

"I write on a little matter of private business to a man in Lyon, and an envelope always looks so much better typed," he fibbed gracefully, as he gave her a name and address invented on the spur of the moment. Micheline was more than gracious. So Doulcet lingered nervously, striving to make light and airy conversation. But he had so little practice; he had lived so long in a world of dreams in that far West created by his reading, he found himself stammering, and then suddenly brought to a halt by silence. The rapping on his cage by an impatient customer recalled him to the world of grim realities, and back to his cash-box.

Following this conversation with Micheline, the mysterious disturbing something which had entered his person after his first view of her, took stronger hold upon him. His whole being ached. It was not so bad during the day when she, at least, was near him. But the hours after he left the bank became blank times of dreariness. Before the urge of this strange pang he did not understand, but could not banish nor control, Doulcet overcame his shyness, and his brief visits to Micheline's desk became more numerous, and were soon made without excuse.

One evening toward the end of the second week Micheline had consented to go to dinner. Doulcet promptly escorted her to a quiet little cafe on the Left Bank. Afterward, near the Place St. Michel, they had gone to a cinema and watched Tom Mix do dare-devil things on horseback, conquer the villain of the story, win the love of the beautiful heroine, and ride away to a "fade-out" in a cloud of dust. Yet Doulcet had not spoken of his own Western reading, nor of his abilities with bow, and lasso, and fire-making things. They seemed so inferior after watching the marvellous Mr. Mix.

For three more glorious weeks Doulcet and Micheline had spent much time together. Then, when their friendship was about six weeks old, disaster had come to shatter Doulcet's happiness. In the strangest manner it had come from the world of art, a realm so far removed from that in which Doulcet moved.

Doulcet knew nothing of painting or sculpture, nor was he interested. But one fairly successful French painter kept his money in the bank, and at times stopped to chat a moment with Doulcet. Upon a recent morning he had—all unknowing of Doulcet's life-long hobby — presented him with a ticket to a costume ball.

"Here's something you might like to go to," the painter had said, handing him an envelope. "There's an invitation ticket good for two people inside. The ball is supposed to be confined to artists, but we are inviting a few outsiders. The admission is cheap, only fifteen francs, and, if you are clever at fixing up a costume, it should not cost you much."

Doulcet had put the envelope in his pocket and not until arriving home at the end of the day had he recalled it. He did not dance. But, thinking of Micheline, he drew out the envelope and extracted the folded ticket. As he opened it he had started at what met his gaze; with almost incredulous eyes read the somewhat lengthy description covering the ticket's surface:

BAL OF THE FAR WEST PREVIOUS TO THE YEAR 1880

Costumes of Huron, Iroquois, Comanche Indians, Forty-niners, trappers and others genre to the times and region.

In order to secure the success of the ball guests are requested to dress in rigid conformance with the times.

Doulcet gazed upon this amazing announcement. It was his first intimation that others than himself were interested in the wild West; but evidently from this ticket there must be hundreds of people in the city who were.

"Evidently all were not as well informed as he," Doulcetthought, smiling. [Continued on page 43]

"Do you remember me?" she said, "It was you who taught me to swim and I really can swim now."

The Swimming Master

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by

Surrey J. Humphrey

IT IS strange how the memories of a particular day, or an incident in the passing of a day, may live in the memory, though that day be one of a lifetime, that incident one of countless incidents of a daily kind. Yet it lives.

The swimming master at the old port town had taught thousands of children to swim, boys and girls, yet every incident in the passing of that particular child lived in his memory. He remembered holding her up, his hand under her small chin, teaching her first to gain confidence while she looked up into his face with her dark eyes, listening attentively to every word, and doing her very best. He remembered how she went down the waterchute the first time without a tremor—no, not without a tremor, but mastering her fears because he had told her that it was so simple and safe. Later she fought her way pluckily to the bamboo pole he was holding, and having reached it, ignored its proximity till she had to clutch or sink. All these things he remembered, but most of all her dark eyes, which had looked at his so earnestly—striving to understand his instructions and to act upon them fearlessly and intelligently. She was so genuinely sincere in her efforts to master the problem which, for the moment, life held.

"If you are always so fearless and devoted, little girl," he had said to himself, "you should swim a long, long way in life's seas."

One sunny day the following season she came to him and stood before him in her crimson suit, the brine dripping down her sun-tanned cheeks as she had emerged from the water.

"Do you remember me?" she said. "It was you who taught me to swim, and I really *can* swim now."

"Yes," he answered, "I remember you well, Miss. You could swim when you left me last summer."

"But I have had a good deal of practice since then," she told him. "Would you like to see me dive from the top ladder?"

Of course he would, and when she came back to him after the dive he patted her little wet shoulders and said—"Bravo! You are the kind of pupil I am proud of!"

He saw her daily during that fortnight, then she went away, and the old soldier, who was only the swimming master, but who was really a poet at heart—teaching the little people to swim in the concrete cove of the old harbour town, saw no more of her for another year. He remembered her, nevertheless, and somehow, without any definite reason, the passing glitter of those thoughts reminded him that there was still something to live for and to strive for, to do his very best to realise—he who had already done his bit in the world of men. Not her, of course. She was only an inspiration, something aloft and aloof, like a star of heaven by which to set his compass, and the memory of her was like the passing of a little crimson butterfly in life's season of sunbeams.

On the whole, there was no special reason why he should be an ambitious man. He was not born to high ambitions, and he did well enough to meet his requirements out of his swimming lessons. No one was dependant upon him. He had merely to pay his board and lodgings and to buy his cigarettes, and in winter there was the general overhaul of the open-air baths. He had a steady job which met his needs, so why should he go further?

Yet, he *did* go further—steadily, bit by bit, eating his way through life quite unconscious of the fact that something, indeed, was eating into his soul, for it was merely a handful of scattered memories. Just a little crimson butterfly flitting across life's snows—a little bright face looking up into his while he talked to her earnestly on the great art of keeping afloat—of learning not to sink. Sometimes, of a winter's night, when one passing vision or another, devoid of any background, went floating through his mind, the ex-soldier would clasp and unclasp his big hands, and say to himself—"Yes, if I bought the corner house, that might be worthwhile."

He did buy the corner house, also a motor launch, and both of them proved worth while. Yet he stuck to his swimming lessons. That was steady and sure, and he was not the man to abandon the substance for the shadow. In that, he lived as a man whose soul held a high ideal.

SHE came again the following year, and he was surprised how she had grown. Quite a young lady now, yet just the same, thank God—just the same! She came with her smile of greeting, happy to find him still there as an old friend in a beloved harbor. She held his arm with her little wet hands while she chatted to him, and the salt sea trickled down her face, as he had always seen it and remembered it. He wanted to tell her that the corner house was his, that the big white pleasure launch was his, that he was now on the Town Council, but it would not interest her, because she could never know who was the little engineer behind the great building So he taught other little people to swim, while she in her crimson costume sported like a seal in the deep water beyond.

That autumn a great knowledge came to the swimming master It was the fact that he was in love with the little dark-eyed girl who had proved so apt a pupil. It did not matter, of course, for this was not the kind of love which carves life's harbours. It was merely that he had built for himself a castle in the sand—that a little crimson butterfly had flitted across the snows of his life. Thus it had begun, and thus it would end—when other things ended. She would never know—no one would ever know, not even the simple fisher folk with whom he lived. Why should they? The knowledge was his and his only, a very sacred thing, high as the stars, yet living in the bottom-most recesses of his being. It made no difference to anyone save himself, and it helped him as a builder among his fellow men. So through the long winter, when the wind howled about the little stone harbour and the boats rocked in its friendly shelter, he would see again his little pupil struggling towards the bamboo pole, and feel once more the touch of little wet hands upon his arm, while a sun-tanned, brine-dripping face peered up at him.

Time was passing quickly, and the swimming master would have given up his work about the baths but that his heart was in it—this teaching of little people to master one of life's minor problems. Financially it seemed hardly worth while, for he had three launches now, and not only the corner house but two other prosperous refreshment houses were his. He had no special demand for the money, but it was a godsend to the grandchildren of the two old people with whom he lived. The swimming master was educating them.

She came again next summer, and he was very proud of her, as, indeed, he had reason to be, for everyone in the town was talking about the beautiful little girl who had carried everything before her in the gala. He was proud of her merely as a pupil, but in his own soul he thought of her as a lovely little thing God had made, perfect in a measure of grace and understanding which he was glad to contemplate. For to him she was the same sincere and friendly little being who had swum so gallantly after his bamboo pole.

SO THE years came and went with their impressions and their memories, till one day the swimming master became aware of a young man standing patiently beside them while she chatted to him.

"And this is your brother?" said the swimming master, for the youth was not unlike her—straight, athletic, with those smiling eyes that met every fellow creature as a friend.

She laughed "Goodness, no!" she answered. He is my boy, my fiancé. We are going to be married next month."

"O, married!" echoed the swimming master quietly.

"Yes, then we go to India for five years."

Five years! And the [Continued on page 60]

Regrets of a Well Frog

Take a Warning From Me and Don't Be One

By Ellis Parker Butler

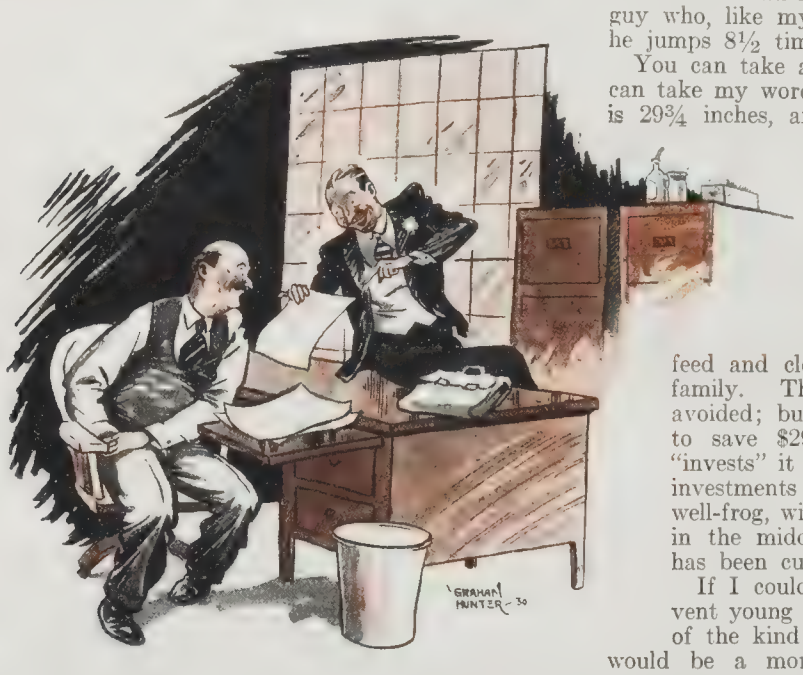
Illustrated by Graham Hunter

"I would deserve a gold statue on top of the Washington Monument—a solid gold one, not a plated one."

WHEN a man is as old as I am, he is apt to go aside with himself where he will not be interrupted and think over the million and one asinine things he has done in the past, and wish he had not done them.

As I look back over my bright and beauteous career, and reflect that I am living in a capitalistic era, and that it takes about six dollars to buy a ham, the thing I wish most is that I had not been a well-frog.

No doubt you all know the story of the well-frog. It is one of those pathetic tales of animal life that are placed before the very young in a more or less cryptic form. The story of the well-frog first met my eye in an arithmetic class and was something like this:



"It is a great deal pleasanter to be stung to death by a personal friend. He can sting so much deeper."

A frog 3½ inches long was at the bottom of a well 37 feet 9 inches deep. If the frog could leap 8½ times its length and make one leap every 1½ minutes, how long would it take for the frog to get out of the well, provided that it slipped back 29½ inches each time it leaped?

It was evident to the most casual observer that it was going to take that frog a long time to get out of that well. There were thirty-five students in my class when the well-frog with the backward-slipping habit first intrigued us (as the authors who live in duplex apartments say it), and while there were thirty-five different answers submitted to dear teacher, the unanimous opinion was that the poor frog had considerable jumping on hand. The boy I usually call Swatty figured that the frog would be out of the well in 932 years, 5 months, 7 days, 8 hours and 3 minutes. This, I am sure, was an exaggerated statement of the frog's pitiful career. Swatty himself thought so, for he said to me, after school: "Garsh! I knowed I was wrong, because if it took the poor guy that long he'd better've stayed in the well; he'd've been dead before he got out, anyway."

In the human menagerie the well-frog is the poor guy who, like myself, slips back 2 feet every time he jumps 8½ times his 3½ inch length financially.

You can take a pencil and figure it out; or you can take my word for it; but 8½ times 3½ inches is 29¾ inches, and every time the poor well-frog jumps that far he slips back all but ¼-inch. He does 29¾ inches of first-class jumping and has only a quarter of an inch gain to show for it.

I don't call a man a well-frog if he works six days a week to earn $29.75 and then has to spend $29.50 of it to feed and clothe and support himself and his family. That is something that cannot be avoided; but the man who works his head off to save $29.75 and then takes $29.50 and "invests" it the way I have made most of my investments is a flat-headed, yellow-bellied well-frog, with about as much brains as repose in the middle section of an angleworm that has been cut in three pieces.

If I could write an article that would prevent young men from making fool investments of the kind I have almost invariably made I would be a more valuable citizen than General Pershing, Herbert Hoover, and J. P. Morgan rolled into one, I would deserve a gold statue on top of the Washington Monument—a solid gold one, not a plated one—and in ten years' time the young men would save enough to pay off the national debt of the United States, and hardly miss the money.

MAKING an investment is often the wisest thing any man can do, especially a young man. Neither do I think any man should go out to the woodshed and hang himself because a stock or bond in which he has invested declines somewhat in value. My experience with stocks and bonds is that they always decline when you and I buy them. All I ask of a stock or bond now is that it shall not decline and decline and decline until it is worth eighteen cents less than nothing. I have four thousand dollars' worth of thoroughly neat stocks, at the present moment, that are worth about two cents per ton. When an investment declines from four thousand dollars a pound to two cents per ton, I do not call it a good investment. I call it one of Papa's mistakes.

When I think how many nights I worked until midnight to earn the four thousand dollars I put into those now worthless stocks, I wonder if the world would not have been better off if Gutenberg, or whoever it was who invented printing presses, had died in infancy.

I remember how, one day soon after I came to New York, and when I was earning fifteen dollars a week, I stood beside one of the magnificent office buildings and placed my hand on one of the stones of its facade, and said to myself, "Just think of the thousands and thousands of dollars that are represented by this one building alone, and of the thousands and thousands of similar buildings in New York, and I haven't enough money to buy this one small block of marble against which my hand reposes, in this one building's front." And then, when I had saved my first thousand dollars, I bought a sheet of paper labeled "7 per cent

[Continued on page 57]

"You may still have the dollars you saved, but sooner or later the temptation to invest will come to you."

In the Wake of Captain Cook

Impressions of a Canadian Author in the Hawaiian Islands

By Robert Watson, F.R.G.S.

A Hawaiian Throwned Fisherman. Right—The writer is made welcome by "Jap" beauties.

AT THE back of every human experience there is a dream, and the reason why the dream is so often unrealized is because the dreamer fails to see in his dreaming the birth of what, with careful nurturing, might become an actuality. The exile dreams of the day when he will return to the haunts of his childhood; the sentimentalist of the time when he may again meet his first and lost love, to forgive and to be forgiven; the traveller of a search for some idyllic spot on the earth's surface "where every prospect pleases."

To me, a dweller in the sub-arctic, contemptibly familiar with ice, snow and below-zero weather, my dream has ever been the South Seas of the Pacific—coral islands, palm trees, exotic vegetation, green transparent seas, rolling surf, strange craft, dusky inhabitants and sunny skies, the land of Robinson Crusoe, copra gatherers, pearl fishers, Captain Cook, Robert Louis Stevenson and Jack London.

Dreaming thus, and like others contented for years with the dream, I little realized that in the Hawaiian Islands lay the actuality of all I had dreamed and much more than even my dreams had pictured.

The Hawaiian Islands, somehow, have always seemed far away to me as a Canadian, yet within eight days I found myself transported from the middle prairies to the sands at Waikiki Beach in Honolulu. And it was good to a Canadian to feel that he could board one of the White Empresses, Orient-bound, and sail southward in calm seas, under the old flag, to the scenes of the discoveries of the intrepid Captain Cook and the much beloved of Hawaiians, Captain Vancouver. It was good too, after the entire experience, to come to the conclusion that these Canadian ships, officered by Canadian seamen and sailing the Seven Seas, are second to none.

Five days at sea, and the famous Diamond Head and Honolulu Harbor show up through the golden mists that encompass the Island of Oahu in the early mornings.

While still a considerable way out, awaiting the customs officers to board the *Empress of Russia*, native diving boys regaled us with their diving and squabbling after and over dimes thrown by us into the sea. And few indeed, if any, were the coins that escaped their vigilance.

At Waikiki Beach.

With bands playing a welcome—as they do at the arrival and departure of all ships—and happy and smiling people lining the wharf—whites, Japanese, Chinese, Polynese, Portuguese, Filipinoes and Hawaiians—garlands of beautiful flowers and green leaves await the arrival of old friends.

It is a beautiful custom this garlanding of visitors, a custom possible only in islands such as these, where flowers grow wild in everlasting riot and profusion, so prolific indeed that the trees and weeds burst into bloom on the slightest provocation. In fact, after seeing the kind of plants that actually do flower in Hawaii, one would express no surprise at all if some morning one found the telegraph poles in blossom from a sheer joy of living and in a friendly spirit of emulation. This garlanding of the living is surely a much better custom than our own one of holding the flowers over until the time comes when the recipient is physically unable to appreciate them.

My first, early morning drive from the steamer to that wonderful, fairy palace of an hotel, The Royal Hawaiian, was a panorama of new sights and new delights—Japanese women in kimonas and sandals, with babes on their backs and holding parasols to shade them from the sun, fat, dusky Hawaiian women waddling contentedly along the palm-fringed boulevards, beautiful high-school girls, whose faces betokened the cultured Oriental, langourous-eyed and interesting; pretty brown-skinned, dark-eyed, laughing flower girls and strange stores.

The grounds occupied by the Royal Hawaiian Hotel were at one time the sacred palace grounds of the royal descendants of the famous King Kamehameha the First, and cocoanut palm trees, some of them over 200 years old, undisturbed through the years and the troublous times, rear and wave their stately heads in wonderful beauty, one hundred feet high.

These islands have a thrilling and fascinating history—the conquest of the islands by that Napoleon of the Pacific, now an historic and legendary figure, Kamehameha, who first saw the light in the southerly island of Hawaii and rose from comparative obscurity by his courage, tremendous physical strength and inborn diplomatic ability and cunning to be king of his own native Hawaii, then, still dreaming of conquest and realizing the possibilities of his dream, conquered island after island until all came peaceably at last under his dominance. In the history of the islands too are records of "deeds of derring-do," hand-to-hand

fighting with spear, club and javelin that match even the prowess of such historic figures as Robert the Bruce, Robin Hood, Rob Roy, William Tell and Rider Haggard's fictional *Umslopagus*. Space forbids the recounting of some of the wonderful encounters, much as one is tempted, for the tale of how eight valiant warriors of Oahu openly attacked an entire invading army, slew hundreds of them, and fought their way out again, unscathed, is an epic without parallel in any history, excepting perhaps the story of Horatio at the Bridge.

Hawaiian history holds stories of marvelous seamanship, of strange witchcrafts, of religious rituals with human sacrifices to propitiate the Goddess Pele, who is said still to live in the volcanoes that seeth and smoulder and steam continually.

ON THE world famous Waikiki beach there is an air of lazy contentment—multi-colored, large umbrellas, sand chairs, air cushions, with slick-haired, brown-skinned, sturdy men, with grey-haired and pot-bellied, old men, all taking their course of natural violet ray treatment. And here too are to be found perhaps the most beautiful women on earth, foregathered from all quarters to sun themselves until their tanned skins give one the idea that they have gone entirely native. It is almost a religious rite to acquire an olive tan. Cocoanut oil is lavishly rubbed into the skin to prevent burning and peeling and to give that brown-gravy like color. But woe betide the over-anxious sun-bather or the careless newcomer.

As I sat at lunch in the hotel dining-room on the first day of my arrival, a beautiful, young lady and her bridegroom sat just ahead of me. The lady's back was expansively exposed. It was of a creamy-white texture. Its beauty was enhanced by a lei (wreath) of white flowers and green leaves. It was a back that any lady might be proud of and all men would like to look at, but two days later its beauty had flown, for a too-hurried sunning had played havoc with the creamy whiteness and had left it raw, and red, and altogether unattractive.

But the proper tone of olive-brown has certainly a beauty all of its own.

THE beach boy at Waikiki is purely a Hawaiian product. He is a dark-brown, shoe polish composite of a New York newsboy, a South Sea islander and Shakespeare's Romeo. His clothing consists of breech-clout and a ukelele. His repertoire is made up of a variation of perhaps half-a-dozen songs, all about saying good-bye in forty different ways or about a peach on the beach who can pull-a hula, with, of course, a few palm trees and a full moon dragged in for atmosphere and good measure.

He has solved the problem of living—no clothes, any old place to sleep, food from the taro patch or the trees, consisting of poi, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, or what have you, with the occasional shrimp and fish raw. His cigarettes are provided by the nut-brown (white) Juliets on the beach, beside whom he lolls and strums. Also, he gets the occasional dollar from her for his serenades and his surf-board lessons. His chief expense is for ukelele strings. He sings in a weird yodelling falsetto to the lady's pencilled eyebrows, her toes or her bare back, with equal gusto, for through long experience all female tootsies and backs must look alike to him. After two weeks on Waikiki Beach even I was beginning to acquire this "back" equipoise and could look a square yard of back straight in the face without blinking an eye.

But this same beach boy has two decidedly good points, he is frequently in the water and is consequently clean, and he never obtrudes himself unduly. He is lithe and has a clean-cut, hungry, girlish figure that makes us older, lounging lizards envious of him, and with the beach beauties, in their rainbow kimonas, skin-tight bathing suits and waterproof complexions, he certainly knows how to put his "stuff" over. Almost, I am persuaded to go back to Honolulu, feeling perhaps there is latent within me the necessary ingredients for the making of a successful beach boy.

At Waikiki and only at Waikiki, I believe, is the game of surf-board polo played. It is an exciting game, just like water polo, but played on surf-boards. The famous ex-world's champion swimmer, Duke Kahanamoku, took part in the game which I saw and filmed when there.

Surf Riding at Waikiki Beach. Left—Native Shack, Island of Kaui.

Native Hawaiian Girls.

A HAWAIIAN concert, among the cocoanut palms and with a full moon shining overhead and sending silver shafts to the grass, through the broad palm leaves, with a dark-blue heaven so full of stars that it could not hold them all and kept shooting them in trailing streamers earthward, was presented in a natural setting that was a lovers' dream.

The musicians and singers, all males this time, were dressed in white with orange sashes and leis, It was a new experience for a Canadian from the prairies to sit out at night, in dinner jacket and bare-headed, in the month of March, and feel perfectly warm and comfortable. This picturesque setting, combined with the plaintive wailing of the ukeleles and guitars, with a soloist singing love ditties from a balcony and searchlights playing on singer and musicians, was a delightful experience.

These Hawaiians are a happy people naturally, a loving, friendly people, and this characteristic comes out in their native songs and music—although these are more or less of recent origin, ante-dating the white man's coming. Their early music was of the two-tone chant variety. Their present day music has a peculiar turn to it that holds a charm for American and Canadian visitors. The songs are rendered with a kind of Swiss or Welsh yodel to them—yet not that either—something that is more peculiarly Hawaiian. Perhaps there is a retention in them of that old duo-tone chant which I have mentioned. As a Scot, I fancied I could detect in the sounds of their words some flavor of the more coarse of Scottish dialects. And this is perhaps reasonable enough, for among their dusky grandmothers there must have been numerous demoiselles with straw skirts who captivated and were captivated by early Scottish rovers, just as we have in Canada big, raw-boned red men, Crees, Objibways, Bloods and Sioux, bearing such names as Macdonald, McAllister, McDougall and McKenzie, who perhaps have just as much claim to wear the kilt of the clan of their name as they have to the totem of their Indian family or clan, and much more right to wear the tartan kilts than many of Scottish blood who do. Little wonder the Indian women of today like nothing better to wear than shawls and skirts of tartan hues. [Continued on page 41]

Napoleon Houle stood back and out of the night two men came into the cabin, stamping their feet clear of snow.

Bright Steel

By William Merriam Rouse

Illustrated by Newton Brett

IT IS not altogether pleasing to a straight-backed young man in a smart sheepskin coat, and mittens of the finest lamb's wool, to be laughed at by a girl of the bush, of the backwoods; a girl with patched moccasins on her small feet and a frayed woollen jacket trying in vain to conceal her slenderness. It is especially trying when the girl's face is framed by a mist of black hair and her blue eyes are as deep as mountain lakes.

"I said I was a surveyor," explained Jean Vandelac, with dignity. "Is that, by any chance, amusing to you?"

"Not at all, monsieur l'arpenteur! It is that you said it like this!" The girl leaned back and struck herself on the chest with one little mitten. "Me, I am the governor-general!"

"My child," said Vandelac, furious because he was blushing, "your elders should have taught you politeness. Is this the *cabane* of one Napoleon Houle, a chopper?"

He hoped it was, for he was tired and his snowshoes were heavy on his feet. The pack that lay beside him in the snow, with rifle and transit strapped on it, had grown heavier with each mile. Even this little cabin of unhewn logs looked inviting although it was no more than a rough *chantier*, or chopper's camp, chinked indifferently with mud, roofed with bark, and buried to the windows in snow. A week ago this night Vandelac had dined at the Chateau Frontenac, in Quebec.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the girl, with a mocking humility.

At that moment the door of the cabin opened and the doorway filled with a patriarchal figure. A tall old man, with white and shaggy hair, took account of the visitor. Youth, however, sparkled in his eyes; and the flannel shirt and corduroys which were tucked into *bottes sauvages* were remarkable for their neatness.

"I am Jean de Vandelac," said the surveyor. "My firm in Quebec has sent me here to make a survey for M. Eudore Lapointe, of Montreal. In St. Urbain they told me I might find shelter with Napoleon Houle."

"Enter, Monsieur," invited the old man, politely. "I am Houle."

Instinctively Vandelac stood aside that the girl might go in first. She glanced up at him.

"Ah!" she murmured. "He has good manners after all!"

"An example to little girls!" retorted Jean, haughtily, and he followed her into a room which differed little except in the matter of cleanliness from the ordinary chopper's camp of the Laurentians.

On the inside the logs had been smoothed with a broad-axe. There were roughly-made bunks, benches and a table. The stove, however, which had an oven, seemed to belong in the comfortable kitchen of a *habitant* rather than the bush. In a rocking-chair sat an old lady whose bright black eyes inspected Vandelac while her fingers continued to keep busy with a pair of steel knitting-needles.

"Henriette!" exclaimed Houle. "Here is M. Vandelac, an *arpenteur!* My wife, monsieur. Mlle Gabrielle Lavergne is our niece. Sit down and smoke your pipe. You have marched far?"

"A man from St. Urbain brought me as far as he could with a horse and sled," replied Vandelac, laying aside coat and mittens and a very rakish mink *casque*. "Then I followed the Riviere a l'Echelle. You have no road, M. Houle?"

"The road goes up to the big camp on the other side of the river," replied the old man.

"A curse upon it!" added Mlle Lavergne, as she hung her jacket on a peg. Vandelac regarded the proudly-carried shoulders. *Bon Dieu!* She was a woman! He was glad that fate had led him to the *cabana* Houle.

"They cut wood for the making of paper," said M. Houle. "Thousands of cords."

"Scoundrels of the first class," continued Mademoiselle.

"That will be nothing to me," smiled Vandelac. "I am here to find landmarks and run lines!"

"It may well have to do with you, monsieur!" exclaimed Mme Houle, suddenly.

"Henriette! Gabrielle!" cried the old man, reprovingly. "If they are scoundrels let monsieur find out for himself! Tomorrow . . . or possibly this evening!"

Thereupon old Napoleon Houle rose, humming *Gai Lon La, Gai le Rosier,* and went out of the cabin. The women of the family Houle became obediently tight-lipped, but they looked at each other with eloquent eyes Vandelac was not disturbed. He had met petty squabbles in the bush before now. He found himself much more interested in the preparations for supper which he interrupted frequently with attempts to bait this most delectable child of the bush, who spoke a remarkable quality of French for a girl of her station.

When that supper at last arrived another avenue to the heart of Jean Vandelac was besieged. There was meat pie with a crust calculated to tempt a saint to gluttony, pea soup of thrilling aroma, and there were beans cooked with mustard and chopped pork as only a true *Canadienne* can cook them.

Gabrielle Lavergne sat beside him at the table. She had delightful hands, he decided, as she gave him a cup of tea. When *confiture* of strawberries had completed that meal, and his pipe was drawing well, Vandelac sighed with greater content than he had ever known as a guest in the fine houses of the Grande Allee. He bowed to madame and mademoiselle.

"This trip, which I dreaded," he said, "has become a *fete!*"

An authoritative knock upon the door sounded. The

gaze of Napoleon Houle, suddenly become grave, turned upon Vandelac.

"My son," said the old man, "perhaps Georges Lamarre and Tacite Barbeau have come from the *chantier* Lamarre to tell you otherwise!"

Vandelac had no time to wonder what might be the meaning of this, for M. Houle rose with a surprising quickness and went to the door. He stood back and out of the night two men came into the cabin, stamping their feet clear of snow.

One of these, at least, looked the part of a scoundrel of the first class, as Mlle. Lavergne had called the men of the neighboring camp. His beard grew to his eyes and on each side, against this surface of grizzled black, two big gold hoops hung from pierced ears. A mat of hair came down toward the beard; and between hair and beard gleamed small, ferocious eyes. To Vandelac this stranger resembled more than anything a bear of bad temper as he stood with thick arms hanging forward, and glared suspiciously.

The other man was neat and shaven. He wore a mackinaw of excellent quality but after the first glance Vandelac thought he might prefer to deal with the big savage. This well-groomed woodsman had a mechanical smile under a small moustache and his eyes were of the quality of a November lake: grey-green and cold and impenetrable.

"Georges Lamarre," old Houle was saying, "boss of the *chantier* Lamarre, and Tacite Barbeau, his foreman. This is M. Jean Vandelac, of Quebec, a surveyor."

Barbeau spoke not at all, but Lamarre and Vandelac greeted each other. Then the *chantier* boss flung open his coat with an abrupt gesture and sat down.

"You have come for Eudore Lapointe?" he asked.

"I am to determine his boundaries," replied Jean.

"Oh!" Lamarre flashed a smile. "You will need a rodman? Or did you bring one?"

"I am to be his rodman!" said Gabrielle Lavergne, calmly.

Vandelac gasped, and then fought to repress a smile of mingled joy at his good fortune and delight at the look upon the face of Lamarre. A flush was deepening to purple around the merciless eyes. The rumble of a growl came from Tacite Barbeau.

"But!" cried Mme. Houle, "are you strong enough, my child?"

"She is as strong as a young wildcat!" chuckled old Napoleon.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Lamarre, and a glare as of lightning filled his eyes.

"And what is the opinion of *Tacite de Feroce?*" asked Gabrielle, mockingly.

Barbeau, whose narrow strip of forehead had been ridged by a scowl, permitted himself to show his yellow teeth in a grin. Apparently he was complimented.

"He has no opinion," replied Lamarre. The boss turned a stare which was now frankly hostile upon Vandelac. "I can see that you may have difficulties with your surveying, monsieur."

"But I shall have charming company!" smiled Jean. Lamarre was jealous; and his unwelcome attentions must be the reason for the dislike of him in the *chantier* Houle.

Georges Lamarre got up slowly, as though he were in process of coming to a decision. At a nod Barbeau joined him by the door.

"You are going so soon, messieurs?" asked M. Houle, out of a natural courtesy.

"We'll come back again," promised Lamarre, grimly. "And I shall see you tomorrow, Vandelac."

"With pleasure," replied Jean, smiling again.

The door slammed and the visitors were gone. A moment of silence followed, broken only by the clicking of the knitting-needles of Mme. Houle. Little puffs of smoke rose evenly from the pipe of her husband.

"You will survey the boundaries?" asked Mlle Lavergne, after a time.

"Naturally," replied Jean, "if my rodman does not fail me!"

"Monsieur chooses to jest!"

"They are quarreling," observed Mme. Houle. "It is a sign!"

"They are both mad," said Napoleon, calmly, and he began to wind the wheezing wooden clock. "Monsieur, you will take the bunk above mine, if you please, and may you rest well!"

THE next morning Jean Vandelac greeted the world with a jaunty spirit; and he consumed many cakes which Gabrielle brought him from a hot griddle. Filled with such griddle cakes a man could go forth and conquer even Tacite Barbeau.

"This morning," he said after he had eaten, "I shall look the ground over. This afternoon we will go to work!"

"It is as you wish, monsieur," she replied," with a swift and searching glance.

Vandelac carried the feeling of mystery and of menace as he went down to the river. In a measure he succeeded in throwing it off, however, as he started north along the white and even surface where the lack of brush made good travelling.

He had made a copy of an old map in his notebook and it appeared to him that the line he would have to run north and south on this side of the tract would follow pretty closely the course of the river.

About half a mile above the cabin, after a slow and observing progress, he came to a sweeping bend in the Riviere a l'Eschelle. Here he halted to decide whether his line would follow the frozen stream or cut off a fine growth of poplar which lay in the bend.

George Lamarre, already half forgotten, was suddenly brought to mind when two figures broke out of the woods on the opposite bank and came swiftly toward Vandelac. One was the not ungraceful boss and the other the mountainous Barbeau.

Jean threw a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and glanced about. He had been travelling close to the left bank of the river and at his back there was a thicket of young firs. If necessary he could take cover there.

Lamarre halted a few paces from Vandelac, with Tacite scowling behind him. Their rifles were held carelessly, and the boss managed a smile.

"Bonjour!" he said. "It is fortunate that you came alone. I want to talk to you about that point of land where the river turns."

"I am listening," replied Jean, without removing his finger from the trigger of his rifle.

"Will it be included in the tract of M. Lapointe?"

"So it appears from the map I have just consulted."

"Then the map," said Lamarre, must be wrong. My concession runs to the boundary of this tract, wherever that may be. There is ten thousand dollars' worth of pulpwood standing in the bend of the river."

"No doubt M. Lapointe will be pleased."

"Sacre!" swore Lamarre. "Let us have plain talk! It is your duty to correct the map! They will take your report?"

"But yes!"

"Then, *monsieur l'arpenteur*, I should like to have you run a straight line north and south and leave the poplar on my concession!"

"But I shall run a true line, and follow the river!"

"Would a thousand dollars change your mind?"

"Not in the least, monsieur."

"Blaspheme!" rumbled Barbeau. "Let me twist his neck a little. It will do him good!"

"Not at the moment, my little one," replied Lamarre. "All in good time!"

Vandelac laughed; and the menacing light that he had seen the night before came again to the eyes of the *chantier* boss.

"I will give you two thousand," he said. "That is the limit!"

"My mind is not changed, monsieur."

"You are rich, then?" asked Lamarre, as puzzled as he was furious.

"I will bet a month's pay that *Tacit le Feroce* has more money than I!" laughed Jean.

"You are mad!" cried Lamarre. "You will not be found out!"

"I know that very well!"

"Then M. Lapointe is your friend?"

"I don't know him at all, M. Lamarre!"

"You are not mad, after all! You are a fool!"

"I have often thought so," admitted Jean, but I hope it is not true."

Vandelac could almost hear Lamarre discuss with himself the possibilities of killing this surveyor from Quebec. Not infrequently [Continued on page 46]

"I am listening," replied Jean, but without removing his finger from the trigger of his rifle.

Mat called on Ma the next evening, but he didn't stay long.

AIR CASTLES

By Florence Brewster Wilkingsson

Illustrated by
Kathleen Allen

HEART trouble and asthma having completed their six years' team work, Pop Needham would never again lean back in the old morris chair in the bay window of the bile-colored house on G. Street. Sara, Pop's wife had nursed him in addition to maintaining the family by serving wheat cakes, noodles and mutton stews to boarders.

Pop's chief matrimonial asset had been a fondness for the chair closest to the fire. True, he had turned his hand at something light occasionally but it was Sara who had always produced the real income with her pots and pans; while Pop rocked and scanned the ads for chances to make a big fortune by "going into business." When Sara had accumulated a few hundred dollars, Pop's urge was uncontrollable but as surely as the cock's crow comes with the dawn, Sara's little hoard would evaporate. Pop, after a generous brooding spell would then do penance by listlessly making an inquiry or two at the employment windows of the factories along the river front, and another period of scrimping would begin for Sara.

Finally a long expected but small legacy from a maiden aunt. The decedent, knowing the family head's propensities had inserted an iron clad provision that the entire amount was to be used as a first payment on a home. At this Sara secretly emitted a sigh for every article of apparel she had ever owned had been chosen solely for its wearing qualities. Not a cent of this bequest to be diverted to her own use, putting delicate touches on the childrens' garments, fashioned from remnants; cast off top coats or velvet smocks picked up at rummage sales must continue to satisfy her own craving for the intimate contact of silk. The caress of fur. Yes, and hats and footwear that didn't look like cows had first nibbled, then tramped on.

The evening of their father's funeral the children, Herb and Cora, lingered in the kitchen after the dishes had been dried and put away. Sixteen year old Herb, attired in a blue serge suit purchased for the occasion eyed his mother uneasily. But determined little lights shone through her tear dimmed eyes. "Herb must finish technical high school!" she stated firmly. "I'll manage it someway, same as I'm goin' to pay Pop's bills by takin' more folks to board."

Nor must Cora later seek a job at the Acme Hosiery Mill or Blatt's pickle factory. This young miss must continue her studies and graduate in frills and ribbons, with the daughters of men who hadn't passed on, leaving a hundred or more payments to be made on a home.

A wheezy old affair, this structure with its sagging porch, leaky roof and warped window frames. All that held together properly were the clauses in the contract about forfeiture in 30 days' time if the payments were not made promptly. But to save that home and keep it in some kind of repair Sara would toil harder than ever. She would mix more bread crumbs with the ground beef for the meat loaf. Plan puddings that called for fewer eggs. Confine her own expenditures as heretofore to gingham dresses and flat heeled shoes. She was too busy, of course, to cultivate friendships. Her only diversion was reading the evening paper. She loved the "home talks," the poems but mostly the ads.

Which brings us to a Saturday morning a couple of years after Sara became a widow.

A FLUSH from the heat of the oven on her still comely face, she answered a knock on the door. A twinkly eyed, ruddy faced man with a tang of the sea about him stood before her. "Mat Ryan!" she exclaimed, cordially extending a flour dusted hand. Her caller picked his way after her into the kitchen and took the seat she proffered. "Soon's I get these pies in the oven we'll go in the parlor." Mat grinned back at her like a youngster who had been presented with a season's pass to the baseball park.

"Oh, Miss Squibbs," Cora exclaimed. "Where is Ma?"

Presently Sara's face sobered. "I s'pose you know Pop's dead," she stated, deftly sprinkling cinnamon over mounds of sliced apple. "Y—yes, I heard," he returned, clearing his throat elaborately. They didn't go into the other room after Sara had put the rolling pin and flour away. Instead she brought forth several slices of cold roast ham. Some pickled beets. Tossed coffee in the huge granite pot, her caller's eyes following every step as a fevered patient's his nurse.

Mat had remained a bachelor. Had wandered all along the West coast, trading in fish and oil. The opportunity to become his own boss was now offered in Alaska and would Sara try out the new venture with him? The little widow's cheeks assumed a deeper pink. "I've allus wanted you," he urged softly, "I—I know I'll make a go of it with you and the kids to work for." Slipping his arm shyly around her waist, he whispered, "When our fortune is made I'll take you on a long trip. To Europe! To Egypt!" He took one of her hands and squeezed it gently between his own. "When we get to Cairo I'll buy you a scarf and beads to match!" Shrinking from two flat iron shaped patches on her faded dress which seemed like they were Herb and Cora leering at her, she murmured, "I'll—I'll think it over and let you know tomorrow night."

"Mercy," exclaimed Miss Needham, giving a red spit curl an emphatic pat, "The *nerve* of that Mr. Ryan wanting me to give up my girl friends and live among oil soaked Esquimox!"

"So he promises a trip to Cairo!" sniffed Herb, "Huh, tell him to chase himself. He means Cairo, Illinois!"

"You've said it," broke in Cora exultingly, adding with a sneer, "Seems to me, Mamma, you had enough of air castles from Pop!"

"Yeh," agreed Herb, adjusting his orange polka dotted tie with great deliberation, "Tell him this is an off year for vapor bungalows and your safest bet is remaining right on the old homestead with your trusty coffee pot and frying pans. Cora and Yours truly stand pat on that!"

"Yes, mamma," simpered Cora, "I'm sure you

wouldn't sacrifice Herb's and my future for a silly second marriage!"

Early next evening Mat called but he didn't stay long.

THE night Herb received his first wages finally arrived. With a grand manner he presented a part to his mother. A smile wreathed Sara's face which swept away five years' work of worry and toil. Several times she had paused lately in front of Cogswell's department store and admired furtively a certain blue coat. When they reduced their five dollar hats, maybe she would go inside and try one on.

To Sara, Cogswell's establishment always had a peculiar fascination. The supper dishes cleared away she would glance through the news, then pore over their ads, full page affairs in fine print, scanning each item as carefully as a banker noting numbers on a stack of bonds. Her eye always lingered in the upper left corner where each day appeared the intriguing announcement, "Cousin Nell will shop for you!" Pushing aside the breakfast porridge which simmered meantime she often would ponder, "What sort of woman can this Cousin Nell be? Surely no flip young girl has all that responsibility!"

Although Herb nonchalantly handed her a varying sum each week, he always managed to borrow all, sometimes more than the amount back again. A fondness for vivid shirts and wastcoats was expensive. So was courting Lil Hagen.

Cora had not worked long in a real estate office when she returned home one evening, accompanied by Fred Stackhouse, their pinkest cheeked salesman and casually announced their marriage. "We'll just stay right here with you, dear," she informed her surprised parent, bestowing an unaccustomed peck upon her chin. Herb's marriage to Lil Hagen some weeks before had been almost as sudden.

Easy going young Stackhouse soon conceived the idea of opening an office of his own which Cora could manage while he was at the golf links perfecting his game. When a suitable location had been decided upon Cora put her arm ever so tenderly around Sara and suggested that having put her to no expense for an elaborate wedding, Mamma instead could pay for the up-to-date furnishings of Fred's new real estate office. She and her stalwart bridegroom would remain Sara's "Guests" until they had saved enough to go to housekeeping, she announced calmly. Reaching for his seventh corn muffin, Fred

"Yes, mamma," simpered Cora, "I'm sure you wouldn't sacrifice Herb's and my future for a silly second marriage!"

grinned up at her sheepishly. Cogswell's were showing some beautiful dotted foulards that Spring but Sara passed by without stopping.

WE'LL skip a few years to the time when the hundred or so payments still due on the home when Pop left all sorrow and trouble behind him were paid, not to mention the countless repairs meantime. Sara's hair was no longer brown. Her steps were halting; her knotted hands less steady. Rheumatism had become her enemy. The house again needed paint and shingles but Fred and Herb were advising against improvements, for the old place with its triangular yard where the children had played hide and seek in bygone days was now regarded by realtors as "business property."

Sara's rheumatism became worse. Bedfast, she had to depend entirely upon a couple of inexperienced girls. Until now she would not consider any proposals to sell. "Listen, Ma," pleaded Herb, "We can get enough for the south frontage to erect a garage. Fred has a buyer who wants the tiny end chunk for a cigar stand. He'll pay two thousand for it." "Yes, Ma," Fred chimed in, his fat countenance beaming, "Herb and I will open a garage. You take the rest of your life easy—the two thousand safely tucked in the bank. You'll get a little red book saying every cent is yours and no one can withdraw it but you. Why slave for boarders when you can sit down and watch the world go by?" Sara did not answer.

"Listen, Ma," Herb would begin again.

"But where will I go?" she finally pleaded, "I—I can't live up over the garage."

"Course not. Course not," he quickly interposed, rising to his feet with alacrity, "Say, you little old Mamma, just leave it to us to see you fixed right."

Lil, Herb's wife shared her problem with her intimate crony, Mrs. Gussie Quail who lived across the hall. Unless there was an early morning sale somewhere Lil either ran over to Gussie's or Gussie postponed her dusting and dropped in on Lil.

Gussie was putting a wave in Lil"s hair (the two owned an electric curling outfit together) when, running her thumb sympathetically across Lil's scalp, she said, "Something told me, dearie, you were standin' on the brink of an awful precipice." Testing the heat of the iron with a wet finger she continued, "Push her off on Cora if you can for old women are awful pests, buttin' in if we drag our men to a late dance or disapprovin' if we grab something at a delicatessen instead of hangin' over a hot stove, fiddlin' with home made stuff like they usta. They can't understand either," she elucidated further, "that if you have kids, no landlord'll give you a lease on an apartment with decent decorations."

Lil nodded in affirmation. "And that ain't all," continued Gussie, "Jevver stop to think," her eye carefully inspecting Lil's radio, piano player and three varieties of ferns sweeping the floor, "Jevver stop to think how crowded you'll be the evenins and Sundays you an Herb don't go to the movies?"

Lil looked up, startled. "Of course, Herb and I having no children, we don't really need Ma."

"Then let her knit somewhere else till you do," Gussie advised sagely. "If you can't palm her off on Cora, why not have the boys use her two thousand to get her in an old womens' home? She'd just adore settin' around with the other old chromos kickin' about the food and worryin' about the young generation."

The new garage proprietors instantly vetoed putting Sara's money anywhere except in the bank. "Gussie only knows half her onions," snapped Herb. "We can get a furnished room for Ma somewhere for the interest on her principal." So quarters were engaged with Miss Angie Squibbs, several miles across the city, Cora explaining lightly to her friends that "Fred being so nervous, he simply can't stand to hear Ma click her upper plate and clear her throat mornings" and Herb told a few rather sheepishly that Ma was "old fashioned" and would of course, find it dull at his house with no kiddies to spoil.

AT ANGIE'S a "housekeeping apartment" meant one room, a worn brass bed in the corner, a bird's eye maple dresser behind a wobbly screen. A faded green plush settee. A nutmeg rug. A squatty two burner gas plate on a cupboard made of packing boxes, covered with rust streaked prunes and lettuce cretonne.

With a flourish Herb handed Sara a trig little bank book, exactly as he and Fred had promised. Like good and dutiful sons they would pay her room rent. Equally dutiful, the wives would provide food. Ma didn't need clothes. Everyone understood *that*. Cora thoughtfully brought over an iron donkey and some building blocks. "They will make your place more cozy," she explained sweetly. Which they certainly did the days her children stayed there when she played cards or attended her club.

When Sara was down on G. Street, both families invariably dropped in for Sunday dinner. "No use in every one cooking today," the younger women would explain to each other. Now Herb blustered in occasionally but never stayed longer than to observe semi-jocosely that [Continued on page 52]

Courtesy of the Canadian National Railways

"This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats."

Family Bathing for the Holiday

By Sidney G. Hedges

THERE are not many occasions when the whole family can be united by the interest of a common pastime, particularly an outdoor pastime. But bathing brings all together. The youngster of three years old and even his grandfather may romp in the sea or lake or river simultaneously, equally enjoying their bathe. To bathe does not lessen the dignity of the adult, as would, I suppose, the rolling of a hoop; nor does it demand undue seriousness and technical study from "the littlest one," as would golf or tennis.

An old writer who fully appreciated the value of bathing declared that "the experienced swimmer, when in the water, may be classed among the happiest of mortals in the happiest of moods, and in the most complete enjoyment of the happiest of exercises." With that I heartily agree, but I would enlarge its application, and say that the description is almost equally true of the would-be swimmer, even when he or she has learned no more than merely to like the water.

That this delightful experience of bathing may be enjoyed by all the family together is a very happy thing. Often the weeks preceding a holiday bring considerable strain into the family circle—extra work and preparation sometimes frays the tempers of parents, and impatience makes children rather trying. But once on a holiday all those things may be forgotten in a sort of family water carnival. There are few things which bring such warm camaraderie and kinship as when a number of bathers together swallow considerable portions of the same wave.

James Thomson, in "The Seasons," wrote of swimming:

"This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats."

and as health is one of the principal concerns of the holiday-maker the proper planning of the family bathe should have considerable attention.

FIRST, the bathe must be a thoroughly joyous affair. Right costumes have much to do with this. Until a year or two ago it was an established convention that the bathing suit should be either black or navy. But common sense has stepped in and the modern costume, made from well-fitting elastic material, can be had in almost any shade. Perhaps the most attractive is the costume of two colors, which looks like a two-piece garment with a dark-toned "belt" at the waist. Of course, single color costumes are cheaper, and you may prefer to get such for the children—bright reds or pale blues perhaps. Bathing caps are also permissible nowadays, even for men, and these are a great convenience in keeping hair from the eyes.

Choose the time of the bathe carefully; it must not be till two hours have elapsed since the previous meal, and it should allow for a brisk walk afterwards. Late afternoon is better than the morning, because the sun will have had full opportunity to warm the beach and water.

Let the boldest of the family enter first, with such verve as to embolden the more timid. And when all are in a few water games may be played, to increase the feeling of "being at home."

"Tag" is excellent. It is taken precisely as on land, and can cause tremendous fun as the family scrambles, and plunges, and runs to avoid the one who is "it." The more tumbling over there is the better for nothing so much increases confidence as frequent duckings — duckings inevitably occur now and again during early swimming attempts and if the learner has already been inured to them it will save much time and discouragement.

"Follow-my-Leader" can also be popular and beneficial. The leader runs in and out of the water, turns head-over-heels, ducks under the surface, plunges beneath incoming waves, runs backwards, crawls on hands and knees, swims a few yards—and in everything is copied by those who follow. Even the tiniest toddler will play this game valiantly, and develop fine confidence as a result.

But there is no need for uniformity in the family bathe. Providing you keep an eye on the youngsters, everyone may do what he or she pleases, for a time. Not everyone is fitted for the same sort of thing, so that individual talent and bent should be given scope. The youngsters may like nothing so much as rolling on the edge of the water, where only occasionally they are completely immersed—well, let them enjoy it if they will best get used to the water that way. Girls are usually fond of floating, since they find themselves so much more buoyant than boys. It is an excellent thing if they and mother can learn to float horizontally, face upwards–the easiest way is with feet spread apart and arms stretched beyond the head. Boys like something more boisterous, and quite likely will prefer to spend a good deal of their time in wrestling matches where the water is waist-deep. So long as they take care never to hold an opponent under water they may get plenty of benefit from their exertions. And father, lastly, may in addition to supervising all the others, most enjoy careful swimming practice.

OF COURSE the whole family should also learn to swim, for swimming should be the aim of every bather, young or old; and learning to swim becomes much simpler and more pleasant when it is tackled in company with others who give mutual help and encouragement. The daily family bathe should always conclude with this real work—those who cannot swim should strive to learn; those who can, to become more proficient. But even this serious study may be no less enjoyable than the rest of the bathe.

Up until a few years ago it was generally accepted that the first style of swimming to be mastered by everyone should be the breast-stroke. Nowadays that belief has gone.

The wonderful modern crawl-stroke, with its easily understood and natural movements, has changed everything. In all up-to-date swimming circles the crawl is now taught first. Certainly children take to it more readily than to any other form of swimming—in a cruder form it is the style which semes to be acquired instinctively by those aboriginal peoples who learn to swim even sooner than to walk. Most grown-ups get on best with this stroke too, except occasional heavily-built and rather stiff-jointed males who are best suited by the straight drill-like action of the older strokes.

The family which would be abreast of the times must certainly try crawl.

Fortunately crawl contains nothing hard to understand, even by the youngest, and if only things are taken by degrees and not too much is attempted in any one day, then learning can be as straightforward as it will be pleasant.

The beginning of crawl may be in the nature of a game, its aim being to acquire the necessary horizontal position, with body straight and comfortable along the surface, face downwards. It will consist simply of pushing off from the bottom and gliding along the top of the water with arms stretched beyond the head. There is nothing difficult about this, and it can cause a great deal of fun if arranged as a sort of competition in which all compete to see who can glide farthest. The winner will always be the one whose body is most straight and yet most limp — and that is precisely the ideal position for crawl swimming. This gliding necessitates that the face should be submerged, which is another essential feature of crawl. Possibly the youngest kiddies may need a little coaching at this stage, but they must always be coaxed and never forced. A less sophisticated generation used to believe that the best way to make a child swim was to toss him straight into deep water, and let him struggle out as best he could. Youngsters treated in such a brutal fashion were, as often as not, given such a hatred of the water as they could never afterwards overcome—those harsh adults might almost as reasonably have tossed their children into the air on the assumption that they would somehow learn to fly. No! Encourage the timid by showing how easy and pleasant is the task from which they shrink.

AQUATIC breathing is the next requirement for modern swimming—gulping in air through the mouth, and exhaling forcibly through the nose when the face is submerged. This may sound terrifying, until actual practice reveals how easily it can be learned. A good plan is for the whole family to sit in a ring, shoulder-deep, for this practice, ducking forward each time that an exhalation [Continued on page 55]

Bathing Suit chronology.

The Last Days of McGee

"Thoroughly and Emphatically a Canadian"

—By—
Constance Kerr Sissons

T. D'Arcy Mc Gee

"WHO'S the lady on the five-cent stamp?" asked a Toronto housewife as she affixed the colored features of some unknown to a parcel for Manitoba.

The postmaster merely grinned.

"Oh, I *beg* his pardon!" exclaimed the woman, studying the stamp more closely. "That Father-of-Confederation haircut's so misleading. Looks quite flapperish, don't you think? I see—why, of course—it's Sir Oliver Mowat!"

"Guess again," advised the postmaster, his grin becoming vocal. "It's D'Arcy McGee."

"D'Arcy McGee! Why, so it is," she echoed, glancing again at the stamp ere pushing the parcel off on its first lap Manitoba-wards. "Good old D'Arcy McGee!"

THIS diverting dialogue awoke some vague memory within me, and on reaching home I opened a box of ancient keepsakes which seldom see the light of day. It seemed to me that among them was a letter to my father from D'Arcy McGee. I found it and the date of it immediately struck me—it must have been penned about nine weeks before the writer's violent death. Hidden for nearly sixty-two years between the leaves of an old album, the ink upon it is quite unfaded. It runs:

Private. Montreal,
Feb. 1, 68.

My dear Sir·

I have your very kind invitation. The report of my going to Hamilton has somehow got into print, without my having any knowledge of it, and I was too lazy to contradict it. So far from being able to travel yet, I am unable to get out for an airing; and my Doctor says it will be *three weeks*, before he could consent to my leaving Montreal. By that time whatever is done for Nova Scotia will be completed, and we could not well go back on it.

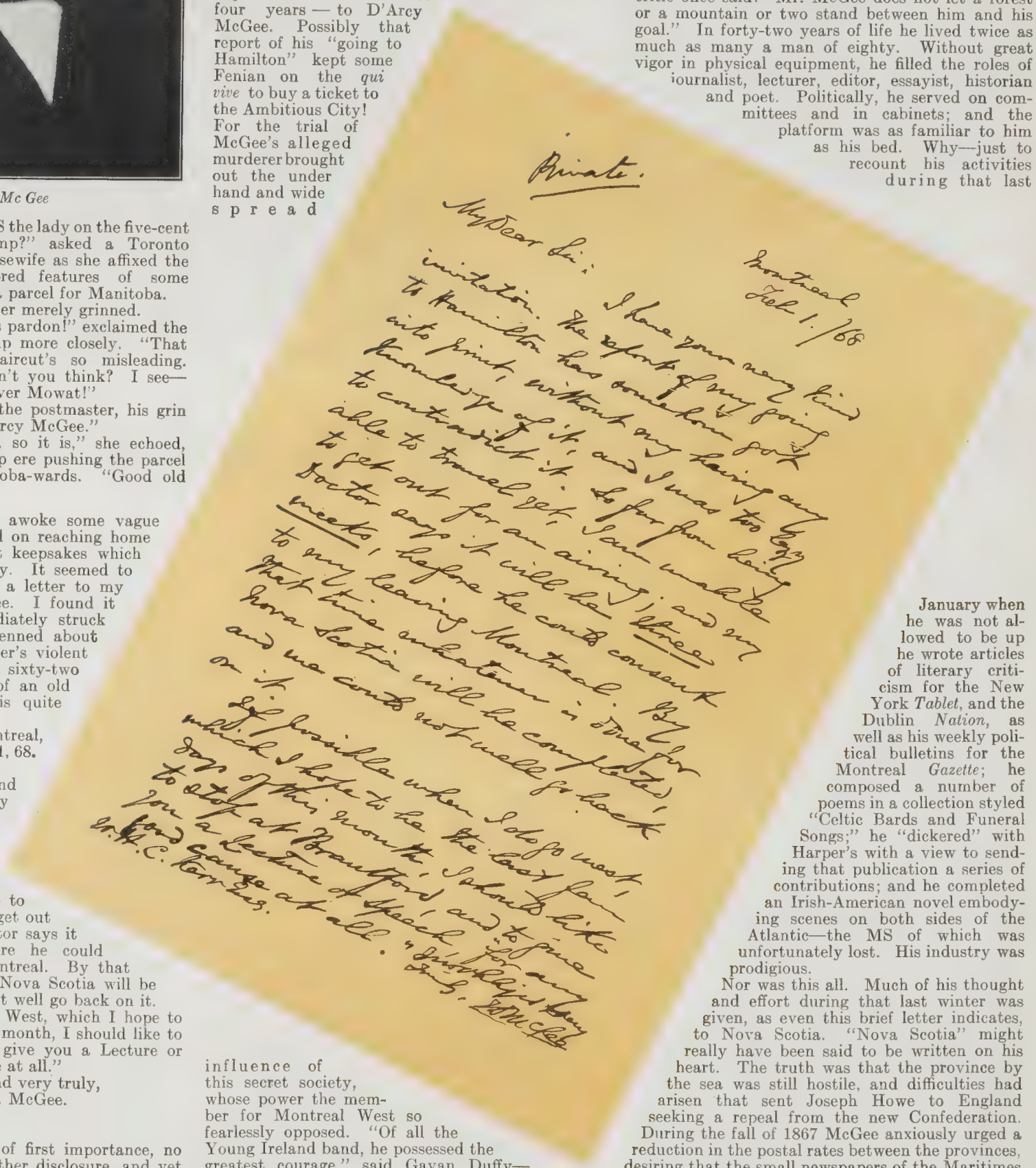
If possible when I do go West, which I hope to be the last few days of this month, I should like to stop at Brantford, and to give you a Lecture or Speech, "for any good cause at all."

Yours obliged and very truly,
T. D. McGee.

W. H. C. Kerr, Esq.

THERE is nothing here of first importance, no revealing utterance or other disclosure, and yet a study of the life of the writer lends a good deal of significance to the simple statements contained in this missive. It might almost be said to sketch in, rather completely, the closing events and the last interests in the life of the great Irish-Canadian statesman.

First, that "Private" and the opening lines are evidence that more or less curiosity always attended McGee's movements. The most courageous soul on earth would surely have felt the need of caution; for, from the moment that it opened upon a shrinking world, the sinister eye of Fenianism had glowered at McGee. Letters threatening him with death, alleged plots to fire his house, warnings in the shape of crude and fiendish symbols, and espionage by strange and villainous characters, were all in the day's work—had been for four years — to D'Arcy McGee. Possibly that report of his "going to Hamilton" kept some Fenian on the *qui vive* to buy a ticket to the Ambitious City! For the trial of McGee's alleged murderer brought out the under hand and wide spread influence of this secret society, whose power the member for Montreal West so fearlessly opposed. "Of all the Young Ireland band, he possessed the greatest courage," said Gavan Duffy—surely a tribute to one so sensitively organized as the Irish-Canadian leader.



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Then again, that illness. A long iliness of four months, lasting from the end of October, 1867, to the end of February, 1868, had a marked effect on McGee's mind. He remained in Ottawa for two weeks of the session which opened on November 7th, and then was forced to return to his home in Montreal. Much of this weary time he suffered pain. His thoughts turned backward and inward—backward to the Ireland of his childish dreams—inward to the finer needs of the spiritual life. Imagination and fervor carried him far from the turmoil of party politics.

The word "lazy" is amusing. It was never in McGee's lexicon. Of his untiring perseverance a critic once said: "Mr. McGee does not let a forest or a mountain or two stand between him and his goal." In forty-two years of life he lived twice as much as many a man of eighty. Without great vigor in physical equipment, he filled the roles of journalist, lecturer, editor, essayist, historian and poet. Politically, he served on committees and in cabinets; and the platform was as familiar to him as his bed. Why—just to recount his activities during that last January when he was not allowed to be up he wrote articles of literary criticism for the New York *Tablet*, and the Dublin *Nation*, as well as his weekly political bulletins for the Montreal *Gazette*; he composed a number of poems in a collection styled "Celtic Bards and Funeral Songs;" he "dickered" with Harper's with a view to sending that publication a series of contributions; and he completed an Irish-American novel embodying scenes on both sides of the Atlantic—the MS of which was unfortunately lost. His industry was prodigious.

Nor was this all. Much of his thought and effort during that last winter was given, as even this brief letter indicates, to Nova Scotia. "Nova Scotia" might really have been said to be written on his heart. The truth was that the province by the sea was still hostile, and difficulties had arisen that sent Joseph Howe to England seeking a repeal from the new Confederation. During the fall of 1867 McGee anxiously urged a reduction in the postal rates between the provinces, desiring that the small newspapers of the Maritimes should have a fair show.

Ill-luck had dogged the efforts of the eastern fishermen that season, and the mackerel-catch was a complete failure. From his sick-bed McGee wrote many a letter and editorial to elicit sympathy for the ten thousand Nova Scotians who were rendered destitute. A charity concert was held in Montreal as a result of [Continued on page 56]

Suddenly Sheila had a desire to shriek aloud. This woman—did this woman then see Erris Boyne die?

NO DEFENCE

By Gilbert Parker

Illustrated by John Clymer

Final Instalment

IN THE King's House at Spanish Town the governor was troubled. All his plans and prophecies had come to naught. He had been convinced there would be no rebellion of the Maroons, and he was equally sure that his career would be made hugely successful by marriage with Sheila Llyn—but the Maroons had revolted, the marriage was not settled!

Messages had been coming from the provost-marshal-general of reports from the counties of Middlesex and Cornwall, that the Maroons were ravaging everywhere and that bands of slaves had joined them with serious disasters to the plantation people. Planters, their wives and children had been murdered, and in some districts the natives were in full possession and had destroyed, robbed and ravaged. He had summoned his commander of the militia forces, had created special constables, and armed them, and had sent a ship to the Bahamas to summon a small British fleet there. He had also mapped out a campaign against the Maroons, which had one grave demerit—it was planned on a basis of ordinary warfare and not with Jamaica conditions in mind. The provost-marshal warned him of the futility of these plans, but he had persisted in them. He had later been shocked, however, by news that the best of his colonels had been ambushed and killed, and that others had been made prisoners and treated with barbarity. From everywhere, except one, had come either news of defeat or setback.

One good thing he immediately did; he threw open King's House to the wounded, and set the surgeons to work, thereby checking bitter criticism and blocking the movement rising against him. For it was well known he had rejected all warnings, had persisted in his view that trust in the Maroons and fair treatment of themselves and the slaves were all that was needed.

As he walked in the great salon or hall of audience where the wounded lay—over seventy feet long and thirty wide, with great height, to which beds and conveniences had been hastily brought—it seemed to him that he was saving, if barely saving, his name and career. Standing beside one of the Doric pillars which divided the salon from an upper and lower gallery of communications, he received the Custos of Kingston. As the Custos told his news the governor's eyes were running along the line of busts of ancient and modern philosophers on the gilt brackets between the Doric pilasters. They were all in bronze, and his mind had the doleful imagination of brown slave heroes placed there in honor for services given to the country. The doors at the south end of the great salon opened now and then into the council chambers beyond, and he could see the surgeons operating on the cases returned from the plantations.

"Your honor," said the Custos, 'things have suddenly improved. The hounds have come from Cuba and in the charge of ten men—ten men with sixty hounds. That is the situation at the moment. All the people at Kingston are overjoyed. They see the end of the revolt."

"The hounds!" exclaimed the governor. "What hounds?"

"The hounds sent for by Dyck Calhoun—surely your honor remembers!"

Surely his honor did, and recalled also that he forbade the importation of the hounds; but he could not press that prohibition now. "The mutineer and murderer, Dyck Calhoun!" he exclaimed. "And they have come!"

"Yes, your honor, and gone with Calhoun's man, Michael Clones, to Salem."

"To Salem—why Salem?"

"Because Calhoun is there fighting the Maroons in that district. The Maroons first captured the ladies of Salem as they rode in the wood. They were beaten at that game by Calhoun and four men; the ladies then were freed and taken back to Salem. Then the storm burst on Salem—burst, but did not overwhelm. Calhoun saved the situation there; and when his hounds arrive at Salem he will range over the whole country. It is against the ideas of the people of England, but it does our work in Jamaica as nothing else could. It was a stroke of genius, the hounds, your honor!"

Lord Mallow was at once relieved and nonplussed. No doubt the policy of the hounds was useful, and it might save his own goose, but it was, in a sense, un-English to hunt the wild man with hounds. Yet was it un-English? What was the difference between a sword and a good sharp tooth, save that the sword struck and let go and the tooth struck and held on? It had been said in England that to hunt negroes with hounds was barbarous and cowardly; but criminals were hunted with bloodhounds in all civilized countries; and as for cowardice, the man who had sent for these hounds was as brave as any old crusader! No, Dyck Calhoun could not be charged with cowardice, and his policy of the hounds might save the island and the administration in the end. They had arrived in the very hour of Jamaica's and Lord Mallow's greatest peril. They had gone on to the man who had been sane enough to send for them.

"Tell me about the landing of the hounds," said Lord Mallow.

"It was last night about dusk that word came from the pilot's station at Port Royal that the vessel *Vincent* was making for port, all sails standing, and that she came from Cuba. Presently Michael Clones, the servant of Dyck Calhoun, came also to say that the *Vincent* was the ship bringing Calhoun's hounds from Cuba, and asking permit for delivery. This he did because he thought you were opposed to the landing. In the light of our position here, we decided to grant the delivery, and it was so done.

"When the vessel came to anchor the hounds with their drivers were landed. The landing was the signal for a great display on the part of the people and the militia—yes, the militia shared in the applause, your honor! They had had a taste of war with the Maroons and the slaves, and they were well inclined to let the dogs have their chance. Resolutions were then passed to approach your honor and ask that full powers be given to Calhoun to pursue the war to the end without thought of military precedent or of Calhoun's position. He has no official place in the public life here but he is powerful with the masses. It is rumored that you have an order to confine him to his plantation; but with your consent, I will say

Read your washday fortune in your hand...

YOU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how frankly it reveals its washday story.

The strong, capable palm indicates an energetic, self-reliant woman—the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in having her clothes a little cleaner than any one else's. The unbroken life line predicts many years of happiness because she gets things done with the least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—that she knows a bargain in value when she sees it.

You would expect a woman like this to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could actually see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and because it does this so quickly that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is good soap and naptha. *Plenty* of naptha—you can smell it. These two cleaners, working hand-in-hand, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But Fels-Naptha also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water. So wash any way you please—you can be sure that Fels-Naptha will give you extra help.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and *you*—will all proclaim your good fortune!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips that contain plenty of naptha, just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W.H. 7-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

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that to apply it would bring revolution in Jamaica. There are great numbers of people who love his courage, what he did for the King's navy, and for his commercial success here, and they would resent harsh treatment of him. They are aware, your honor, that he and you knew each other in Ireland, and they think you are hard on him. People judge not from all the facts, but from what they see and hear. Is not that so, your honor?"

During the Custos' narrative, Lord Mallow was perturbed. He had the common sense to know that Dyck Calhoun, ex-convict and mutineer as he was, had personal power in the island, which he as governor had not been able to get, and Dyck had not abused that power as he might have done. He realized that Dyck's premonition of an outbreak and caution in sending for the hounds was a stroke of genius. He recalled with anger Dyck's appearance, in spite of regulations, in trousers at the King's ball and his dancing with a black woman, and he also realized that it was a cool insult to himself. It was then he had given the home authorities information which would poison their minds against Dyck, and from that had come the order to confine him to his plantation.

Yet he felt the time had come when he might use Dyck for his own purposes. That Dyck should be at Salem was a bitter dose, but that could amount to nothing, for Sheila could never marry the man who had killed her father, however bad and mad her father was. Yet it graveled his soul that Dyck should be doing service for the lady to whom he had offered his own hand and heart and from whom he had had no word of assent. It angered him against himself that he had not at once sent soldiers to Salem to protect it. He wished to set himself right with Sheila and with the island people, and how to do so was the question.

First, clearly, he must not think of applying the order to confine Dyck to his plantation; also he must give Dyck authority to use the hounds in hunting down the Maroons and slaves who were committing awful crimes. He forthwith decided to write, asking Dyck to send him an outline of his scheme against the rebels for comment and approval. That he must do, for the game was with Dyck.

"How long will it take the hounds to get to Salem?" he asked the Custos presently in his office, with deep-set lines in his face and a determined look in his eyes. He was an arrogant man, but he was not insane, and he wanted to succeed. It could only be success if he dragged Jamaica out of this rebellion with flying colors, and his one possible weapon was the man whom he had reason to detest.

"Why, your honor, as we sent them by wagons and good horses they should be in Salem and in Dyck Calhoun's hands this evening. If they press they should be there by now almost, for they've been going for hours, and the distance is not great."

The governor nodded, and began to write. A half-hour later he handed to the Custos what he had written.

"See what you think of that, Custos," he said. "Does it, in your mind, cover the ground as it should?"

The Custos read it all over slowly and carefully, weighing every word. Presently he handed back the paper. "Your honor, it is complete and masterly," he said. "It puts the crushing of the revolt into the hands of Mr. Calhoun, and nothing could be wiser. He has the gifts of a leader, and he will do the job with no mistake, and in a time of crisis like this, that is essential. You have given him the right to order the militia to obey him, and nothing could be better. He will organize the business like a master. We haven't forgotten his fight for the navy on the *Ariadne*. Didn't the admiral tell the story at the dinner we gave him of how this ex-convict and mutineer, by sheer genius, broke the power of the French at the critical moment and saved our fleet, though it was only three-fourths that of the French?"

"You don't think the French will get us some day?" asked the governor with a smile.

"I certainly don't since our defences have been improved. Look at the sixty big cannon on Fort Augusta! They'd be knocked to smithereens before they could get into the quiet waters of the harbor. Don't forget the narrows, your honor. Then there's the Apostle's Battery with its huge shot, and the guns of Fort Royal would give them a cross-fire that would make them sick. Besides, we could stop them within the shoals and reefs and narrow channels before they got near the inner circle. It would only be the hand of God that would get them in, and it doesn't work for Frenchmen these days, I observe. No, this place is safe, and King's House will be the home of British governors for many a century."

"Ah, that's your gallant faith, and no doubt you are right; but go on with your tale of the hounds," said Lord Mallow.

"Your honor, as the hounds went away with Michael Clones there was greater applause than I have ever seen in the island except when Rodney defeated De Grasse. Imagine a little sloop in the wash of the seas and the buccaneers piling down on him, and no chance of escape, and then a great British battleship appearing, and the situation saved—that was how we were placed here till the hounds arrived. Your honor, this morning's, this early morning's, exit of the hounds was like a procession of veterans to Walhalla. There was the sun breaking over the tops of the hills, a crimsonish, grayish, opaline touch of soft sprays or mists breaking away from the onset of the sunrise; and all the trees with night-lips wet sucking in the sun and drinking up the light like an overseer at a Christmas breakfast; and you know what that is. And all the shore, rocky and sandy, rough and smooth, happy and homely, shimmering in the radiance. And hundreds of Creoles and colored folk beating the ground in agitation, and slaves a-plenty carrying boxes to the ships that are leaving, and white folk crowding the streets, and bugles blowing, and the tramp of the militia, and the rattle of carts on the cobble-stones, and the voices of the officers giving orders, and turmoil everywhere.

"Then, suddenly, the sharp sound of a long whip and a voice calling, and there rises out of the landing place the procession—the sixty dogs in three wagons, their ten drivers with their whips, but keeeping order by the sound of their voices, low, soft and peculiar, and then the horses starting into a quick trot which presently would become a canter—and the hounds were off to Salem! There could be no fear with the hounds let loose to do the hunting."

"But suppose that when they get to Salem their owner is no more."

The Custos laughed. "Him, your honor—him no more! Isn't he the man of whom the black folk say, 'Lucky buckra—morning, lucky newcomer!' If that's his reputation, and the coming of his hounds just when the island most needed them is good proof of it, do you think he'll be killed by a lot of dirty Maroons! Ah, Calhoun's a man with the luck of the devil, your honor! He has the pull—as sure as heaven's above he'll make success. If you command your staff to have this posted as a proclamation throughout the island, it will do as much good as a thousand soldiers. The military officers will not object, they know how big a man he is, and they have had enough. The news is not good from all over the island, for there are bad planters and bad overseers, and they've poisoned large fields of men in many quarters of the island, and things are wrong.

"But this proclamation will put things right. It will stop the slaves from revolting; it will squelch the Maroons, and I'm certain sure Calhoun will have Maroons ready to fight for us, not against us, before this thing is over. I tell you, your honor, it means the way out—that's what it means. So, if you'll give me your order, keeping a copy of it for the provost-marshal, I'll see it's delivered to Dyck Calhoun before morning—perhaps by midnight. It's not more than a six hours' journey in the ordinary way."

At that moment an aide-de-camp entered, and with solemn face presented to the governor the last report from the provost-marshal-general. Then he watched the governor read the report.

"Ten more killed and twenty wounded!" said the governor. "It must be stopped."

He gave the Custos the letter to Dyck Calhoun, and a few moments later handed the proclamation to his aide-de-camp.

"That will settle the business, your honor," said the aide as he read the proclamation.

"THEN, tell me, please, what you know of the story," said the governor to Sheila at King's House one afternoon two weeks later. "I only get meagre reports from the general commanding. But you being close to the intimate source of the events must know all."

Sheila shrank at the suggestion in the governor's voice, but she did not resent it. She had purposes which she must carry out, and she steeled herself. She wanted to get from Lord Mallow a pledge concerning Dyck Calhoun, and she must be patient.

"I know nothing direct from Mr. Calhoun, your honor," she said, "but only through his servant Michael Clones, who is a friend of my Darius Boland, and they have met often since the first outbreak. You know, of course, what happened at Port Louise—how the slaves and Maroons seized and murdered the garrison, how families were butchered when they armed first, how barbarism broke loose and made all men combine to fight the rebels. Even before Mr. Calhoun came they had had record of a sack of human ears, cut from the dead rebel-slaves, when they had been killed by faithful slaves, and good progress was made. But the revolters fixed their camps on high rocks, and by blowing of shells brought many fresh recruits to the struggle. It was only when Mr. Calhoun came with his hounds that anything decisive was done. For the rebels—Maroons and slaves—were hid, well entrenched and cautious, and the danger was becoming greater every day. On Mr. Calhoun's arrival he was almost caught in ambush, being misled, and saved himself only by splendid marksmanship. He was attacked by six rebels, of whom he killed four, and riding his wounded horse over the other two he escaped. Then he set the hounds to work and the rebellion in that district was soon over."

"It was gathering strength with increasing tragedy elsewhere," remarked the governor. "Some took refuge in hidden places, and came out only to steal, rob and murder—and worse. In one place, after a noted slave, well known for his treachery, had been killed—Khoftet was his name—his head was cut off by slaves friendly to us and his heart roasted and eaten. There is but one way to deal with these people. No gaming or drinking among slaves must be allowed, blowing of shells or beating of drums must be forbidden, and every free negro or mulatto must wear on his arm a sign—perhaps a cross in blue or red."

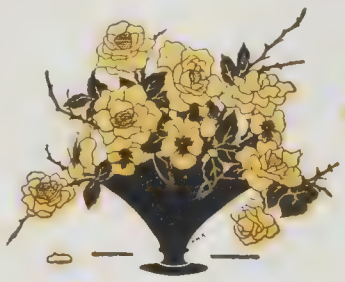
"Slavery is doomed," said Sheila firmly. "It's end is not far off."

"Well, they still keep slaves in the land of Washington and Alexander Hamilton. They are better off here at any rate than in their own country where they were like animals among whom they lived. Here they are safe from poverty, cared for in sickness, and have no fear of being handed over to the keepers of carrion, or being the food of the gallinaso. They can feed their fill on fricassees of macaca worms and steal without punishment teal or ring-tailed pigeons and black crabs from the massa."

"But they are not free. They are atoms in heaps of dust. They have no rights—no liberties."

Sheila was agitated, but she showed no excitement. She seemed to Lord Mallow like one who had perfect control of herself, and was not the victim of anticipation. She seemed, save for her dark, searching eyes, like one who had gone through experience which had disciplined her to control. Only her hands were demonstrative—yet quietly so. Anyone watching her closely would have seen that her hands were sensitive, expressed even more markedly than her eyes or lips what were her feelings. She was paler and thinner than ever she had been, but there was enough of her, and that delicately made, which gave the governor a

[Continued on page 26]



FRIENDSHIP

By Mary Matheson

The kind of friendship I would give
(And I of others claim)
Shall never let the tongue defile
Or mar another's name.

It falls like oil on troubled seas,
And tries to understand
Another's weakness and witholds
The hasty reprimand.

–That helps another when it sees
Him burdened on the road
And though it may not bear his cross
Will share the heavy load.

That finds the good in all it sees
And speaks of this alone,
Yet still, will tell to me my faults
Nor evil will condone.

Such friendship is akin to love
Its ways the Master trod,
It is a flower plucked from out
The garden plot of God.

Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia

A BRILLIANT FAVORITE IN SOCIETY, SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC BEAUTY, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern . . . a brilliant favorite in smart society . . . Miss Elizabeth Altemus, of an old and distinguished Philadelphia family.

Spirited as the thoroughbreds she rides so fearlessly, Miss Altemus is widely known as an expert horsewoman . . . a dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides the colors of her stables, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the simplest, easiest, most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection—Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. I never use any other. And the Cleansing Tissues take off the cream easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named!" adds Miss Altemus. "The Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base and is especially good for the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN skin lovely with these four steps of Pond's swift, simple, sure Method:

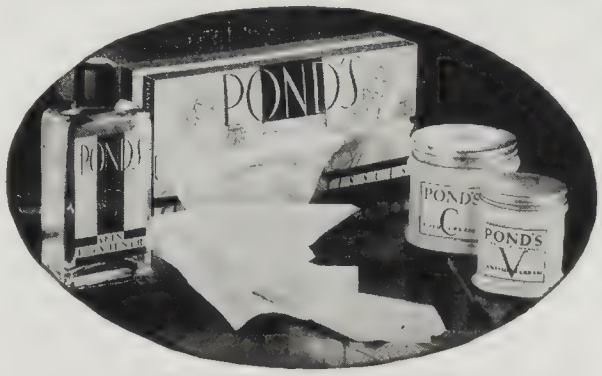
During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Third—briskly dab your skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.



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Courtesy of The T. Eaton Company

The chesterfield divorced from the fireplace, the sparing use of ornament, the pleasant grouping of comfortable furniture at the window, are all pointers for the summer-time arrangement of the year-'round room.

Re-Arranging Our Rooms for Summer

New Positions and Different Grouping for Cool Charm

By Katherine M. Caldwell

JUST as the change of seasons brings us a desire for different clothes, different food, so it suggests also that something new in the way of our intimate surroundings would be welcome. We do not all migrate to a summer home—the great majority of people, as statistics prove, remain the year around in the same house, with only brief vacations.

Now whilst we do not go so far as to say that we want to bring to our year-round homes the atmosphere of the summer cottage, we all stand ready to admit that we would enjoy giving to them something of summer itself. Clever home-makers everywhere know the value of freshness in the house, and without the aid of anything new, they like to experiment with the materials on hand, to gain fresh effects.

Summer gives us especial opportunity to do this very thing. And we achieve our ends in two ways.

The first is *elimination*. There are two excellent reasons for putting away ornaments, extras of all kinds, things which we do not actually use in the out-door months. The first of these is to give that cooler, more open aspect to our rooms—one can go very close to the sparse effect in summer with good results. The second is that when the autumn days come and bring with them the long in-door evenings, the very articles which we tuck out of sight now will re-appear to a conscious welcome and will in their turn give a new aspect to rooms that we have been accustomed to see for some months without them.

The second method of "summerizing" our rooms, is to simply change the positions of the main pieces of furniture—or if they cannot be greatly altered, to re-group by means of the smaller and less consequential pieces.

LET us first consider how far we can expect to go in the matter of putting familiar accessories out of view for the time being.

We all collect considerable un-essential bits as times passes—pleasant little pieces that may add a touch of luxury here and there, ornaments, objects of quite genuine beauty and interest, and which add, in no small measure, to the individual character and the decorative effects of our rooms.

But each and every item of them requires a certain amount of care—though it be no more than their dusting. In summer, the wise home-maker reduces all demands of that kind to a minimum. For the town-dweller, the summer months should be so far as possible, vacation time. On the farm, these months bring so many special activities of their own, that the simplification of any branch of the house-keeping that will bear it, is in order.

So—why not swathe in papers or dust-protectors, such things as might be spared from your mantel shelves, plate rails—the most of your ornaments and even perhaps some of your pictures, particularly small ones in easel frames, photographs and so forth? Put them safely away in the store-room until Fall. You will find something very cool and restful meantime, about comparatively bare expanses through the house. And, when you bring them out again, you will find a conscious and active enjoyment of your old favourites which perhaps was being lost to a great extent because you were so accustomed to them.

THE dining-room often presents particular opportunities for hot-weather elimination. I have in mind especially, such of our heavier silver as we might well dispense with in summer time. I feel very much in accord with those wise women who wrap up their tea-services in canton flannel, with some gum camphor to help to keep the silver from tarnishing. With the altogether charming pottery sets that can be had in any color now-a-days, the change will be in the light of a pleasure. Candlesticks, too—for after all, we do not dine in candle-light time very often, in summer. And no doubt there would be silver serving dishes of one kind and another, that might be put away and less formal things used in their stead for a time, things which would require less "upkeep.'" Afternoon tea and after-dinner coffee still flourish, no matter what the weather, but why not serve them from a simple light wooden or wicker tray, and put the silver one away for the season of formal usages?

CONSIDER bedrooms. Here we have the very personal type of room, and whether it has a greater or less number of not-strictly-necessary accessories, depends upon its owner. I know several women who make a practice of putting away their silk bedspreads for three months, replacing them with simple washable spreads; matching curtains come down, too—for with the windows open all the time, as they are in the hot weather, there is no doubt about the dust that blows in; sometimes the curtains even blow out, or brush the screens incessantly—certainly not to their improvement. Also, the strong light and the "burning" of the hot sun is not any too good for taffetas and their kin, so it would indeed seem to be wise practice to give such fabrics a rest for a time and bring them out, fresh and welcome,, in the Fall.

The bedroom rug is often lifted for summer—perhaps you would want to replace it with a small bedside piece, one of the light little washable rugs or bright little French oval. The room does look cooler and more airy without its large carpet—and certainly the bare floor is more easily kept dusted, an important point where not only appearances but a lessening of routine work, are being considered.

As a matter of fact, it is common practice to have most of the large rugs and all of the heavy curtains of the house, cleaned and put away in the spring; perhaps if you have not [Continued on page 56]

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete.*

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

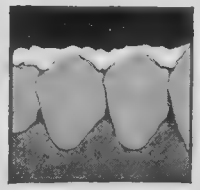
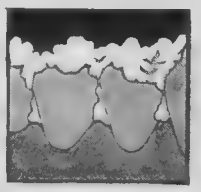


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. T2068 64 Natalie Street, Toronto 8.
Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

thrill of desire to make her his own for the rest of his life or hers. He had also gone through much since they had last met, and he had seen his own position in the balance—uncertain, troubled, insecure. He realized that he had lost reputation, which had scarcely been regained by his consent to the use of the hounds and giving Dyck Calhoun a free hand, as temporary head of the militia. He could not put him over the regular troops, but as the general commanding was, in effect, the slave of Dyck Calhoun, there was no need for anxiety.

Dyck Calhoun had smashed the rebellion, had quieted the island, had risen above all the dark disturbances of revolt like a master. He had established barracks and forts at many points in the island, and had stationed troops in them; he had cowed and subdued Maroons and slaves by the hounds. Yet he had punished only the chief of those who had been in actual rebellion, and had repressed the violent punishments of the earlier part of the conflict. He had forbidden any one to be burned alive, and had ordered that no one should be executed without his first judging — with the consent of the governor!—the facts of the case.

Dyck had built up for himself a reputation as no one in all the history of the island had been able to do. He commanded by more than official authority — by personality and achievement. There was no one in the island but knew they had been saved by his prudence, foresight and skill. It was to their minds stupendous and romantic. Fortunately they showed no strong feeling against Lord Mallow. By placing King's House at disposal as a hospital, and by gifts of food and money to wives and children of soldiers and civilians, the governor had a little eradicated his record of neglect.

Lord Mallow had a way with him when he chose to use it. He was not without the gift for popularity, and he saw now that he could best attain it by treating Dyck Calhoun well. He saw troops come and go; he listened to grievances; he corrected abuses; he devised a scheme for nursing; he planned security for the future; he gave permission for buccaneer trading with the United States; he had by legislative order given the Creoles a better place in the civic organism. This was a time for broad policy—for distribution of cassavi bread, yams and pawpaws, for big, and maybe rough, display of power and generosity. He was not blind to the fact that he might by discreet courses impress favorably his visitor. All he did was affected by that thought. He could not but think that Sheila would judge of him by what he did as much as by what he said.

"What more can you tell me of Mr. Calhoun and his doings?" he asked presently. "He is lucky in having so perfect a narrator of his histories."

A flush stole slowly up Sheila's face, and gave a glow even to the roots of her hair. She could not endure these references to the dark gulf between her and Dyck Calhoun.

"My lord," she said sharply, "it is not meet that you should say such things. Mr. Calhoun was jailed for killing my father—let it be at that. The last time you saw me you offered me your hand and heart. Well, do you know I had almost made up my mind to accept your hand, then the news of this trouble was brought to you and you left us—to ourselves and our dangers!"

NO DEFENCE

Continued from page 22

The governor started. "You are as unfriendly as a 'terral garamighty'; you make me draw my breath thick as the blackamoors, as they say. I did what I thought best in the circumstances," he said. "I did not think you would be in any danger. I had not heard of the Maroons being so far south as Salem."

"Yet it is the man who foresees chances that succeeds, as you should know by now, your honor. I was greatly touched by the offer you made me — indeed yes," she added seeing the rapt, eager look in his face. "I had been told what had upset me, that Dyck Calhoun was guilty of killing my father, and all the world seemed dreadful. Yes, in the reaction, it was almost on my tongue to say yes to you, for you are a good talker, you had skill in much that you did, and with honest advice from a wife might do much more. So I was in a mind to say yes. I had had much to try me, indeed, so very much. Ever since I first saw Dyck Calhoun he had been the one man who had ever influenced me. He was forever in my mind even when he was in prison—oh, what is prison, what is guilt even to a girl when she loves! Yes, I loved him. There it was. He was ever in my mind, and I came here to Jamaica — he was here—for what else? Salem could have been restored by Darius Boland or others, or I could have sold it. I came to Jamaica to find him here—unwomanly perhaps, you will say."

"Unusual only with a genius—like you."

"Then you do not speak what is in your mind, your honor. You say what you feel is the right thing to say—the slave of circumstances. I will be wholly frank with you. I came here to see Dyck Calhoun, for I knew he would not come to see me. Yes, there it was, a real thing in his heart. If he had been a lesser man than he is, he would have come to America when he was freed from prison. But he did not, would not, come. He knew he had been found guilty of killing my father, and that for him and me there could be no marriage—indeed, he never asked me to marry him. Yet I know he would have done so if he could. When I came to know what he was jailed for doing, I felt there was no place for him and me together in the world. Yet my heart kept crying out to him, and I felt there was but one thing left for me to do, and that was to make it impossible for me to think of him even, or for him to think of me. Then you came and offered me your hand. It was a hand most women might have been glad to accept from the standpoint of material things. And you were Irish like myself, and like the boy I loved. I was sick of the robberies of life and time, and I wanted to be out of it all in some secure place. What place so secure from the sorrow that was eating at my heart as marriage! It said no to every stir of feeling that was vexing me, to every show of love or remembrance. So I listened to you. It was not because you were a governor or a peer—no, not that! For even in Virginia I had offers from one higher than yourself—and younger, and a peer also. No, it was not material things that influenced me, but your own intellectual eminence; for you have more brains than most men, as you know so well." The governor interrupted her with a gesture and a burst of emotion. "No, no, I am not so vain as you think. If I were I should have seen at Salem that you meant to say yes."

"Yet you know well you have gifts, though you have made sad mistakes here. Do not think it was your personality, your looks that induced me to think of you, to listen to you. When Mr. Calhoun told me the truth, and gave me a letter he had written to me——"

"A letter—to you?"

There was surprise in the governor's voice—surprise and chagrin, for the thing had moved him powerfully.

"Yes, a letter to me which he never meant me to have. It was a kind of diary of his heart, and it was written even while I was landing on the island on Christmas Day. It was the most terribly, truthful thing, opening his whole soul to the girl whom he had always loved, but from whom he was separated by a thing not the less tragical because it was merely technical. He gave it to me to read, and when I read it I saw there was no place for me in the world except a convent or marriage. The convent could not be, for I was no Catholic, and marriage seemed the only thing possible. That day you came I saw only one thing to do—one mad, hopeless, thing to do."

"Mad and hopeless!" burst out Lord Mallow. "How so? Your very reason shows that it was sane, well founded in the philosophy of the heart."

He was eager to win her yet, and he did not see the end at which she aimed. He felt he must tell her all the passion and love he felt. But her look gave no encouragement, her eyes were uninviting.

Sheila smiled painfully. "Yes, mad and hopeless, for be sure of this: We cannot kill in one day the growth of years. I could not cure myself of loving him by marrying you. There had to be some other cure for that. I never knew and never loved my father. But he was my father, and if Mr. Calhoun killed him, I could not marry him. But at last I came to know that your love and affection could not make me forget him—no, never. I realize that now. He and I can never come together, but I owe him so much—I owe him my life, for he saved it; he must ever have a place in my heart, be to me more than any one else can be. I want you to do something for him."

"What do you wish?"

"I want you to have removed from him the sentence of the British Government. I want him to be free to come and go anywhere in the world—to return to England if he wishes it, to be a free man, and not a victim of outlawry. I want that, and you ought to give it to him."

"Why?"

Indignation filled her eyes. "You ask why. He has saved your administration and the island from defeat and horrible loss. He has prevented most of the slaves from revolting, and he conquered the Maroons. The empire is his debtor. Will you do this for one who has done so much for you?"

Lord Mallow was angry and disconcerted, but he did not show it. "I can do no more than I have done. I have not confined him to his plantation as the Government commanded; I can't go beyond that."

"You can put his case from the standpoint of a patriot."

For a moment the governor hesitated, then he said: "Because you ask me——"

"I want it done for his sake, not for mine," she returned with decision. "You owe it to yourself to see that it is done. Gratitude is not dead in you, is it?"

Lord Mallow flushed. "You press his case too hard. You forget what he is—a mutineer and a murderer, and no one should remember that as you should."

"He has atoned for both, and you know it well. Besides, he was not a murderer. Even the courts did not say he was. They only said he was guilty of manslaugher. Oh, your honor, be as gallant as your name and place warrant."

He looked at her for a moment with strange feelings in his heart. Then he said: "I will give you an answer in twenty-four hours. Will that do, sweet persuader?"

"It might do," she answered, and, strange to say, she had a sure feeling that he would say yes, in spite of her knowledge that in his heart of hearts, he hated Calhoun.

As she left the room, Lord Mallow stood for a moment looking after her.

"She loves the rogue in spite of all!" he said bitterly. "But she must come with me. They are apart as the poles. Yet I shall do as she wishes if I am to win her." [Continued on page 34]

Let Me Dream, Let Me Love

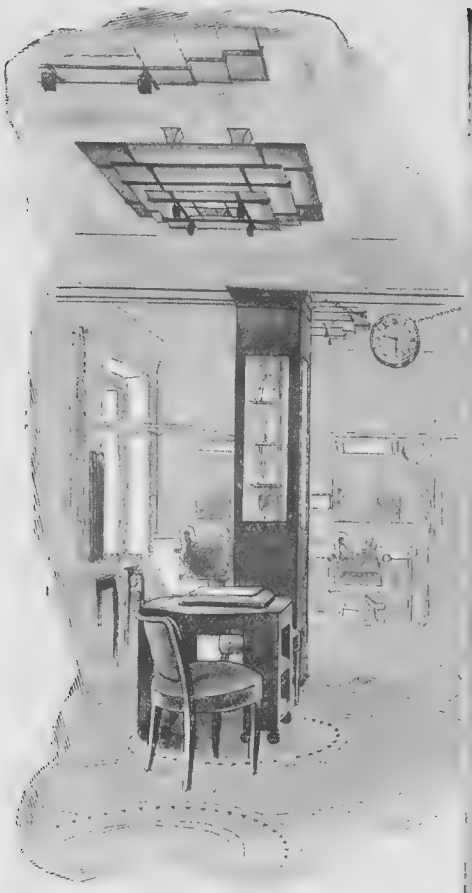
By V. Grace Wheeler

Let me sit alone at the close of day,
When the skies are turned from blue to grey,
And while the cosy firelight gleams,
Let me dream again my wondrous dreams.
Let me forget all life's dull care,
Let me build my castles in the air....
For tho' I know they may never be
Still they are very real to me.
So let me dream!

Let me laugh....and give a friendly hand
To those who need me; let me understand
When life to them has proved unfair....
Let me laugh to cheer them....but let me care.
Let me laugh tho' friends may prove untrue.
For that is the bravest thing to do.
And tho' my heart is far from gay,
Let me pretend I'm glad, and may
I still laugh!

But most of all, then let me love....
The choicest gift that Heaven above
Has given us....let that be mine
Tho' the stars go down, and the sun won't shine
Still we can laugh and hope and live,
We can sympathize—we can forgive,
We can sing in life's most tragic hours
If the gift of love is truly ours.
So let me love!

If I have these three gifts divine,
The world and all it holds is mine,
Tho' troubles come, and kingdoms fall
It really matters not at all....
For if I can dream that the world is fair
And laugh tho' my heart is filled with care.
And know that I hold love's gift divine,
Then the world and all it holds is mine.
So let me dream, let me laugh, let me love!



There are certain unique decorative features about Vincent's establishment that distinguish it from the usual salon, as this sketch indicates.

Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.

"An irritated skin—you are using the wrong kind of soap, perhaps. Use Palmolive. Its color is the color of palm and olive oils. It has a fresh natural odor. It not only keeps the skin free of irritation, but it leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

Vincent

20 Rue Royale
Paris

VINCENT of Paris

Beauty Expert to Society

warns against the wrong kind of soap ..."you should use Palmolive"

Beauty experts recognize the need for a soap containing olive oil to keep skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"WE particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent has a very important shop on the Rue Royale, across from the famous Madeleine in Paris. Here he administers to the beauty needs of world travelers and women of fashion in Paris. And he warns them of the dangers in using the wrong kind of soap.

"You should use Palmolive," he insists, "which is made of vegetable oils."

Unless impurities and daily accumulations of oil and dirt are removed from the pores, you soon discover blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, which are some of women's chief beauty grievances.

Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

Here is the famous treatment

With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astringent before putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 23,720 beauty specialists.

Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

A vast professional group of 23,720 beauty specialists finds one soap best. They all advise Palmolive!

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time, 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central time 6.30 to to 7:30 p.m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6.30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5229

John Barrymore in "The Man from Blankley's."

Lewis Ayres, who has the leading rôle of "Paul" in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Insert: Louis Wolheim playing "Stanislaus Katezinsky" in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Journey's End

THE screen has been loyal to a fine play. I was afraid that this would not be so. There were so many opportunities for the picture version to go wrong, to follow the banal, conventional Hollywood pattern. The producers might have introduced a battle in the super-Griffiths manner, an orgy in an estaminet a la de Mille or have brought Stanhope's sweetheart into the trenches in the guise of a Red Cross nurse. But fate was kind and the directors were wise and fastidious. The result is that "Journey's End" comes to the screen as a very close transcription of the beautiful and touching stage play.

Excellently directed, acted and photographed, "Journey's End" makes a splendid photoplay, emotional and gripping. It is not, however, so poignant as the original. Sherriff, that inspired young insurance broker who became a famous playwright almost overnight, wrote his play for the real stage, and hence when "Journey's End" is done in a different medium, it loses a shade of its strength. This is due to no fault of directing or acting. The explanation lies simply in the inherent difference between stage and screen. For example, close-ups, so useful in stories written especially for the screen, here prove almost handicaps. Their business is to isolate individuals and objects, and that isolation is alien to the mood of the play which, above all, shows us the inter-relations of a group of men. Director Whale uses his close-ups cleverly, though—particularly in the comedy scenes, where he gives magnified views of Captain Hardy's racing cockroach and the rather awful results of Mason's culinary labors.

Another feature of the screen, the freedom of movement allowed by the camera, is, like the close-up, not much of a help in this particular picture. In the photoplay when Raleigh and Osborne go on the raid, we follow them out into No Man's Land. Although this sequence is handled with admirable restraint, it is not, I think, nearly so tense as the stage play where you do not follow them, but wait, as it were, in the dug-out, hearing the staccato voices of the machine guns outside, but not actually knowing what has happened until Raleigh comes stumbling in—alone. No, the screen version is not nearly so terrible, so tense or so subtle here, nor in the following scene—so tremendous in the play — when Stanhope cries bitterly to the returned Raleigh: "Must you sit on Osborne's bed?"

And after that bit of cavilling, I want to reiterate that "Journey's End" is a fine picture, excellently directed, excellently acted, a picture that will increase one's sometimes wavering respect for the talkies. If you have already seen the play you will be interested in the screen version. If you have been so very unfortunate as to have missed the play, you simply must see the picture. Sherriff's work is now a real classic. I saw the play over a year ago in London and several times when it was being played by the splendid London company that toured Canada, and I never lost interest in it. Rather, my interest grew every time I saw it. Since its first London success it has been played all over North America; in Germany, where it was called "The Other Side"; in Paris, where it was played by both English and French companies; in Oslo, Helsingfors, Prague, Melbourne, Tokio, and I don't know how many other cities all over the world. No, if you have not already seen it, you must not fail to see "Journey's End."at the very first opportunity.

The four leading characters in "Journey's End."

All Quiet on the Western Front

WHILE we are considering war plays we might just as well have a glimpse at the cinema version of Erich Maria Remarque's famous book, "All Quiet on the Western Front." The book is so episodic and sketchy that the producers of the picture must have found a rather difficult job on their hands. They have turned out a good picture, however, dramatic and interest-holding in spite of its episodic character. The mud, the shells, the tortures of hunger and fear, the filth and the rapture of being clean again are well depicted. Some of the scenes are a little too long and drawn-out. The young men who play the young soldiers are not particularly German in type, so much of the Teutonic flavor of the book is lost, but the acting is generally very good. As a whole, this is a very forceful picture.

Lummox

HERBERT BRENON, who was the inspired director of "A Kiss for Cinderella" and "Beau Geste," is disappointing in his handling of Fanny Hurst's novel, "Lummox." Not that I was ever madly enthusiastic about the book or that I have any great sorrow if Mr. Brenon doesn't "do right" by Miss Hurst's heroine, but it just seems to me that "Lummox" should not have been quite the bleak and dreary photoplay that it is. The bright spot of the picture is the really worth-while performance of Winifred Westover as Bertha Oberg, the drudge who is derisively termed a "lummox." But even Miss Westover is too slow in her actions and perhaps too good-looking to tally with the "lummox" as described in the novel. I should like to see Winifred Westover in some picture where the agony was not piled so high. Mr. Brenon is so determined to wring tears from you that the picture shows the strain—and you don't weep.

Paramount on Parade

THIS is a genial entertainment and ranks high as a movie revue, although the standard for such spectacles is not very exalted. Jack Oakie and Chevalier are more or less the stars of the film. Clara Bow wanders on the screen every once in a while and if you admire her—well, anyway, she's in the cast. Elsie Janis has had something to do with supervising the show, and as Miss Janis is original and clever, that probably accounts for the general brightness.

Hold Everything

AS THIS all-color picture features Georges Carpentier I had hoped to see some good boxing scenes, something on the screen that would compare with George Bellowes' famous [Continued on page 51]

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Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

A High School Problem

IN THIS department last month, the the following was set as a problem for consideration in this month's issue, the question being taken from a fourth-year English examination:

"One of your friends at the end of the first year of high school has written you that he is planning to give up his school work in order to make more money and to advance more rapidly. He is a student of alert mind. His parents can afford to keep him in high school and wish him to remain there. Try to persuade him to remain."

This is no fanciful problem. Just recently I met a youthful truck-driver with whom I had a brief conversation. He had left school in grade nine but admitted that by an effort he might have continued longer in school. His plans were indefinite. He was earning a few dollars a week but could see no way to promotion. He had, in fact, left school too soon. It takes staying-power to face the daily grind of textbooks and home assignments but, after all, the years pass quickly, and graduation time comes all too soon for many.

The Argument

HERE is a student's answer to the problem suggested above: Other arguments could be added, but the points raised are well worth consideration:

Dear Ralph:

It was with deepest regret that I read of your determination to give up your high school course in order to go to work and earn money, and I hasten to urge you to reconsider.

There is every reason why you should finish your course. If your family were in financial straits and you were obliged to work to help support them, I should be the first to approve this step. Such, however, is not the case. Not only is your father able to keep you in school, but he is very eager that you finish your education. In fact, he is ready to send you to university.

Again, if you were finding school work difficult and falling below in your classes I should perhaps think it were just as well that you go to work, but this is not the situation. I am told that you stand well in your classes. By what argument do you defend your proposed action?

It may be that you can obtain now, without finishing your course, a fair position with prospects of advancement. Likewise it is true that many prosperous successful men today never had a high school education. Did it ever occur to you that these might be exceptions? Surely it is not the rule that the man who has not an education is more efficient than one who has. The elements of success are within a man, and one who goes far without academic training could go farther with it.

And so I advise, since you are financially able and mentally qualified, that you remain in school until you are graduated. There will be just as good business opportunities then as now, and you will be better fitted for them. Besides this, you will be pleasing your father, who has great hopes for your future.

No doubt you have received similar advice from many sources and possibly by now you have made plans to return to school. I sincerely hope so, for your own sake and for the sake of your father. Sincerely yours,

ALLAN.

City or Country

A FEW years ago, one of the popular topics for a debate was: "Resolved that country life is preferable to city life." For those who have some interest in the relative opportunities afforded by the country and city for young men wishing to forge ahead, the following problem is offered for consideration:

"A young man you know is in doubt whether to remain in a good business in his own small town or to accept a position offered him in a city. The pay is about equal; the opportunities are a matter of the future. Advise him as you think best."

What is Business?

MAX J. HERBERG, an instructor in one of the large high schools across the line, writes that when your school days are over, your thoughts will turn to ways of earning a living. Whatever may be the vocation you intend to follow, whether it is mechanical, mercantile, or professional, one of your chief concerns will be to provide yourself with a sufficient income. If you are successful, business itself will spell romance. It will have all the joy of struggle and conquest. You will see how the currents of industry and commerce flow all over the earth; and your imagination will be rewarded by the importance of the work you are doing.

Too often, however, the term business is used in a very narrow and inaccurate sense. We confine it to industrial and mercantile pursuits — the business of manufacturing steel or celluloid, the business of running a grocery or a department store. But, in a stricter sense, there is also the business of a lawyer or a doctor; teaching, too, and preaching may be businesslike; one may be taught the business of being a housewife; and it would be better for all of us if we paid more attention to the business of government.

The dictionaries define business as "a pursuit or occupation that employs or requires energy, time, and thought." It may deal with commodities or human lives, or both; and it is generally carried on with the object of arriving at a profit in money, or with rendering services in return for a reasonable living allowance. The four great activities of business are producing, selling, financing and planning; and in one or more of these most people are engaged, and by means of them they seek to earn a living or to accumulate funds and create an estate.

Imagination in Everyday Affairs

THE same writer points out that in general application the term "businesslike" is taken to mean accuracy, painstaking carefulness, and a devotion to fact. But in addition to such qualities, the great business men of the present day have exhibited at least one other quality, one not naturally connected with the idea of business and yet all-important if business success is to be attained—imagination. No man goes far in the building up of an important business without calling into play those qualities which are usually associated with the makeup of the poet. Imagination helps to plan and to foresee.

Thus, an imaginative merchant does not merely put an electric toaster in his window. He places a nicely browned slice or two of toast on an attractive plate nearby; perhaps his whole window shows a pleasing breakfast room. The clever restaurant man has a coffee urn constantly bubbling on a stand near the door, where the fragrance floats out enticingly. The garment maker, in his appeals for trade, skilfully stimulates the love of youthfulness that is in all of us.

My Man

By Laura A. Ridley

Oh, I wish that he could stay
Always as he is to-day!
Not too young, and not too old,
Youth it is that makes us bold,
But, with forty drawing near,
Men become more grave and dear.

And my love is thirty-eight:
Time he feels is growing late;
He must soon attain success.
Yet I would not love him less,
If he never reached the height—
He would still be my delight.

Florence Nightingale's Only Romance

By William P. Schramm

Photographs by the Courtesy of John R. Connon

The Reverend John Smithurst

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is referred to as the founder of the Red Cross. Born in 1829, in Florence, Italy, where her parents happened to be sojourning at the time, she was named after the city. Her parents were rich, her father being William Edward Nightingale, wealthy English estate owner.

In Florence Nightingale's young womanhood an incident occurred which was responsible for her becoming a nurse. Had this incident not taken place she would, doubtless, have been unknown today. When in her first twenties, Florence fell in love with her cousin, John Smithurst. They became engaged. Smithurst was employed in a London shop that made spinning-wheels. It was mainly because of the young man's lowly position that the proud Nightingales objected to the affair. They forced the young couple to break their engagement. It was Florence Nightingale's only romance. Neither she nor her cousin ever married.

To keep Florence from seeing young Smithurst, the Nightingales decided to tour Europe, taking their daughter with them. It was on the night of their last meeting that Florence and John Smithurst made vows as to what course each should follow in life.

"Forever I shall remain true to you by never marrying," were the heart-broken Florence's words to her cousin. "I am going to devote my life to helping others by becoming a nurse," she added.

Three pieces of Communion Silver in St. John's Anglican Church, Elora, Ont., the gift to the church from Miss Nightingale; Smithurst being the recipient when he returned to England to see Florence.

"Then I shall do the same for you; I will never marry," John vowed to Florence. He continued: "If my present work is an insult to you, what profession would you like to have me follow? I promise that I will do exactly as you say."

In reply Florence told her cousin that nothing would please her more than if he became a missionary—to the Indians in Canada.

So, while Florence toured Europe with her parents, John Smithurst entered a theological school. Upon his graduation he, at his request, was sent to Canada, there in the wilderness to carry God's word to the Indians. His first post was at Fort Garry, near what is now the site of Winnipeg.

During her tour Florence insisted on inspecting every important hospital. However, the Nightingale pride was so great that they considered it an insult for their daughter to follow the nursing profession. But Florence persisted. Her training completed, she practiced as a nurse in hospitals in Germany and France. In 1854 she returned to England, taking charge of a large London hospital as superintendent.

Then came the Crimean War. News of the terrible sufferings of the sick and wounded in the military hospitals on the Bosphorous reached London. Being of a very merciful disposition, Florence Nightingale was deeply moved. She wrote a letter to the British Secretary of War, asking permission to recruit nurses and go to the aid of the suffering soldiers. Her request was a unique one; women going to war, even as nurses, was an unheard of thing at the time. Doubtless, Lord Herbert, then Secretary of War, pondered over Miss Nightingale's request for a while before he gave her the permission she desired.

Florence succeeded in persuading thirty-four courageous young nurses to enlist in her hospital unit for service abroad. These thirty-four nurses, headed by Florence Nightingale, were the world's first official Red Cross unit. On November 4th, 1854, the unit arrived safely in Constantinople, where it entrained for its final destination. Shortly, Miss Nightingale was supervising the nursing of some 12,000 men. The work she accomplished in behalf of these men is history; it won her world-wide fame; she became known as the heroine of the British army. In Florence's honor Longfellow wrote the poem Santa Filomena.

While Florence was winning fame as a war nurse, John Smithurst was achieving

[Continued on page 54]

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Modern Boy Spartans

By Edward Ormerod

THE story goes, you remember, that a Spartan boy once stole a fox—it doesn't say whether they had a zoo in those days or whether he looted somebody's fur farm, from which the stealing of foxes goes on even to this day. At any rate, the theft was discovered and the boy confronted with his misdeed. Then he hid the fox under his cloak or sweater or whatever it was, and permitted the animal to eat out his innards rather than confess that he stole it!

The Spartans were evidently the hard-boiled people!

But we have them yet. Every summer in our day and country, boys go out on lakes and rivers, strip off outer clothing, wear sleeveless jerseys or none at all, and acquire needlessly and foolishly sudden vivid sunburns whose after-effect spells days and days of miserable discomfort if nothing worse. They take on blisters that compare very favorably in the intensity of their unpleasantness with the gnawing of one's innards I have been writing about.

But should a boy acknowledge the pain when someone unknowingly swats him on the singed neck or shoulders? Oh, dear no!—he's a Spartan!

Maybe he is—at any rate he is a jolly unpleasant fellow to live with for a while, until the burn has moderated somewhat in its intensity.

FOR years I have camped with boys who did that sort of thing. They always tell you in advance they don't burn—they just "tan!"—but they loot the first-aid kit for cold cream and talcum powder just the same, and the yellow-and-black fellows who buzz around a camp where food ends are not promptly done away with, have nothing on such boys in downright "waspiness" until the blisters peel and they are ready for a second dose of "tan!" Spartans are fine folk to read about—but I wouldn't like to live with them!

Last summer, on a day when the sun was at its very best for "tan," I came across a fellow up the river who had gotten himself into serious trouble over this sort of thing. He had come up the river with a war-canoe party from a boating club some fifteen miles below, and was wearing a small cotton cap with a green visor for his eyes—which was all right as far as it went, but it didn't go far!—a sleeveless jersey and a pair of skimpy trunks or shorts, and canvas shoes without socks.

The sun was shining. The sky was as guiltless of clouds as a fish is of feathers. The boys thought it would be a good morning for some fishing up a convenient creek, and our friend spent the whole forenoon sitting with legs stretched out before him in the bottom of a canoe, fishing.

He was a fair-skinned fellow, from a sheltered job somewhere in town, and he made a proper burnt offering of himself that morning. The sun, as you know, taken in sudden large doses, is very enervating—it takes the starch right out of one. When I found that chap, he was sitting on a damp sand beach in a shady spot, radiating heat like a furnace, and smarting fiercely at every pore.

Doctors will tell you that one of the most serious results of burns arises from what they call "shock," which is always to be looked for in cases where large surfaces of the body are burned at one time. If this chap possessed any considerable area of body surface that was not burned, I don't know where it could have been.

He was very obviously a sick boy. His eyes were glazed and his tongue coated thickly. The unusual food—too rich and too plentiful—that was brought along for the picnic, together with the overpowering heat and shock of his burns, had violently upset his stomach. He was all in, limp as a rag; you could have bought him for about three cents.

I DID what I could for him, which was precious little, for I was travelling with very light first-aid equipment, and the next time I saw him he was in a hospital, where he spent several exceedingly unhappy weeks—skin-grafting had to be done before he was well again, and I am satisfied he does not play Indian any more of a hot morning!

I have known boys spoil a whole week's holiday, for themselves and others, by contracting unwisely a severe sunburn. I remember once asking an Indian who had just portaged my canoe for me, and who went naked entirely from the waist up, how it was that he stood so the changes of temperature between day and night, that would have knocked me out had I tried his plan. His explanation was very lucid:

"You don't cover face?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I don't cover my face."

Don' get too cold—don' get too hot?"

"No," I agreed—"It doesn't."

"Jus' same Indian; face all over!" His eloquent gesture took in his brawny chest and shoulders.

That's the boy idea—"face all over"—"a peach of a tan!" Spartans!

A little discretion for about three or four sunny days in exposing one's self to sun rays, will lay a foundation of comfort for that very thing—"a peach of a tan." And the resulting browning will be much smoother and finer. There will not be the unpleasant and unsightly peeling from blisters that make a fellow look as though he had just escaped from being burned at the stake—an unwilling sacrifice.

THE worst sunburns are acquired, of course, in or near the water—and foolish extremes in the matter of burns are pretty apt to go hand in hand with excessive indulgence in swimming. Any boy who knows by experience the downright unpleasantness of this useless, weary, irritable feeling that comes from too much time in the water on hot summer days, need be told nothing about it—and the boy who does not, may well take a little warning and not be one of those people who can learn a thing only by their own unhappy experience.

Excessive hot-weather bathing will so diminish vital resistance that one becomes a ready subject for any sickness that cares to come along. The best treatment for the condition is prevention—don't let it arise. If it does arise—stay out of the water altogether until full normal pep and energy are restored.

The usual treatment for sunburns is olive oil, vaseline, cold cream, or talcum powder. To remove the pain and relieve the suffering with magic quickness, a weak solution of picric acid may be used.

Futility

By H. Reginald Hardy

The dawn was beautiful to see!
No man could ask a sweeter light;
So with the thought of minstrelsy
I told myself that I would write
A song of bluebirds on the wing,
Of flowers, fields, and streams . . . of Spring!

But as the morning wore along,
I listened to the roguish breeze
Come bustling, with his lilting song,
Among the faintly budding trees . . .
A robin sang . . . and on the hill
I saw the sun's rich glory spill!

At noon I loitered through the wood
That drowsed beneath the April sky,
And all the earth seemed fair and good,
And smiling, as I passed it by . . .
I quite forgot to set in rhyme
The shining river's silver chime!

At dusk, beneath the Master's spell
The western skies were pools of gold,
And long I watched and listened well
Unto his tale so aptly told . . .
Night's velvet shadows softly stirred,
Nor had I penned one single word!

Fascination of Mountaineering

By A. W. Wolfe

MOUNTAIN - CLIMBING became about seventy years ago a pastime or pursuit and those who know not the pleasures in this business often ask what they are. This desire to scale a peak is very recent; only here and there does one find a record of somebody who ascended a lofty hill during the middle ages. The first appearance of this practice ,as a practice, does not go back beyond De Saussure's famous ascent of Mt. Blanc in 1787. Even that ascent was rather for scientific purposes than for the love of the thing.

An Oriental despot is said to have offered a great reward to the man who would invent a new pleasure. Here, then is a new pleasure, although one which would certainly not have been deemed so by the royal Oriental.

First, there is the delight of physical exercise, the excitement involved in putting forth all one's strength and agility, there is the sense of rush and glow of nervous force which effort evokes. These are just as keenly present when one is trying to overcome the difficulties which nature opposes in a game, as when the muscle is being strained in a game or a struggle to overcome some human antagonist.

The sensible one tries to reduce all perils in mountain climbing as far as he can by all available precautions. It is a time to use common sense. When you have to cross what is called a couloir—a steep gully running down a mountainside swept by stones (or fragments of ice) falling from above—it is always possible that a stone bounding downward may strike you; but the chance of mischief is reduced by contriving, if you can, to cross these danger-spots early in the day, before the sun has loosened the stones above from their icy bands and, of course, you cross them as swiftly as ever you can.

Let us add that the risks of mountaineering are really much smaller than the outside public which looks up at the mountains from a good road generally supposes. Many a couloir, many a ledge of rock, many an ice-wall is far easier when you come to it than it looks at a distance. Of the accidents which happen, a wonderfully small percentage happens to competent men of the strength, of the experience and the caution without which no difficult expedition ought to be undertaken. It is ignorance and rashness that are accountable for the nineteen-twentieths of the mischances in the high Alps.

Whether or not it is lawful to dwell on danger as a source of enjoyment, no one will deny that the exercise of skill, whether physical or mental, does afford pleasure of the right sort.

IN mountaineering there is room for many kinds of skill. You may have to choose the best route up a little-known peak or pass; and to choose it you need a keen eye, a power of judging from distant inspection the sort of rocks, or the sort of snow or ice you will encounter along the line of your proposed route. Many places are easier than they look to the inexperienced observer. Some are more difficult. You want to be able to calculate how long an ascent or a descent will take, allowing for the difference which may be made by the sun or the wind. If the sun be strong enough to melt the surface of the snow on a slope, walking will be slower. If the wind blows strong when one has to pass along an exposed ridge, the passage will be more dangerous and probably slower than usual.

You must learn to forecast the weather, a thing even harder among lofty mountains than it is in one's usual place of abode, because the changes are apt to be more sudden, and storms, when they come, are apt to be more violent. In all these things a really good guide is, of course, a more competent judge than the best amateur climber.

But one does not always have a really good guide, and even when you have him, he is sometimes in doubt, and the opinion of the amateur is worth something. Even the younger members of a party, who defer to their more experienced guides or comrades, find themselves always observing and always learning. The process is enjoyable. It is a delightful thing, for instance, to acquire that sort of familiarity with glaciers which enables one to traverse them alone. or to take a venturesome woman with you, guiding her through the network of gaping crevasses, and leading her over the frail snow bridges.

In the very act of climbing there is skill as well as strength. The technique of rock-climbing is not the same as that of ice-work, and very often a man excels more in one department than in the other.

For a steep ice wall that nears the top of the Schreckhorn, somewhat different aptitudes are needed than for scaling of the rock faces, and squeezing and wriggling the body through pinnacles of the Venetian Alps. No two kinds of rock are quite the same for the purpose of climbing. Gneiss, like that of Norway or New Hampshire, granite, basalt, the various kinds of slate and limestone, have each a character of its own which the expert gets to know. He learns how to tackle the difficulties each present; he knows which can best be trusted not to give way beneath foot or hand.

OF THE many joys of climbing that might be enumerated we will mention comradeship. In most exertions of strength or skill of whatever kind, the element of strife and competition is prominent. Nearly all games depend on this for excitement. In some contests, the disappointment, or vexation, or mortification, of the loser is so keen that it may be doubted whether the sum of human happiness is not reduced rather than increased by the practice of such trials of strength. In mountaineering there is practically no competition. The struggle is against the forces of nature. In this struggle each member of the party helps everyone else. Association in hardships and dangers tests men and [Continued on page 42]

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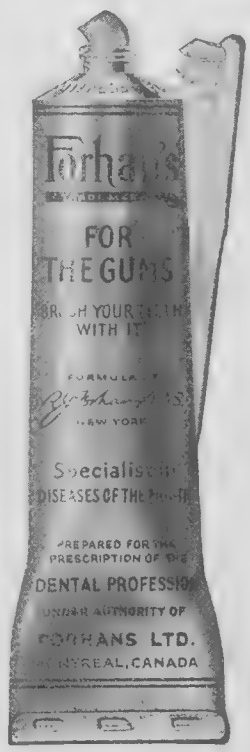

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No Defence

Continued from page 26

THE next day came a new element in the situation: A ship arrived from England. On it was one who had come to Jamaica to act as governess to two children of the officer commanding the regular troops in the island. She had been ill for a week before nearing Kingston, and when the "Regent" reached the harbor she was in a bad way. The ship's doctor was despondent about her; but he was a second-rate man, and felt that perhaps an island doctor might give her some hope. When she was carried ashore she was at once removed to the home of the general commanding at Spanish Town, and there a local doctor saw her.

"What is her history?" he asked, after he had seen the haggard face of the woman.

The ship's doctor did not know; and the general commanding was in the interior at the head of his troops. There was no wife in the general's house, as he was a widower; and his daughters, of twelve and fourteen, under a faithful old housekeeper, had no knowledge of the woman's life.

When she was taken to the general's house she was in great dejection, and her face had a look of ennui and despair. She was thin and worn, and her eyes only told of the struggle going on between life and death.

"What is her name?" asked the resident doctor.

"Noreen Balfe," was the reply of the ship's doctor. "A good old Irish name, though you can see she comes of the lower ranks of life."

"Married?"

The ship's doctor pointed to her hand which had a wedding-ring. "Ah, yes, certainly...what hope have you of her?"

"I don't know what to say. The fever is high. She isn't trying to live; she's got some mental trouble, I believe. But you and I would be of no use in that kind of thing."

"I don't take to new-fangled ideas of mental cure," said the ship's doctor. "Cure the body and the mind will cure itself."

A cold smile stole to the lips of the resident doctor. Those were days of little scientific medical skill, and no West Indian doctor had knowledge enough to control a discussion of the kind. "But I'd like to see some one with brains take an interest in her," he remarked.

"I leave her in your hands," was the reply. "I'm a ship's medico, and she's now ashore."

"It's a pity," said the resident doctor reflectively, as he watched a servant doing necessary work at the bedside. "She hasn't long to go as she is, yet I've seen such cases recover."

As they left the room together they met Sheila and one of the daughters of the house. "I've come to see the sick woman from the ship if I may," Sheila said. "I've just heard about her, and I'd like to be of use."

The resident doctor looked at her with admiration. She was the most conspicuous figure in the island, and her beauty was a fine support of her wealth and reputation. It was like her to be kind in this frank way.

"You can be of great use if you will," he said. "The fever is not infectious, I'm glad to say. So you need have no fear of being with her—on account of others."

"I have no fear," responded Sheila with a friendly smile, "and I will go to her now—no, if you don't mind, I'd prefer to go alone," she added as she saw the doctor was coming with her.

The other bowed and nodded approvingly. "The fewer the better," he said. "I think you ought to go in alone—quite alone," he said with gentle firmness, for he saw the girl with Sheila was also going with her.

So it was that Sheila entered alone, and came to the bed and looked at the woman in the extreme depression of fever. "Prepare some lime-juice, please," she said to the servant on the other side of the bed. "Keep it always beside the bed—I know what these cases are."

The servant disappeared, and the eyes of the sick woman opened and looked at Sheila. There shot into them a look of horror and relief in one, if such a thing might be. A sudden energy inspired her, and she drew herself up in bed, her face ghastly.

"You are Sheila Boyne, aren't you?" she asked in a low half-guttural note.

"I am Sheila Llyn," was the astonished reply.

"It's the same thing," came the response. "You are the daughter of Erris Boyne."

Sheila turned pale. Who was this woman that knew her and her history?

"What is your name?" she asked—"your real name—what is it?"

"My name is Noreen Balfe; it was Noreen Boyne."

For a moment Sheila could not get her bearings. The heavy scent of the flowers coming in at the window almost suffocated her. She seemed to lose a grip of herself. Presently she made an effort at composure. "Noreen Boyne! You were then the second wife of Erris Boyne?"

"I was his second wife. His first wife was your mother—you are like your mother!" Noreen said in agitation.

The meaning was clear. Sheila laid a sharp hand on herself. "Don't get excited," she urged with kindly feeling. "He is dead and gone."

"Yes, he is dead and gone."

For a moment Noreen seemed to fight for mastery of her stark emotion, and Sheila said, "Lie still. It is all over. He cannot hurt us now."

The other shook her head in protest. "I came here to forget, and I find you—his daughter."

"You find more than his daughter; you find his first wife, and you find the one who killed him."

"The one who killed him!" said the woman greatly troubled. "How did you know that?"

"All the world knows it. He was in prison four years, and since then he has been a mutineer, a treasure-hunter, a planter, and a saviour of these islands!"

The sick woman fell back in exhaustion. At that moment the servant entered with a pitcher of lime-juice. Sheila took it from her and motioned her out of the room; then she held a glass of the liquid to the stark lips.

"Drink," she said in a low, kind voice, and she poured slowly into the patient's mouth the cooling draught. A moment later Noreen raised herself up again.

"Mr. Dyck Calhoun is here?" she asked.

"He is here and none today hold so high a place in the minds of all who live here. He has saved the island."

"All are here that matter," said Noreen. "And I came to forget!"

"What do you remember?" asked Sheila.

"I remember all—how he died!"

Suddenly Sheila had a desire to shriek aloud. This woman—did this woman then see Erris Boyne die? Was she present when the deed was done? If so, why was she not called to give evidence at the trial. But, yes, she was called to give evidence. She remembered it now, and the evidence had been that she was in her own home when the killing took place.

"How did he die?" she asked in a whisper.

"One stroke did it—only one, and he fell like a log." She made a motion as of striking, and shuddered, covered her eyes with trembling hands.

"You tell me you saw Dyck Calhoun do this to an undefended man—you tell me this!"

Sheila's anger was justified in her mind. That Dyck Calhoun should——

"I did not see Dyck Calhoun strike him," gasped the woman. "I did not say that. Dyck Calhoun did not kill Erris Boyne!"

"My God—oh, my God!" said Sheila with ashen lips, but a great light breaking in her eyes. "Dyck Calhoun did not kill Erris Boyne! Then, who killed him?"

There was a momen's pause then, "I killed him," said the woman in agony. "I killed him."

No Defence

Continued from page 34

A terrible repugnance seized Sheila. After a moment she said in agitation: "You killed him—you struck him down! Yet you let an innocent man go to prison, and be kept there for years, and his father go to his grave with shame, with estates ruined and home lost—and you were the guilty one—you! all the time."

"It was part of my madness. I was a coward and I thought then there were reasons why I should feel no pity for Dyck Calhoun. His father injured mine—oh, badly! But I was a coward, and I've paid the price."

A kinder feeling now took hold of Sheila. After all, what this woman had done gave happiness into her—Sheila's—hands. It relieved Dyck Calhoun of shame and disgrace. A jail-bird he was still, but an innocent jail-bird. He had not killed Erris Boyne. Besides, it wiped out forever the barrier between them. All her blind devotion to the man was now justified. His name and fame were clear. Her repugnance of the woman was as nothing beside her splendid feeling of relief. It was as though the gates of hell had been closed and the curtains of heaven drawn for the eyes to see. Six years of horrible shame wiped out, and a new world was before her eyes.

This woman who had killed Erris Boyne must now suffer. She must bear the ignominy which had been heaped upon Dyck Calhoun's head. Yet all at once there came to her mind a softening feeling. Erris Boyne had been rightly killed by a woman he had wronged, for he was a traitor as well as an adulterer—one who could use no woman well, who broke faith with all civilized tradition, and reverted to the savage. Surely the woman's crime was not a dark one; it was injured innocence smiting depravity, tyranny and lust.

Suddenly, as she looked at the woman who had done this thing, she, whose hand had rid the world of a traitor and a beast, fell back on the pillow in a faint. With an exclamation Sheila lifted up the head. If the woman was dead, then there was no hope for Dyck Calhoun; any story that she—Sheila—might tell would be of no use. Yet she was no longer agitated in her body. Hands and fingers were steady, and she felt the heart with firm fingers. Yes, the heart was still beating, and the pulse was slightly drumming. Thank God, the woman was alive! She rang a bell and lifted up the head of the sick woman.

A moment later the servant was in the room. Sheila gave her orders quickly, and snatched up a pencil from the table. Then, on a piece of paper, she wrote the words: "I, not Dyck Calhoun, killed Erris Boyne."

A few moments later, Noreen's eyes opened, and Sheila spoke to her. "I have written these words. Here they are—see them. Sign them."

She read the words, and put a pencil in the trembling fingers, and, on the cover of a book Noreen's fingers traced her name slowly but clearly. Then Sheila thrust the paper in her bosom, and an instant later a nurse, sent by the resident doctor, entered.

"They cannot hang me or banish me, for my end has come," whispered Noreen before Sheila left.

In the street of Spanish Town almost the first person Sheila saw was Dyck Calhoun. With pale, radiant look she went to him. He gazed at her strangely, for there was that in her face he could not understand. There was in it all the faith of years, all the truth of womanhood, all the splendor of discovery, all that which a man can see but once in a human face and be himself.

"Come with me," she said, and she moved towards King's House. He obeyed. For some moments they walked in silence, then all at once under a magnolia tree she stopped.

"I want you to read what a woman wrote who has just arrived in the island from England. She is ill at the house of the general commanding."

Taking from her breast the slip of paper, she handed it to him. He read it with eyes and senses that at first could hardly understand.

"God in heaven—oh, merciful God!" he said in great emotion, yet with a strange physical quiet.

"This woman was his wife," Sheila said.

He handed the paper back. He conquered his agitation. The years of suffering rolled away. "They'll put her in jail," he said with a strange regret. He had a great heart.

"No, I think not," was the reply. Yet she was touched by his compassion and thoughtfulness.

"Why?"

"Because she is going to die—and there is no time to lose. Come, we will go to Lord Mallow."

"Mallow!" A look of bitter triumph came into Dyck's face. "Mallow—at last!" he said.

LORD MALLOW frowned on his secretary. "Mr. Calhoun to see me! What's his business?"

"One can guess, your honor. He's been fighting for the island."

Why should he see me? There is the general commanding."

The secretary did not reply, he knew his chief; and, after a moment Lord Mallow said: "Show him in."

When Dyck Calhoun entered the governor gave him a wintry smile of welcome, but did not offer to shake hands. "Will you sit down?" he said, with a slow gesture.

Calhoun made a dissenting motion. "I prefer to stand, your honor."

This was the first time the two men had met alone since Dyck had arrived in Jamaica, or since his trial. Calhoun was dressed in planter's costume, and the governor was in an officer's uniform. They were in striking contrast in face and figure—the governor long, lanky, ascetic in appearance, very intellectual save for the riotous mouth, and very spick and span—as though he had just stepped out of Almack's; while Calhoun was tough and virile, and with the air of a thorough outdoor man. There was in his face the firm fighting look of one who had done things and could tackle big affairs—and something more; there was in it quiet exultation. Here he was now at last alone with the man who had done him great harm, and for whom he had done so much; who had sought to wipe him off the slate of life and being; who had tried to win the girl from whom he himself had been parted.

In spite of it all—of his life in jail, of his stark mutiny, of the oppression of the Governor, he had not been down, but had prospered in spite of all. He had by his will, wisdom and military skill saved the island in its hour of peril, saved its governor from condemnation; and here he was facing the worst enemy of his life with the cards of success in his hands.

"You have done the island and England great service, Mr. Calhoun," said the governor at last.

"It is the least I could do for the land where I have made my home, where I have reaped more than I have sown."

"We know your merit, sir."

A sharp satirical look came into Calhoun's face and his voice rang out with vigor. "And because you knew my merit you advised the Crown to confine me to my estate, and you would have had me shot if you could. I am what I am because there was a juster man than yourself in Jamaica. Through him I got away and found treasure, and I bought land and have helped to save this island and your place. What do I owe you, your honor? Nothing that I can see—nothing at all."

"You are a mutineer, and but that you showed your courage would have been hung at the yard-arm, as many of your comrades in England were."

A cold smile played at Calhoun's lips. "My luck was as great as my courage, I know. I have the luck of Enniscorthy!"

[Continued on page 38]

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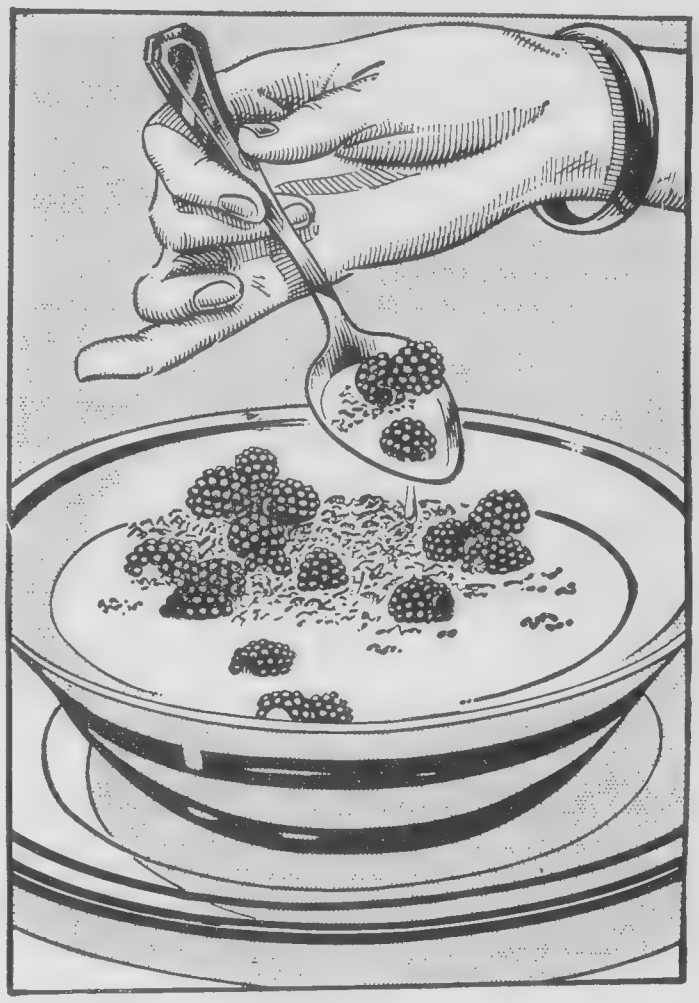

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THE past month has shown little improvement in general conditions, and with the approach of the summer which will be closed by a general election, there seems to be scant prospect of any upward tendency. Wheat continues about the same level, a small increase in price being due to reports of damage being done in Saskatchewan by high winds and soil drifting. Commodity prices continue to decline, bank clearings are noticeably lower, and foreign trade has fallen considerably. The stock market is apathetic and little interest is shown in oils and mines. We believe that this condition will continue until after the election is over and the crop harvested.

The Bank of Montreal, in its monthly letter, draws attention to these conditions in the following words:

"Resumption of navigation has afforded employment to many idle hands and infused more activity into some lines of business, but the volume of merchandise movement cannot be said to have enlarged, nor manufacturing plants in general to have increased output. Crop conditions have thus far been encouraging. Seeding is practically completed in the Prairie Provinces, is well advanced in Ontario, and about normal elsewhere. This month the store of wheat in Canada has slowly diminished. The Port of Montreal has experienced a fair degree of activity since navigation opened, shipments of grain running on a parity with those of last year. Coal imports from Great Britain are expected to exceed those of last year. Retail business should soon profit from the tourist influx. Revised estimates of the value of this trade to Canada place it in excess of $300,000,000 last year.

Major industries are operating, as a rule, below capacity. Motor car production is moderate; lumber trade quiet; textile mills not all working on full time; footwear production in the first quarter of the year was 8 per cent below 1929; the price of sugar has again declined under pressure of foreign competition and weakness in the raw sugar market."

THE Royal Bank of Canada in its May number has an excellent article on "Foreign Investments in Canada, and Canadian Investments Abroad," and the information given is both of a surprising and gratifying nature. It points out that during the past seven years Canada has been producing wealth at a rate which has permitted the net export of approximately $800,000,000 worth of capital, resulting in an increase of nearly one billion dollars in Canadian investments abroad and the re-purchase of more than $500,000,000 worth of Canadian securities which were owned in other countries.

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(Q) Could you kindly inform me about the Dominion Alloy Steel Corporation Limited. We have fifty preferred shares and twenty-five common shares, taken out March 28, 1925. Are these shares of any value or will they be in the near future?

Any information will be welcomed also in regard to selling of these shares. —"Prairie Maid."

(A) Our information is that the Dominion Alloy Steel Corporation Limited has not been making satisfactory progress. There is outstanding $5,000,000 8 per cent preferred stock and $900,000 in common stock. The company conducts only small operations, far less than originally planned when the company was publicly financed.

No dividend has been paid since the 1st of January, 1924, so that you will see that the preferred stock is now 50 per cent in arrears. Our information is that it is very unlikely that any dividend can be paid while the present scale of operations of the company is maintained. If, however, the company's business were sufficiently enlarged, it might eventually make the shares more valuable. At the present time there is no ready market for the shares, and if they were offered for sale they would only command whatever price buyers are prepared to offer.

It would appear to us to be an unsatisfactory investment at the present time.

Camrose, Alta.

Q Will you kindly advise me if the Northern Assurance Company is a reliable company with which to insure? —Subscriber.

(A) The Northern Assurance Company has on deposit with the Receiver-General at Ottawa, securities valued at $1,239,000 and accepted by the Department at $1,176,000. The financial statement of the company as at December, 1928, shows a surplus of $14,000,000 after allowing for all liabilities, capital and surplus account. The company is in excellent financial condition and you need have no hesitation in placing insurance with it.

Alexander, Man.

(Q) Being a subscriber to your paper, I thought I would ask your opinion under Dollars and Cents, on some investments I have.

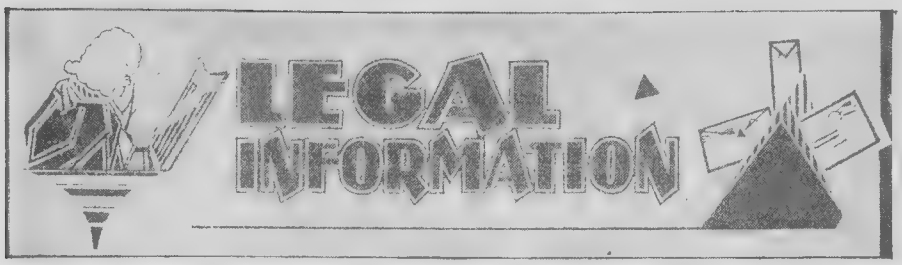
Being one of the unfortunate ones, I got in at the wrong time and it looks like a case of doubling up to break even. This, I would like to know, if it does not cause you too much trouble. My holdings are as follows:

50 shares Sherritt-Gordon ...$9.10
25 shares Dalhousie Oil 4.00
100 shares Baymore Oil 2.00
500 shares San Antonio ..... .14

Would you advise selling San Antonio, and buying 50 more shares of Sherritt-Gordon, or would you advise holding the former and purchasing the latter outright?—H.R.O.

(A) We consider that your holdings of Sherritt-Gordon and Dalhousie Oil are satisfactory in their class. Baymore Oil is much more speculative at present. Your investment in San Antonio will show you a fair profit at present. You will appreciate that San Antonio is a highly speculative stock at the present time, although recent developments in the company's mine make it look exceedingly promising, so that you may be well advised to hold the stock rather than sell now. At the same time you will realize that the mine is a very long way from being a producer and even with the most favorable developments it will probably be two or three years before the mine can hope to pay any dividend.

Without more information as to your investments, we cannot advise you in more than a general way as to whether you should purchase more of these stocks so as to average the price at which you hold them. None of your purchases is what is classed as an investment. They are all highly speculative stocks. It is very unwise for anyone to put more than a portion of his earnings into non-dividend paying mines and oils. He should first of all, purchase some investment bonds and stocks and only a very small portion of his funds available for investment should be diverted into stocks such as you now hold. Of course, if you have a satisfactory background of investments it might prove to be highly profitable for you to purchase more shares of Sherritt-Gordon. We would hardly recommend the purchase of more of the other stocks at the present time.



VERY often in criminal cases and in liquor cases an attempt is made by the accused to lay the blame on some mysterious stranger whose name and appearance are both unknown to the accused. This stranger flits in and out in almost every conceivable manner and a knowledge of his whereabouts is always a matter of great interest and curiosity.

Recently an American Judge in the Court of Appeal made the following statement in connection with this mysterious stranger:

"The main fact which appellant proposed to prove by this absent witness was that there was no whisky in the car in question when appellant and witness left it to go in a restaurant, and that, on coming out of the restaurant a short while thereafter, and just before the search, witness saw an unknown stranger in the car, who suddenly left; that he did not know where he went and had never seen him before. The appellant's theory seems to have been that this stranger had in some way found a mysteriously hidden receptacle in the upholstering of his car and played him the mean trick of filling it with whisky. Like a cuckoo bird, this unfeathered follower of Bacchus surreptitiously slipped a whole settin' of eggs into appellant's nest, after which he was apparently swallowed up by space, leaving his troublesome brood to be hatched by another. We believe in Santa Claus all right, but we confess the increasingly frequent appearance of this same stranger in whisky cases inclines us to relegate him to the mythical realm of Dido and Aeneas. This ubiquitous disciple of John Barleycorn seems to have a peculiar habit of hovering around places just prior to their raid and search by officers, and then as mysteriously evaporating as the mist of an April morning. Unlike the roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, this omnipresent individual moves with the silent tread of a fairy and the swiftness of the lightning stroke, and over practically the entire state there have come complaints from his victims."

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

Alberta.

Q. I am a reader of your valuable magazine, and if you have space in your columns I would like these questions answered.

1. If a person got a divorce in the United States and was married down there would it be legal in Canada to own and sell property?

2. If a wife has left a man for ten years and he doesn't know whether she is living or not can he obtain an order from the Court to sell property without her signature?—L.M.B.

A. 1. The capacity of any person to own and sell property does not depend upon whether he is married or divorced, with the exception that in most of the Canadian provinces there is legislation giving the wife a Dower interest in the home occupied by the husband and herself. The usual restriction is that any mortgage or transfer of the home must be consented to by the wife if the husband is the registered owner, or consented to by the husband if the wife is the registered owner.

If the person obtained a divorce not recognized as a divorce in Canada, then the supposedly divorced husband or wife of such person would be entitled to claim Dower rights in the homestead. If a person resident in Canada went to the United States for the sole purpose of obtaining a divorce, such a divorce would not be recognized as legal in Canada, although it might be sufficient in some other parts of the world.

2. The husband should be able to obtain the order which you suggest upon supplying the Court with the information set out in your letter.

Manitoba.

Q. A lives in a small apartment house. He signs no lease and is never told when he comes in that he needs to give one month's notice.

1. If he wishes to leave and pays up to time of leaving can the landlord demand and collect one month's rent in lieu of notice?—"Apartment Dweller."

A. In this case we would say that A holds the apartment on a monthly tenancy. Such a tenancy would extend for an indefinite period and may be terminated by either party upon one month's notice, or at any time agreed upon between the parties. In the absence of any Agreement, the notice must be given by one party to the other to terminate the tenancy.

We are of the opinion, therefore, that the landlord is entitled to collect at least a month's rent in lieu of notice that A proposes to terminate the tenancy and vacate the apartment.

Elmwood, Man.

Q. I would be very grateful for your advice in the following matter.

On February 5, last I mailed a registered letter to the Old Country and as you are aware on or about February 9, there was a mail robbery aboard the S.S. Doric, sometime after the boat left Halifax, and unfortunately my letter was in that mail. Now what I want to know is, does the Postal Department guarantee to deliver a registered letter, if not what protection is registration, and will I receive whole or part of the contents. The letter contained a £1 English Treasury note.—"Subscriber."

A. You should be entitled to recover your £1 note or its value from the Post Office upon proof of two points, first that you posted a registered letter, and secondly that it contained a £1 note.

You should make application to the postal authorities promptly.

British Columbia.

Q. Would you kindly answer this question for me. My husband is a civil servant and will soon get his superannuation. He was very cruel to me and the Court ordered him to pay me forty dollars a month (he doesnt pay it, but sends me twenty or twenty-five when he feels like it).

What I want you to answer is—will this maintenance order entitle me to my share of his Pension while he lives, or if he should die could I claim my share. There are no children under eighteen years of age. I live with the youngest son.—H.G.

A. It is immaterial from what source your husband obtains his income. If he has an income the Court can compel him to make satisfactory payments to you. If your husband is well able to pay you $40.00 a month you should not be satisfied with smaller payments, but should continue Court proceedings in order to obtain protection.

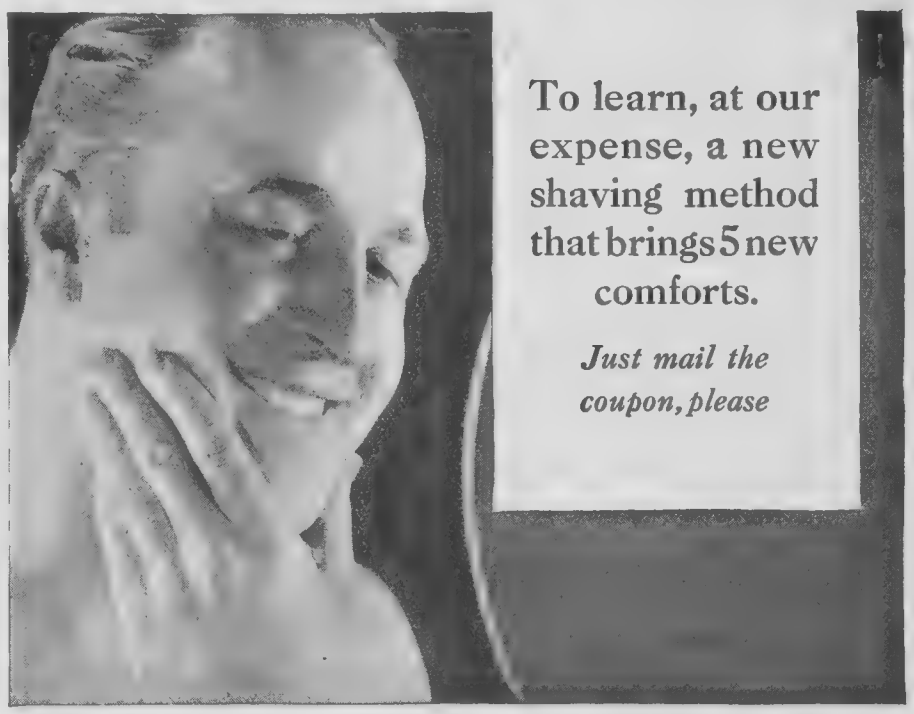
We think that you should have no difficulty in collecting.

Manitoba.

Q. I would like to know how to act and what I can do to protect myself. One of my women neighbors at the present time is trying her best to make it as miserable for me as she possibly can. She goes around and says all kinds of things that are not true, and there is hardly a woman in this town at present who talks to me because of her talking. I feel terribly heartbroken. If anybody attacks her, she is always very angry.—X.Y.Z.

[Continued on page 60]

WANTED Men with tough beards



To learn, at our expense, a new shaving method that brings 5 new comforts.

Just mail the coupon, please

DEAR SIRS: This is a direct challenge to men who are hard to shave. Men whose stiff, stubbly beards make shaving a hardship. Who, in getting a close shave, leave the skin irritated and burning. For these men we have a message . . . and a challenge.

If you will mail the coupon below we will show you that shaving troubles are unnecessary. For Palmolive Shaving Cream, now used daily by 86% of all the men who ever tried it, is the answer to your prayer.

A 7-day test will convince you better than any words of ours. And the trial tube is offered at our own risk, because we know we'll make boosters of 86 men out of every 100 who make it. The coupon brings a free 7-day supply.

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

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What our laboratories proved

Olive oil has long been the world's greatest cosmetic lotion. In soap it has been preferred by millions. Palmolive Soap, which we make, is the world's largest selling soap. Our problem was to apply the olive oil principle to a shaving cream.

Our 68-year-old laboratories consulted 1,000 men. The things they were told about shaving were taken as a guide. In time a formula was found that fulfilled their exacting demands.

An offer to open-minded men

If you are willing to be shown, give us a chance, please. We take the risk, not you. Simply mail the coupon and proof will come in a 7-day tube of shaving cream that we are confident will win you.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. 2048 Toronto, 8.

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But to meet a popular demand for a slightly lighter paper selling at a considerably lower price, we have produced the new GREEN box—far heavier than waxed tissue. A good medium thickness for all round every day use.

Both kinds are sold by druggists, stationers, and departmental stores.

Appleford PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED

HAMILTON - MONTREAL

PEP

ENERGY

HEALTH

You get them all in these better bran flakes

After an hour in the brook, on the ball field or tennis court, fill your bowl with Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES. Float them in milk or cream. There! You have a double treat of flavor and health.

How these sun-brown flakes tempt you. Thrill you. Tease you to taste their goodness. You'll vote them the best bran flakes you ever ate.

Serve them at breakfast. At lunch. For the children's supper. Kiddies go wild about their famous flavor.

At your grocer's. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.

Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES

No Defence

Continued from page 35

At the last words the governor winced, for it was by that touch Calhoun had defeated him in the duel long ago. It galled him that this man whom he detested could say such things to him with truth. Yet in his heart of hearts he had for Calhoun a great respect. Calhoun's invincible will had conquered the worst in Mallow's nature, had, in spite of himself, created a new feeling in him. There was in Mallow the glimmer of greatness, and only his supreme selfishness had made him what he was. He laid a hand on himself now, though it was not easy to do so.

"It was not the luck of Enniscorthy that sent Erris Boyne to his doom," he said, however, with anger in his mind, for Dyck's calm boldness stirred the worst in him. He thought he saw in him an exultancy which could only come from his late experiences in the field. It was as though he had come to triumph over the governor. Mallow said what he had said with malice. He looked to see rage in the face of Dyck Calhoun, and was nonplussed to find that it had only a stern sort of pleasure. The eyes of Calhoun met his with no trace of gloom, but with a valor worthy of a high cause—their clear blue facing his own with a constant penetration. Their intense sincerity gave him a feeling which did not belong to authority. It was not the look of a criminal, whatever the man might be—mutineer and murderer. As for mutineer, all that Calhoun had fought for had been at last admitted by the British Government, and reforms had been made that were due to the mutiny at the Nore. Only the technical crime had been done by Calhoun, and he had won pardon by his bravery in the battle at sea. Yes, he was a man of mark, even though a murderer.

Calhoun spoke slowly. "Your honor, you have said what you have a right to say to a man who killed Erris Boyne. But this man you accuse did not do it."

The governor smiled, for the assumption was ridiculous. He shrugged a shoulder and a sardonic curl came to his lip.

"Who did it then?' '

"If you will come to the house of the general commanding you will see."

The governor was in a great quandary. He gasped. "The general commanding—did he kill Erris Boyne then?"

"Not he, yet the person who did it is in his house. Listen, your honor. I have borne the name of killing Erris Boyne, and I ought to have killed him, for he was a traitor. I had proofs of it; but I did not kill him, and I did not betray him, for he had alive a wife and daughter, and something was due to them. He was a traitor, and was in league with the French. It does not matter that I tell you now, for his daughter knows the truth. I ought to have told it long ago, and if I had I should not have been imprisoned."

"You were a brave man, but a fool—always a fool," said the governor sharply.

"Not so great a fool that I can't recover from it," was the calm reply. "Perhaps it was the best thing that ever happened to me, for now I can look the world in the face. It's made a man of me. It was a woman killed him." was Calhoun's added comment. "Will your honor come with me and see her?"

The governor was thunderstruck. "Where is she?"

"As I have told you—in the house of the general commanding."

The governor rose abashed. "Well, I can go there now. Come."

"Perhaps you would prefer I should not go with you in the street. The world knows me as a mutineer, thinks of me as a murderer! Is it fair to your honor?"

Something in Calhoun's voice roused the rage of Lord Mallow, but he controlled it, and said calmly: "Don't talk nonsense, sir; we shall walk together, if you will."

At the entrance to the house of the general commanding, the man to whom this visit meant so much stopped and took a piece of paper from his pocket. "Your honor, here is the name of the slayer of Erris Boyne. I give it to you now to see, so you may not be astonished when you see her."

The governor stared at the paper. "Boyne's wife, eh?" he said in a strange mood. "Boyne's wife—what is she doing here?"

Calhoun told him briefly as he took the paper back, and added: "It was accident that brought us all together here, your honor, but the hand of God is in it."

"Is she very ill?"

"She will not live, I think."

"To whom did she tell her story?"

"To Miss Sheila Llyn."

The governor was nettled. "Oh, to Miss Llyn! When did you see her?"

"Just before I came to you."

"What did the woman look like—this Noreen Boyne?"

"I do not know; I have not seen her."

"Then how came you by the paper with her signature?"

"Miss Llyn gave it to me."

Anger filled Lord Mallow's mind. Sheila—why now the way would be open to Calhoun to win—to marry her! It angered him but he held himself steadily.

"Where is Miss Llyn?"

"She is here, I think. She came back when she left me at your door."

"Oh, she left you at my door did she?...But let me see the woman that's come so far to put the world right."

A few moments later they stood in the bedroom of Noreen Boyne, they two and Sheila Llyn, the nurse having been sent out.

Lord Mallow looked down on the haggard, dying woman with no emotion. Only a sense of duty moved him.

"What is it you wished to say to me?" he asked the patient.

"Who are you?" came the response in a frayed tone.

"I am the governor of the island—Lord Mallow."

"Then I want to tell you that I killed Erris Boyne—with this hand I killed him." She raised her skinny hand up, and her eyes became glazed. "He had used me vilely and I struck him down. He was a bad man."

"You let an innocent man bear punishment, you struck at one who did you no harm, and you spoiled his life for him. You can see that, can't you?"

The woman's eyes sought the face of Dyck Calhoun, and Calhoun said: "No, you did not spoil my life, Noreen Boyne. You have made it. Not that I should have chosen the way of making it, but there it is, as God's in heaven I forgive you."

Noreen's face lost some of its gloom. "That makes it easier," she said brokenly. "I can't atone by any word or act, but I'm sorry. I've kept you from being happy, and you were born to be happy. Your father had hurt mine, had turned him out of our house for debt, and I tried to pay it all back. When they suspected you I held my peace. I was a coward; I could not say you were innocent without telling the truth, and that I could not do then. But now I'll tell it—I think I'd have told it whether I was dying or not though. Yes, if I'd seen you here I'd have told it I'm sure. I'm not all bad."

Sheila leaned over the bed. "Never mind about the past. You can help a man back to the good opinion of the world now."

"I hurt you too," said Noreen with hopeless pain. "You were his friend."

"I believed in him always—even when he did not deny the crime," was the quiet reply.

"There's no good going on with that," said the governor sharply. "We must take down her statement in writing, and then——"

"Look, she is sinking!" said Calhoun sharply.

The woman's head had dropped forward, her chin was on her breast, and her hands became clenched.

No Defence

Continued from page 38

"The doctor at once—bring in the nurse," said Calhoun. "She's dying."

An instant later, the nurse entered with Sheila, and in a short time the doctor came.

When later the doctor saw Lord Mallow alone he said: "She can't live more than two days."

"That's good for her in a way," answered the governor, and in reply to the doctor's question why, he said: "Because she'd be in prison."

"In prison—has she broken the law?"

"She is now under arrest, though she doesn't know it."

"What was her crime, your honor?"

"She killed a man."

"What man?"

"He for whom Dyck Calhoun was sent to prison—Erris Boyne."

"Mr. Calhoun was not guilty, then?"

"No. As soon as the woman is dead, I mean to announce the truth."

"Not till then, your honor?"

"Not till then."

"It's hard on Calhoun."

"Is it? It's years since he was tried and condemned. Two days cannot matter now."

"Perhaps not. Last night the woman said to me: 'I'm glad I'm going to die.'" Then he added: "Calhoun will be more popular than ever now."

The governor winced.

AN HOUR after Noreen Boyne had been laid in her grave, there was a special issue of the principal paper telling all the true facts of the death of Erris Boyne. Thus the people of Jamaica came to know that Dyck Calhoun was innocent of the crime of killing Erris Boyne, and Calhoun was made the object of admiration, and was almost mobbed by admirers in the street. It all vexed Lord Mallow; but he steeled himself to urbanity, and he played his part well. He was clever enough to see it would pay him to be outwardly gracious to Calhoun. So it was he made a speech in the capital on the return of the general commanding and the troops from subduing the Maroons, in which he said: "No one in all the King's dominions had showed greater patriotism and military skill than their friend Mr. Dyck Calhoun, who had been harshly treated by a mistaken Government."

A few hours later, in the sweet garden of the house where Sheila and her mother lodged, Calhoun came upon the girl whose gentle dignity and beauty seemed to glow.

At first all she said to him was, "Welcome, old friend," and at last she said: "Now you can come to the United States, Dyck, and make a new life there."

Presently he said: "I ought to go where you wish me to go, for you came to me here when I was rejected of men. I owe you whatever I am that's worth while, if anything that I am is worth while. Your faith kept me alive in my darkest days—even when I thought I had wronged you."

"Then you will come to Virginia with me—as my husband, Dyck?" She blushed and laughed. "You see I have to propose to you, for you've never asked me to marry you. I'm throwing myself at your head, sir, you observe!"

He gave an honest smile of adoration. "I came today to ask you to be my wife—for that reason only. I could not do it till the governor had declared my innocence. The earth is sweeter today than it has been since time began."

He held out his arms, and an instant later the flowers she carried were crushed to her breast, with her lips given to his.

A little later she drew from her pocket a letter. "You must read that," she said. "It is from the great Alexander Hamilton—yes, he will be great; he will play a wondrous part in the life of my new country. Read it, Dyck."

After he had read it, he said: "He was born a British subject here in these islands, and he goes to help Americans live according to British principles. With all my sane fellow-countrymen I am glad the Americans succeeded. Do you go to your Virginia and I will come as soon as I have put my affairs in order."

"I will not go without you—no, I will not go," she persisted.

"Then we shall be married at once," he declared.

And so it was, and all the island was en fete, and when Sheila came to Dyck's plantation the very earth seemed to rejoice. The slaves went wild with joy, and ate and drank their fill, and from every field there came the song:

Hold up yo hands,
Hold up yo hands,
Bress de Lord for de milk and honey!
De big bees is a singing',
My heart is held up and de bells is a ringing';
Hold up yo hands,
Hold up yo hands!

And sweetly solitary the two lived their lives, till one day, three months later, there came to the plantation the governor and his suite.

When they had dismounted, Lord Mallow said: "I bring you the pay of the British Government for something of what you have suffered, sir, and what will give your lady pay, too, I hope. I come with a baronetcy given by the King. News of it came to me only this morning."

Calhoun smiled. "Your honor, I can take no title. I can receive no honor. I have ended my life under the British flag. I go to live under the Stars and Stripes."

The governor was astounded. "Your lady, sir, do you forget your lady?"

But Sheila answered: "The life of the new world has honors which have naught to do with titles, and I will remain as I am."

"I sail for Virginia by the first ship that goes," said Calhoun. "It is good here, but I shall go to a place where things are better, and where I shall have work to do. I must decline the baronetcy, your honor. I go to a land where the field of life is larger, where Britain shall remake herself."

"It will take some time," said the governor tartly. "They'll be long apart."

"But they will come together at last—for the world's sake."

There was silence for a moment, and through it came the joy-chant from the fields:

Hold up yo hands,
Hold up yo hands,
Bress de Lord for de milk and honey—

·THE·END·

1st year — The first teeth are appearing. Are they strong, well shaped.

3rd year — Time to start seeing the dentist — also to use Pepsodent morning and night.

6th year—The 6-year molars appear—the most important teeth. Have them examined frequently.

16th year—A few more years, and decay will be less apt to occur. Protect them daily.

During These Years, Mother

Take them to the dentist often

Many troubles seldom laid to teeth originate here nevertheless. Only your dentist can recognize and correct them.

DO you know that the backwardness in school of a great many children is caused by neglected teeth? When the teeth are repaired and the mouth and gums are again made healthy, these backward children become alert, attentive and industrious. Dullness is usually based on a depleted physical condition whose source may be difficult to find.

Decay, crooked teeth, and various germ infections of the mouth—all can be corrected by your dentist. At an early stage they may be treated with slight discomfort and children will not mind it.

Home care of teeth

Because your children's teeth require extra care have them use Pepsodent, the gentle tooth paste, regularly every day. For Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit, or crude abrasive. It is safe.

Pepsodent is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles. Film holds germs of decay against the teeth.

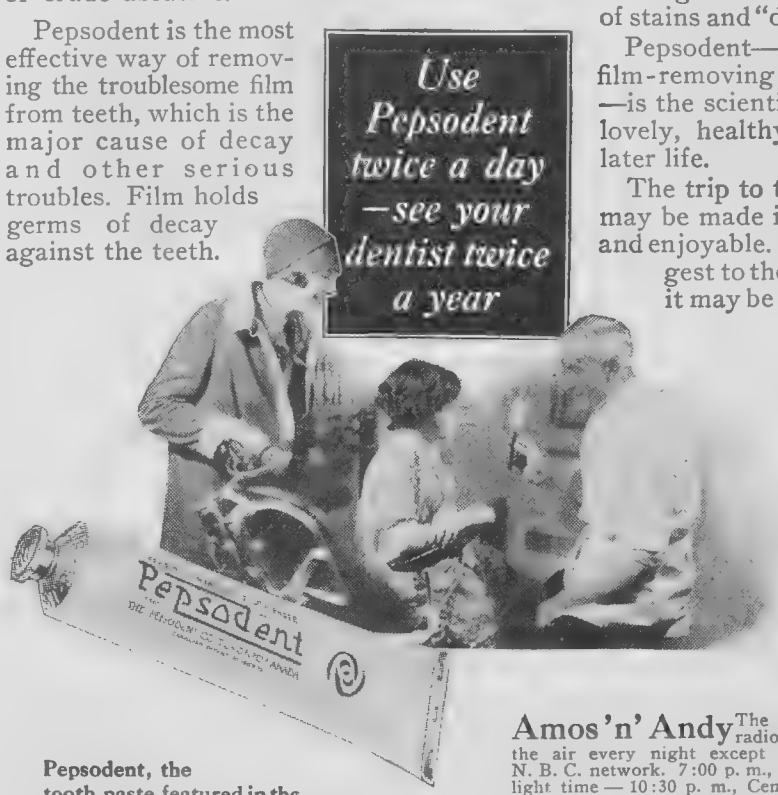
Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

It is the cause of teeth becoming dull, discolored, because film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film frees teeth of stains and "dinginess."

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth in later life.

The trip to the dentist may be made interesting and enjoyable. Never suggest to the child that it may be otherwise.



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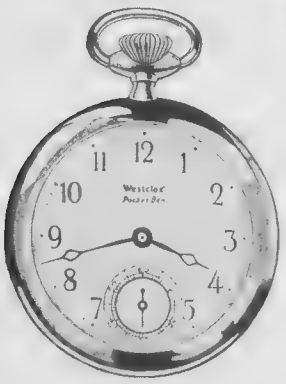

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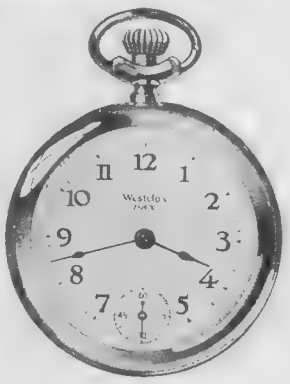

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Applique Quilts Now in Style

By Marion Wathen Fox

IT USED to be a standing joke amongst men about women "buying good material, cutting it up and sewing it together again—they sure are out of a job!" This was the way they described quilt-making—the piecing of quilts. But that does not describe the now popular mode of quilt-making. In this there is little "piecing." One goods is appliqued to the other. A cut-out design of a different color, or colors, is basted on top of the foundation material and then embroidered on by out-line stitch, "over-cast," button-holed, or by what is commonly called "blanket-stitch;" indeed any stitch may be used so long as it easily, artistically, and firmly applies the design. An embroidery-hoop is generally used to keep the work taut while the design is being embroidered on.

This is really a much easier and more quickly done way of making a quilt than the old way of hand-sewing pieces together, some of which pieces were very minute pieces indeed—the idea often being to use up scraps of calico, etc., left over from dresses, aprons and the like. Now we rarely have scraps. Neither are we as economical as our grandmothers—or was it an honest-to-goodness economy! It certainly called for millions of very fine stitches. The modern woman thinks she can be better and more healthfully employed. And this new mode of quilt-making is not nearly so hard on the eyes—the appliquing being done quite casually, not close or elaborate stitching at all. Of course, even in our grand-mothers day, these appliqued quilts were used, but were then the exception to the pieced quilt.

The applique quilt is more in the line of real fancy-work, sometimes quite dainty material being used and frequently only two colors employed. Very delightful indeed, is a blue and white quilt, or one of apple-green and white. In one of our large departmental stores I saw one made of broadcloth, the foundation of the quilt apple-green and the appliquing white material a sort of flower design put on in white mercerized embroidery floss (sells "three for ten"). The veining of the leaves, and the stems, also done in the white, in out-line stitch. The centre of each flower—very small—was in yellow applique, and about that a circle of green formed by the green foundation showing through. The sales-lady told me there were just twenty blocks in the quilt, so that I should judge each block—made up of the four appliques—would probably be about twenty inches square; just a nice size for carrying about with one as a bit of "pick-up work." The whole block is first cut out of the green, and then the four white flowers, all facing in the same direction, are worked on. On close scrutiny the work seemed to be done very simply, and the flowers by no means perfect in cut, so that I was surprised at the effectiveness of the result. This particular quilt would certainly look delightful in a bed-room in which the other decorations, or furnishings, were green and white. Four of the blocks make a nice day-cover for the pillow.

This quilt looked particularly good because it was all done in plain broadcloth—a delightful material for the work, its sheen carrying a suggestion of silk. But it could be worked out quite effectively in a green chambray for the foundation, or a calico—even one containing a little printed design; sateen would also make up prettily.

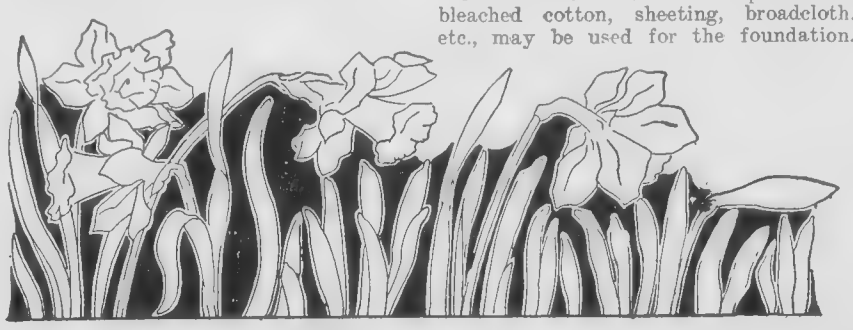
School children do so much art work in these days that I am sure they could suggest delightful designs—many of their school designs would be most suitable. Any women with originality will delight to make and find new designs for herself.

OF COURSE, the difficult part of quilts is the quilting; but it, too, is more interesting than the old quilting. Sometimes three or four designs are employed in quilting one block, and these quite artistic and conforming more to the fancy-work idea It is not done on the appliqued part, but only in the spaces between, or on the blocks, or strips that join the appliqued blocks. Designs for quilting can now be purchased from pattern companies, particularly since the quilted cushion has come into vogue, and a little ingenuity will suggest many original and home-made designs It is not customary now to have the quilting done in such fine stitching as in the time of our grandmothers, when even ones chance of matrimony often depended, to some extent, on being "a good quilter." Just an open running stitch is usually employed, with stitches almost as long as in a trimming, or for any decorative purposes.

In the simple tulip design, the foundation may be of pink or rose and the tulip and stems all done in white; or the foundation may be white and the tulips one or two shades of pink—or if the room is yellow make the tulips to match, or the foundation. Of course, unbleached muslin cotton may be used for the foundation of any of these quilts. If making your own tulip-design first double your paper and on the top section draw one half of the tulip. The tulip design, or some slight variation, may also be used as a quilting pattern.

Various patterns for the applique pieces themselves may now be purchased: flowers, either in their natural forms, or conventionalized; wreaths, etc., these may also be used as quilting patterns. A ship design—for cushions and the in-style-again foot-stool, is quite in demand, but this is more suitable for den-cushions. These little applique patterns are done up in envelopes—a number in each—and sell at twenty, twenty-five and thirty cents. They may be used not only on quilts, but are now quite the thing for trimming curtains, cushions, table-runners and such, even if these are made of satin, velvet, silk. How delightful to be able to re-decorate one's bed-room for the summer with a whole new outfit of applique things: bed-spread, pillows, dresser-scarf, cushions, and curtains—all done to match Or even some of these will make a room look colorful and new, the unbleached factory-cotton is perhaps as inexpensive as any material we can use, and is really quite artistic, as well as having the merit of washing well.

THE old fashion of using candle-wicking in making bedspreads is again in style. Indeed, although it is labelled "candle-wicking," it is prepared for the very purpose of fancy-work: and comes in various colors—apple-green seems to be the most popular, but the color used would largely depend on the other decorations of the room. The wicking is about a quarter of an inch thick. After the design is stamped on the foundation, it is worked with the wicking in French knots, about the width of the knots apart. Unbleached cotton, sheeting, broadcloth, etc., may be used for the foundation.



In the Wake of Captain Cook

Continued from page 13

IT WAS my good fortune to board that fine steamer, "The City of Los Angeles," one of the fleet of the Los Angeles Steam Ship Company, and to sail with her some five hundred miles southward from Honolulu to the town of Hilo, the capital of the historic Island of Hawaii. On our voyage we passed close by the Island of Molokai, which houses the leper settlement of the islands. Here Father Damien sacrificed himself for the lepers, administering to their bodily and spiritual needs until the dread disease settled upon him and finally laid him beside those unfortunates whom he had so faithfully served.

The little leper village lies between vast, forbidding, unscalable cliffs and the sea, unapproachable, inescapable.

To the south of the village is the lighthouse and the homes of the doctors and nurses who are spending their lives in behalf of these ailing people, while a little white monument below the lighthouse marks the grave of Father Damien, whose character our beloved Robert Louis Stevenson so nobly defended and kept clear when the voice of slander and calumny would have besmirched it.

Great progress has been made in recent years in the alleviation and even in the curing of this strange oriental disease, and the hope is expressed that in another generation or two leprosy will be entirely unknown in the South Seas.

The lea side of the Island of Molokai is well populated and fertile, and in every way like the other beautiful islands of the Hawaiian group. Sugar is grown on a large scale, the soil is rich in volcanic loam and the forests are alive with Japanese spotted deer.

At Hilo the ship lay over for two days, giving her passengers an opportunity to visit Kilauea Volcano, said to be the present home of the Goddess Pele, and the world's largest active volcano, about which black seas of lava spread and sprawl their way to the sea. Halemaumau, "The House of Everlasting Fire" is the fire pit, and peering over the edge of same one can see where the living lava has surged and seethed from time to time as in a huge cauldron, bubbling and exploding like boiling porridge in a pot.

The more energetic of us, not contented with this wonderful sight and a night at Volcano House, decided to take in a complete tour of the Island of Hawaii, to view all the devastation of the various lava flows for over a hundred years and to see the quick rebirth of vegetation over these death-dealing flows. We passed great sugar plantations, worked chiefly by Portuguese labor at the rate of a dollar a day. The native Hawaiians scorn plantation work, and indeed are little fond of drudge work of any kind, preferring to labor for themselves and just as they feel like it—happy-go-lucky, with few wants—poi from the tarro patch; bananas, pineapples; fish and shell fish in plenty from the bounteous ocean, with wild pig for the meat supply—born in a country that provides them with everything to hand excepting breech-clouts and perhaps matches, with few worries and a great deal of fun, so why should they slave on a sugar or pineapple plantation?

A wise and happy people these Hawaiians, and they make one wonder if, after all, they are not the learned civilized, cultured people of the world, and we the real barbarians.

On our trip, we lunched by the wayside, with the usual native ukelele expert—without which no party is complete—strumming his strings and singing Hawaiian love ditties in a high falsetto as we ate.

DOWN the Kona Coast we came upon the preparations for a native marriage luau, or feast, where a pig was already cooking, wrapped in Ti-leaves, and among hot stones, in an earth covered pit, or oven, with two more dead pigs being scraped and cleaned, amid merriment and jocular comments, while the fourth pig stood sadly by, tethered by the leg to a tree, awaiting its turn of the slaughterer's knife, while round about girls and women and children, and idling men, gathered—happy, non-descript, carefree and with so many babies that the men and the little girls had to dandle them as well as had the mothers. Here at least there was little or no sign of a dying race.

I was fortunate in being able to film this very unusual scene, from which we had to hurry away in spite of pressing invitations to remain and participate in the marriage celebration which was to be held two days later.

At Kealakekua Bay, we stood on the spot where Captain Cook was killed by the natives in 1779. We saw the remains of the heiau or holy place, upon which he was set on his first arrival and worshipped as a god.

From Kealakekua we journeyed to Honaunau Bay where are the ruins of the famous City of Refuge. This is the best preserved ruin of the pagan Hawaiians. A path along the sands leads to the great temple composed of enormous lava stones perfectly fitted together. By the temple's outer wall is a huge stone platform known as Hale o Keawe, said to have been constructed as far back as the 12th century by chief Keawe. Keawe's bones and the bones of other great chieftains are said to rest here. Inside the main enclosure fugitives from justice, tabu violators and refugees from battle found an inviolable sanctuary and protection for all time. Grass dwellings inside the enclosure provided comfort for women and children driven there by warfare.

WHILE on the Island of Hawaii it was my privilege to partake of a native luau or feast. This feast consists of native dishes, cooked and served in native fashion, with the addition of knife, fork and spoons as a concession to their visitors, for in the country the natives use their fingers when dining alone. Poi, pig, salmon, cocoanut pudding, sweet potatoes, chicken, bananas, fresh pineapples, dried squid (small octopus) spinach and native wine are served. I was quite sure, up to a certain time, that roast pig was the piece de resistance of the feast we had, but when a neighbor came to the door and said excitedly, "Say,—you see my dog, "Kalula" today? I lose him this morning," and our host got excited and became unusually short in his talk as he kept his neighbour on the outside and answered, "No! what the—! I no see him. What you think, eh? Go away," then I got suspicious. Our host's neighbour was not satisfied. "Sure," he grumbled. "And you have luau today. Think I not know? And I keep that dog for my own luau next week. I fix you for this sometime,—see!"

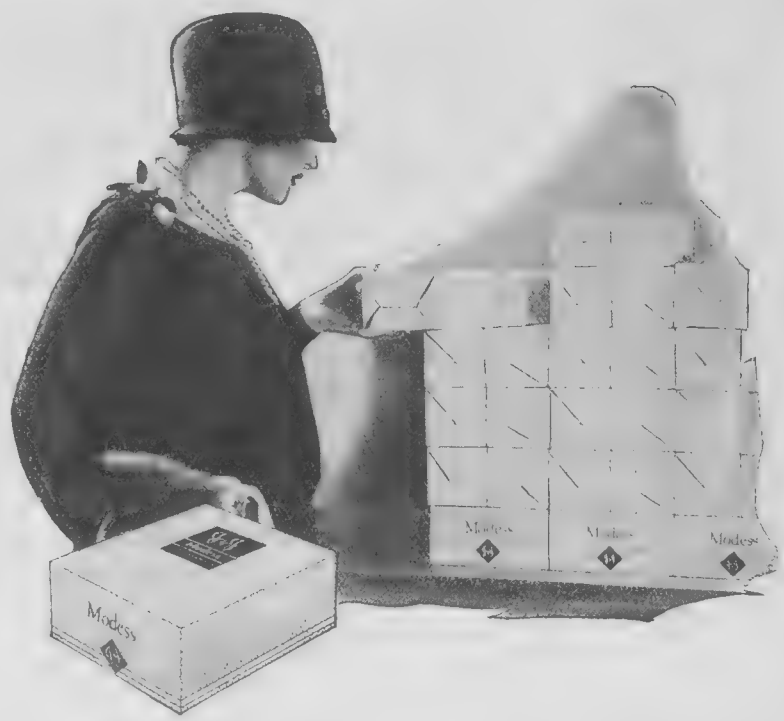
The host returned, smiling and affable, telling us, "My friend crazy," but that did not remove the creepy feeling I began to have in my inside that our pig, which we had so much enjoyed, was the deeply beloved dog, "Kalula" of our host's neighbour. Anyway, if it was dog, I must confess it was very good dog.

After the feast, of course, we had Hawaiian music, ukuleles and guitars, with a hula dancer and an old lady beating time on a gourd and chanting.

The hula dance is not the suggestive exhibition of body wiggling some of us imagined, but a graceful, artistic display chiefly of arm and hand movements, while the skirt is such that it swings and accentuates the slightest knee or hip action.

The hula originally began as part of the Hawaiian religious ceremony. It was as much a part of it as the processions and posturings of the members of the Christian faith. Many of the chief women took part in the exercise. The graceful movements were originally made to the accompaniment of a rhythmic beat of drums and rattles, and a monotonous duo-chant.

[Continued on page 42]



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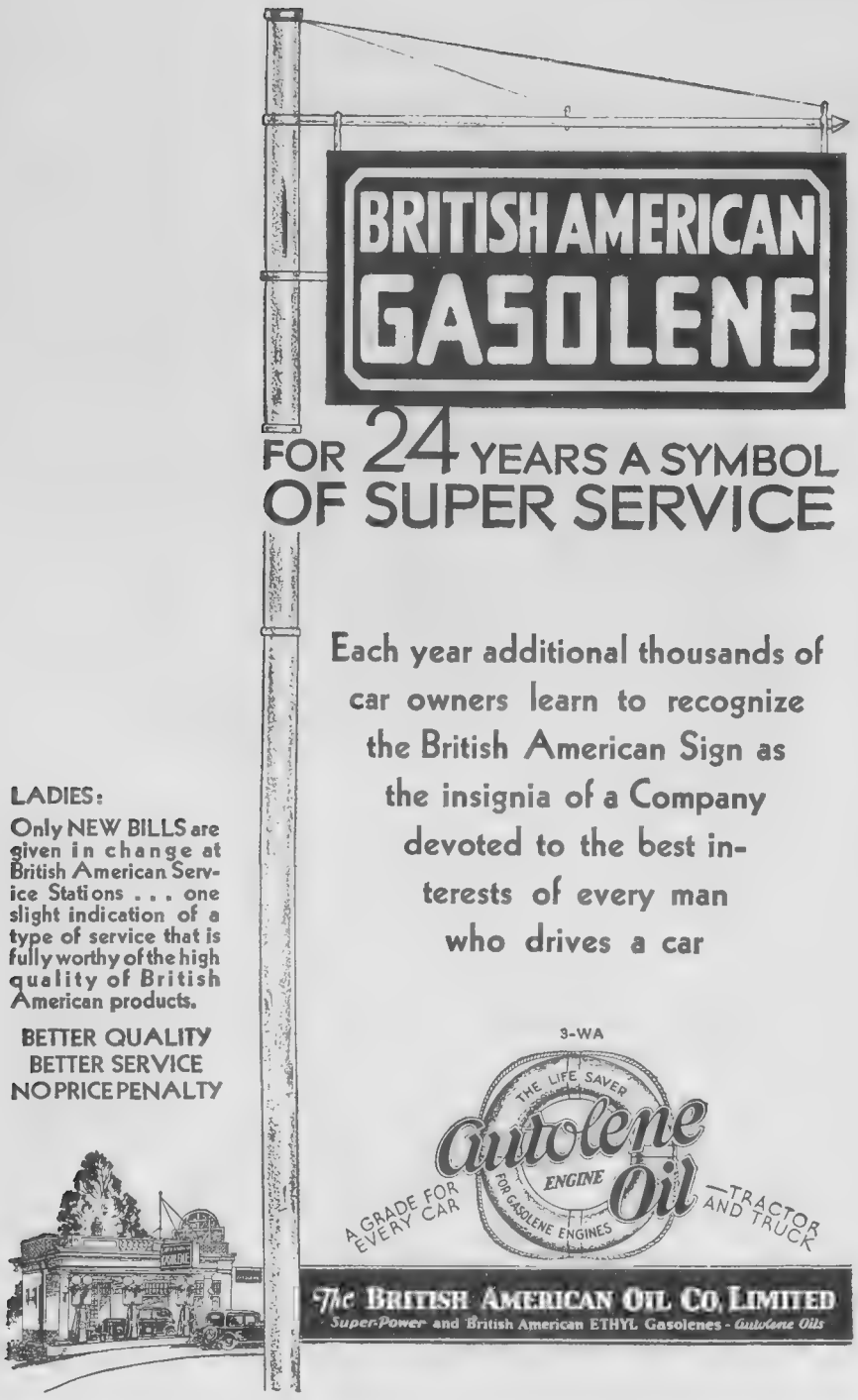

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In the Wake of Captain Cook

Continued from page 41

There is a great variety of dances, historic, descriptive, love, religious and war—some performed kneeling and squatting, with hand and arm movements only. The women do not dance the wild or gourd dance, it being reserved for the men.

The hand motions tell the story and are used continuously. Our evening ended with a round of Oke. Prohibition obtains of course in the Hawaiian Islands—just as it does in other parts of the United States—and nowhere did there seem to be a dearth of "the cup that cheers" and inebriates.

Oke is a native liquor made from Ti (pronounced innocently "tea") leaves, rice, sugar and water, and allowed to ferment. It is as potent as whisky and has a pleasant, burnt-sugar flavour. It is much preferable, I would think, to some of the high-explosive concoctions served as liquor in the U.S.A. proper. My pockets were tapped on my arrival on the Hawaiian Islands for the possible flask of Scotch whisky, but I saw on my departure a fellow passenger go aboard at Honolulu, bound for the mainland, with a gallon crock of native Oke in his possession and get away with it too.

It would fill a volume to describe in detail all the interesting, educative and ridiculously amusing things I saw on my travels through the islands. My three hundred and fifty mile trip on the Island of Hawaii was full of material, passing as we did among famous cattle ranches, vast sugar cane areas where Portuguese men and Japanese women labored in the fields and muleteers ambled along the country roads with their strings of mules trailing leisurely behind them; and ever the ubiquitious black-faced, happy-eyed youngsters to wave little hands and shout "Aloha."

PERHAPS a forgotten note on Hawaiia's Territorial flag might be permitted here. It astonished me on my arrival to see the Union Jack on what looked like an adaptation of the red ensign, floating valiantly and a little defiantly on the breeze alongside the Stars and Stripes. This I found really was the Union Jack on a red, white and blue stripes background—the Territorial flag of the Hawaiians, which they still proudly cling to, although acknowledging and honoring "Old Glory" as the flag of their country. With the flying of that flag, I discovered something behind it, especially among the older Hawaiians, a deep regard for Great Britain and a remembrance of the affection that once existed between Queen Victoria and Queen Emma.

In the combination of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes in that Territorial flag of the Hawaiians there was to me a symbolic friendliness and unity that set the blood tingling in a hope of future peace and territorial security for all the nations of the world.

QUICKLY I found myself back once more at Waikiki Beach, bathing in the surf, trying to ride the breakers on a surf board, even trying to strum a ukulele as if to manner born. A few more trips around Oahu's beauty spots —The Pali where one of the finest and most breath-taking views in the world is to be obtained—Kokohead, with its famous blowhole where the sea roars underground and bursts through a rocky cavern, shooting high in the air—the beach beyond Kokohead with its mountainous breakers on golden sands upon which one expects to see Robinson Crusoe with his parrot and umbrella, and his man Friday bringing up the rear, but there a beach so treacherous in its undertow that no human can go into the water and live. These and a thousand more delights to the eye, then all too soon the day of departure arrived, when, laden with wreaths of flowers (leis) from kind friends and well-wishers, I scrambled aboard the Los Angeles-bound steamer and stood listening to the band playing its last "Aloha," as I waved a tearful good-bye to these "Summer Isles of Eden."

Isles of Blossoms, Isles of Verdure,
Isles of Rest and Happy Times,
Artist merely clears his palette,
Poet but exhausts his rhymes.
None can paint the soul's emotions,
None depict the surging sea.
Man must mutely gaze in rapture:
God was first at Waikiki.
Isles of Blossoms, Isles of Verdure,
God alone made Hawaii.

Isles of Beauty, Isles of Friendship,
Isle of Summer Seas and Sky,
In my heart are joy and sorrow
Now I come to say good-bye;
Joy that God, in His great goodness,
Set my feet upon your shore,
Sorrow at this time of parting
That my Golden Dream is O'er.
Isles of Beauty, Isles of Friendship,
Aloha!—I say no more.

Fascination of Mountaineering

Continued from page 31

brings out their true qualities. Selfishness is detected and cowardice is exposed. Happily, the men who usually undertake these expeditions are seldom prone to either fault; and the result of efforts made, fatigues supported, dangers encountered in company generally is to bring out and strengthen best qualities in each man and to draw him closer to his companions. Many of the warmest friendships have grown out of expeditions made in high mountains. Everybody knows how men are held together —even when the cause of their association has been accidental. Also the pleasant feeling of comradeship very often extends itself to the guides who accompany climbers in the more frequented mountain regions, such as the Alps and the Pyrenees, where the occupation has become a regular profession.

Some of the best Swiss guides have become not only local heroes in their own valleys, but the trusted and valued friends of the climbers along with whom they have faced dangers during a succession of years, and among the guides as a whole a high standard of professional honor and duty has grown up. It is the rarest thing in the world for a guide to forsake his employer or try to secure his own safety to the neglect of his employer's. One's faith in human nature is rarely shaken by the faithlessness of these guides.

On the whole, mountain climbing, and rough travel generally, does give one a good opinion of one's fellow creatures. Loyality among guides, kindliness among country folk, unselfishness and even self-sacrifice among travelling companions are far more common than their opposites; and the recollection of them is one of the pleasures of mountaineering.

Wild West Paris

Continued from page 9

From his reading of Fenimore Cooper he felt that Iroquois and Huron Indians could hardly be classed as far West specimens." But the prospects raised by this costume ball were to him far too alluring for him to carp more than a second over little things. He would take Micheline. He would help her plan her costume to conform with the requirements as requested on the tickets.

In a happy frame of mind he had arrived at the bank on the following day. Standing before Micheline's desk he had produced the ticket and extended his invitation.

"Oh," she answered doubtfully, after a second, "I have a friend who is a sculptor. Some days ago he told me about the ball, and asked me to go. I have not yet given him my answer; but, really, he is expecting me."

"But I want you to come with me. We have been together all these weeks. You should not desert me now. Send your friend a pneumatique and tell him you canot go with him."

"Oh, but no. I cannot do that. I have known this gentleman a very long time."

"But I love you. You must come with me." This first declaration of the depth of his feelings was wrung from Doulcet there amid the clatter and bang of the typewriters and the clink of cash.

For the first time he saw Micheline's dark eyes look upon him angrily.

"You forget yourself," she said, suddenly cold. "You have no right to command like that. Besides, my friend is a great sculptor; he is very wonderful with his hands; he does great things. I shall go with him."

Doulcet sensed the unflattering comparison. He turned bitterly away.

Fortunately the day was Saturday. He had only until half past twelve to endure the misery of working in her presence. He had gone home for luncheon, and sat moodily all the afternoon and evening in his room. He had spent a restless night, not falling asleep until late, and had not awakened until noon. Finishing his breakfast he had walked to the Luxembourg and sat all through the warm spring afternoon trying to find forgetfulness in the action of Buffalo Bill's adventures.

Now, with the book completed, he looked with discontented eyes on the beauty of the scene around him. Beyond the garden on his right the street dropped away for a considerable distance, then climbed again. In the gathering dusk the distant apartment buildings on the higher ground assumed the appearance of broken cliffs, forlorn and forbidding. This suggested to Doulcet a setting in his beloved West, and then, in turn, by association of ideas, he was reminded that tomorrow night was the Ball of the Far West. And, despite his disappointment in Micheline, he decided to go, for the Ball offered him the first opportunity he had to move in an atmosphere he hoped would somewhat approach that of his beloved land of dreams.

Presently he rose and walked homeward. As he went, and all through the evening and the seemingly so long next day he was filled with that eager impatience which affects men who await something greatly desired.

IT WAS half past ten o'clock on Monday evening when Doulcet stepped from his taxicab in front of the Moulin de la Galette, one of the most ancient temples of the dance in Paris at the top of Montmartre's hill and went up the steps and entered the long hallway. But it was a Doulcet that no fellow-member of his bank could possibly have recognized. Save for a thin strip of wolf-hide about his middle, with a long tail hanging behind, Doulcet was naked. His painted skin was a dark copper hue, just a shade darker than any ever owned by an Indian. His black hair hung down plastered over his ears and forehead, with one little tuft gathered in a knot on the crown of his head. At one side of his belt of fur was his fire-making apparatus; from the other side hung his lasso. Of the incongruousness of this latter, Doulcet was not unaware. Yet, filled with pride in his possessions, he had exercised a certain poetic license in carrying the rope along. He would have brought his bow and arrows. But his belt could not sustain further weight, and he desired to have his hands free for dancing.

He was exceedingly proud of his costume and his knowledge of the far West as he entered the long hall. Then he caught his breath in sheer, unbelieving astonishment. Half way down the hallway rose a short flight of stairs. Standing ranged upon these were a dozen men personifying in every detail of costume different types of the West. Four of the men were as naked as Doulcet. Like the red men of old they leaned upon long-barrelled rifles and gazed down the hallway with an air of looking over wide prospects of far-spreading plains. Three more of the group were garbed as Forty-niners. Another, Doulcet judged, represented a stage-driver. The remaining four were cowboys resplendent in leather pants, long cuffs, spurs and wide hats, all of a fineness of pattern and fabric that filled Doulcet with respect.

A few steps from the group Doulcet stopped, for in front of him were a man and two women who had just been halted by the group of twelve barring entrance to the great dancing floor beyond.

"But, monsieur, we cannot let you and the ladies in."

It was the stage-driver who addressed them. "This is the Far West Ball. Did you not see on the ticket that it was particularly emphasized that all the guests should conform strictly to the costumes of the country. And you and the ladies!"—the stage-driver's voice became a mixture of sad rebuke and scorn—"why, look at you. Your costume is Spanish; that of a bull-fighter and his lady companions."

The air became loud with voluble French as the young man and both women protested at length against the decision of what Doulcet now realized was a costume jury.

But the jury was adamant. Indians and cowboys and Forty-niners now sustained the judgment rendered by the stage-driver.

"It is useless. You cannot pass." The four Indians banged their gun-stocks noisily upon the floor. The refused ones turned back, and Doulcet, with some slight trepidation, faced the jury.

They passed him after one sweeping glance. Filled with pride at this small triumph, and thankful they had not questioned his lasso, Doulcet passed on to the end of the hall, only to be halted by a still second jury of more Indians, miners and cowboys. A fierce argument was proceeding here. A tall young man wearing a high fur hat, fringed trousers and jacket and the mukluks of an Arctic trapper was before the jury.

"But this man is dressed as a Cossack," one of the jury insisted, pointing to the hat.

"Mais, no," the wearer protested loudly, pointing to his fur-trimmed mukluks, "I am a trapper of the far North."

The jury consulted among themselves, the questioned point being whether trappers of the far North wore hats of this height and shape. Finally they let the trapper pass. With a glance at Doulcet they allowed him entrance.

He turned the corner and looked upon the vast floor of the Moulin de la Galette, famous spot for a hundred years.

AT ONE end of the room on a balcony was one orchestra. At the opposite end, on a slightly raised platform, was another, for French dances are fast and furious. As soon as one orchestra ceases the other begins. It was still early, and the musicians were just taking their places. Beyond the railing circling the dancing-floor was a narrow stretch containing chairs and tables. Doulcet slowly sauntered around the great rectangular room. At the opposite side in a deep recess was a bar with a brass foot-railing. It stood almost facing the orchestra on the low platform. (Cont'd on page 44)

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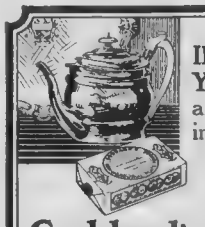

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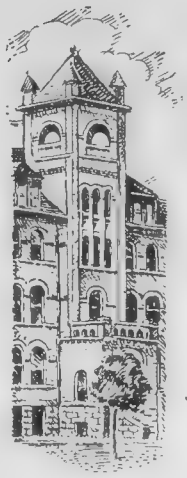

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Wild West Paris

Continued from page 43

And now Doulcet, halted at the end of the bar for a glass of beer, noted that the wall behind the orchestra was painted to represent a California "barrel house." The ends of huge hogsheads, piled one upon another to the very ceiling, were reproduced with a remarkably lifelike effect. One was labelled "whisky"; another "gin"; another, "snake-poison."

Finishing his beer, Doulcet strolled on around the room, finally sitting down at a table close to the rail commanding both a view of the entrance and the dancing-floor.

People were coming in ever-greater numbers, a long procession of elaborate and beautiful costumes. Naked Indians, and Indians in blankets, with magnificent head-dresses of feathers, predominated. Trappers and miners and sky-pilots, pioneer women in prints and ginghams, and fine ladies in purple velvet and wide hats of a period Doulcet did not know, filed in and took seats at the tables around the room. There were many cowboys, a bartender or two, sheep-herders, stage-drivers, and several very realistic sheriffs with wide hats, high boots and stars on their lapels as huge as the bottom of a tomato-can.

It was a stupendous show, an amazing sartorial reconstitution of Doulcet's land of dreams. As Doulcet watched the gathering crowd there dawned upon him the realization that all these years he had been reading and dreaming of the far West and trying in his own small way to master some of its lore—that during all these years scores of other boys and men must have been doing likewise as a relief from the dullness of Paris.

The orchestras played fast and furiously. The dancing floor was crowded with a motley throng a queer conglomeration of many colors. Naked Indians waltzed sedately with ladies in crinoline; sheriffs awkward in unfamiliar high boots, moved with squaws upon their arms; a very tall man in the long black coat, wide trousers and felt hat of the pioneering parson went circling around with a lady in white tights trimmed with perpendicular rows of beads. Doulcet wondered idly how she could have passed the jury, for her costume was certainly one that never at any time could have graced that far-off land.

Presently in the moving crowd of dancers Micheline passed on the arm of a tall dark man. Her eyes for a second met Doulcet's. Yet she gave no sign of recognition. Some of his sense of self-satisfaction in the evening, resulting from the juries so promptly passing him, and from being a part of this revival of his beloved far-away West, departed. For an hour he sat moodily watching the ever-shifting panorama of varied costumes and faces. Then suddenly the orchestra struck up a peculiar tune, the throbbing beating of the drums predominating. In the centre of the vast floor there quickly gathered at this beginning of the tom-tom tune two score men and women in Indian costume. Naked figures, gleaming oddly under the electric lights' white glow, blanketed forms, their heavy plumes violently agitated, began moving in a gigantic circle, bodies bent a little forward, feet moving with the heel-and-toe motion of the brave. After several minutes the squaws, a dozen in number, dropped to a sitting position in a circle facing outward. Now the braves, joining hands, danced madly around them, the while they raised their voices in a long howling shouting which queerly blended with the throbbing of the drums of the two orchestras now beating in unison.

The first deep drone of the drums brought Doulcet nervously to his feet, impelled him forward to force his way through the three-deep circle of other watching guests to a position facing his fellow red men. As the music continued, something of the beat, beat and boom of the drums, the cries of the men and shrilling voices of the women took hold of him. His faster-racing pulses kept time to the pounding of the moccasined feet.

Then the music ceased with an unexpected abruptness. The moving braves halted, ceased their yowling, and, a little blown by their yelling and speedy motions, dropped to a cross-legged sitting position, forming a wide circle around the women.

In this moment of lull there flashed into Doulcet's mind, out of that unknown from which ideas so unexplainably come, a queer suggestion. Yielding to it without a second's thought, he sprang from his position on the edge of the crowd, and leaped lightly over the heads of the nearest seated braves.

And now Doulcet, standing in the space of the ring between the braves and squaws—Doulcet the mild, the retiring, the shy, who never before had faced a crowd—announced loudly with voice and gesture true to his conception of the heroic style of a noble warrior of the plains:

"Assembled warriors, the great buffalo dance is ended. Ye are weary after the hunt and the dancing. It is time to make fire to kindle the cooking-pots so the squaws may prepare the feast. I shall make fire after the manner of our forefathers."

In a dead silence of surprise, Doulcet took swiftly from his belt his apparatus, his bow and loose string, the thin, round fire-stick, the flat piece of wood upon which to place it, and the thinner piece to hold the top in erect position.

Not for nothing had he spent long weeks in practicing. Not for nothing had he suffered blistered hands, aching fingers and shoulders. Now, leaning on one knee, forgetful of the thousand eager eyes that watched him, he worked surely, swiftly, with precision. The bow-string revolved the whirling fire-stick; black carbon quickly formed in the indentation of the wood, and then glowed with awakened coal. With a deft twist Doulcet dropped the tiny coals upon the awaiting fine excelsior lying in a wire sling, while at the same moment with his other hand he caught up the sling. Leaping to his feet, he flung the sling around and around in a wide circle. At the third revolution its contents of excelsior burst into flame.

The clapping of a thousand hands greeted him. The seated squaws and braves sprang erect. In a long procession they passed before him crying: "Hail to the fire-maker! He shall light the cooking-pots of the buffalo hunters!"

At a signal from one of the masters of ceremony the orchestra struck up a slow waltz. Doulcet, aflame with the spiritual fire born of this culmination of his making actual the far West of his dreams in sight of so many fellow-worshippers, now was spurred to further conquest. Forgetful of his fire-making paraphernalia on the floor, he took his lasso from his belt. With one sharp throw he straightened it for action, formed his loop and, by long-trained action of arm and wrist, made it a thing alive.

As firm, as steady, as exact in shape as though it were a circle of some solid metal the rope rose and descended from his toes to above his head. In and out of the whirling loop he moved to the slow murmur of the low music of the orchestra. Until now he had been as one alone, engrossed in his performance, the thousand staring eyes, the bedaubed faces an unseen unreality. But now suddenly as he moved, he found himself face-to-face with Micheline standing on the edge of the closely-gathered crowd.

Once more out of that unexplainable unknown, from whence come at times to men suggestions, Doulcet received another. Sending the loop circling about his head, he stepped close to Micheline.

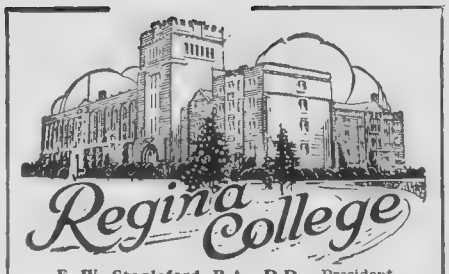
"Come—let us dance together."

He did not recognize as his own voice this which now so forcefully commanded.

Not a second hesitating, moving as one entranced who had but awaited his call, Micheline stepped close to him.

His one hand clasping her waist, they moved slowly down the room, the ever-whirling lasso encircling them, rising and falling, rising and falling, a ring alive.

[Continued on page 45]



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Down Home

By Olivia Alward

I AM sorry for the young people of this generation. It is true that they have many things that we of a passing generation never dreamed, but in many ways they are poverty-stricken beside us.

I was born in a tiny fishing village in Nova Scotia. Life with us was reduced to its simplest terms. We had no riches, but neither was there want. Our unemployment problem was nil. If you could stand on your feet you earned your living. By the time a boy was fifteen he was out in the boats. And once having taken up his burden he never laid it down while he lived.

Every one worked and there was plenty for all. For the men, the Atlantic Ocean was the answer to their employment question. In the summer they went out at three in the morning, in all weathers. Some of them, shipped on vessels that carried cargos to other ports, for the Bluenose sailor is known the world over. Sometimes they did not come back, and a smooth plot, undisturbed by spade, marked their place in the family burial plot.

No one questioned this and talked of the hardships and hazards of a sailor's life. These things were "God's Will" and that finished it.

We had in our village no old age problem. If a man or woman survived to old age, and an astonishing number of them did, their own "kin" took care of them. Nearly every family in the place was related to every other family, by marriage or direct blood ties. Frequently the relationship was very remote, but this was no excuse for allowing your "own" to "go on the Parish" as the local vernacular expressed it. It was not then necessary for the county to pass laws compelling men and women to look after their dependents. To even indicate any resentment of this arrangement was to bring down a weight of village disapproval that few had the hardihood to face. And the disapproval was not of the sort, that in this day and age, is known as being "cool." Every one you met felt it his duty to point out the error of your ways, and on Sunday when you went to church, you were very liable to find yourself the text for the sermon, with the congregation staring at you and nodding with triumphant approval at every scorching sentence.

We had in my time only one widowed mother who had no one that she could call on for help. There were four small children in her family, but her problem was solved easily and naturally without any fuss. Each man in the village put aside at the end of the season a certain small amount from his share of the fishing for her support. The men when the time came for hauling winter firewood, cut hers with their own and hauled it. In time her own children took up her support. The idea that she was in any sense a "social problem" would have filled her with horror.

WE HAD our seasonal unemployment too, and it was the most delightful time of the year. The men pulled their boats up on the beach, staked them down and covered them and then were home for the winter.

This is a picture as near as I can remember, of a typical scene in one of our houses of a winter evening.

The kitchen is large, running the full length of the house. The furniture consists of the range, a table, a number of chairs, usually painted yellow. The children are around the lamplit table studying their lessons. Grandma sits in the corner by the stove, with some of the eternal knitting that went on almost continuously in every Nova Scotia home. Nearly every chair holds a neighbor who has "just dropped in." The conversation is cheerful, and considering the narrowness of their lives, on many varied subjects. Occasionally a gale of laughter sweeps the group as someone quotes something from the "Herald" that attracted his attention. The mother of the family gets a "cup of tea" and passes cookies or toasted pilot biscuits. At this point the young woman of the house appears from the "parlor" with her young man to be greeted with jeers and personal remarks that would cause our young people to leave home. But then it was taken as part of the game.

And that is typical of how we passed our idle season.

As for the women of the family, they surely pulled their "weight in the boat." Everywhere you looked there was evidence of her handy-work. The covering on the kitchen floor is old sails painted a mellow yellow shade. On top of this are many home-made rugs, hooked and braided. There are Sunday mats and every-day mats. The beds are covered with the quilts she had made, and she had many put away for the "girls" when they marry. Every pair of socks, stockings and mitts worn by each member of the family she had made also. Her preserving closet is full of blueberries, bake-apples and barberries that she has picked as well as canned.

Wild West Paris

Continued from page 44

A step from the orchestra, before the painting of the piled-up barrels, Doulcet and Micheline halted. As they did so he whirled the loop above his head and let it go circling up with one final grand gesture.

Hundreds of voices called bravo. A score of the motley Westerners swarmed around him crying their admiration in excited French. One youth gathered up the rope Doulcet had let fall and delivered it into his hand almost reverently.

"I'm so thirsty. Let us get away from these people," Doulcet whispered, grown suddenly shy before so much unfeigned hero-worship.

With difficulty they pushed their way through the circling people. As Doulcet passed, men slapped him on the shoulder, women gazed at him with provocative eyes.

In a far corner he sighted a vacant table. Hot and a little weary, he reached it. Until this moment Micheline's face alone had filled his vision. Now, as he was about to sit down, he saw she was holding in her right hand something familiar—his fire-making apparatus.

"You left it lying on the dance-floor, and, of course, I picked it up."

Her proprietary air filled him with a queer sense of triumph. They sat down on the same side of the little bare wooden table.

"But you are very wonderful!" she said very low, tense with admiration.

"Why did you never tell me of your prowess? You are like the men I have been reading about for years."

"The men you have been reading about for years?" Bewildered questioning was in his words.

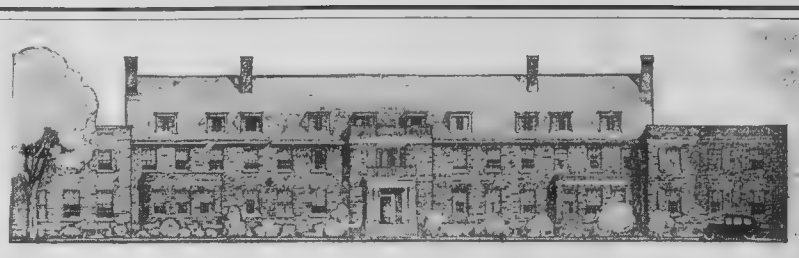
"Of course. Buffalo Bill, the cowboys and the plainsmen. For a long time I have read of Buffalo Bill in the book that comes out every week."

"Thou too my heaven!" he exclaimed, so carried away by this evidence of kinship in tastes that he addressed her for the first time in the second person. "Thou art also a lover of the far West!"

His arms went around her and he drew her very close, held her in his embrace of arms made strong by much rope-wielding.

"Thou also art a lover of the far West!" he repeated dreamily.

"A lover of the far West—yes—and now a lover of thou too—my Far West Paris hero!"



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men disappear in the bush. Another surveyor would come, and another might be willing to listen to reason. But now was not the time. The muzzle of that rifle was too close.

Georges Lamarre turned, with a flip of his snowshoes, and headed for the opposite bank of the river. Reluctantly Barbeau followed him. Before they reached the cover of the timber Jean backed into the young firs. For the present he was safe.

IN THE thick-growing young trees there by the river bank he found a fresh trail, made by a pair of long, light snowshoes such as are used for speed. The trail led down the river, a little back from the shore, and Vandelac followed it. To his surprise and apprehension it led to the door of the cabane Houle; there were the snowshoes, upended just outside. What if this were someone from the chantier Lamarre? With a growl Jean burst into the cabin, his rifle ready for action.

Only Gabrielle Lavergne was there, drying her mittens at the stove. She laughed at him, and Vandelac felt extremely foolish.

"Maybe those are your racers outside?" he said.

"They brought me from that clump of firs behind you," she told him. I had the pleasure of hearing your chat with Georges Lamarre.

"Then there is no need for me to say anything."

"But for me there is," she said. "My aunt and uncle started for St. Urbain as soon as you left the cabane. We knew this trouble with Lamarre would come. The mayor of St. Urbain will send help to reach us tomorrow."

"But," protested Jean, "you should go, also——"

"Neither you nor I can get through now. The cabin will be watched. It is not unlikely that Barbeau doubled back after you to make sure you did not run away. We can't get out of the bush today!"

"Bon Dieu!" groaned Vandelac. "This is not your affair! I have brought misfortune upon your household! I am sorry . . . Gabrielle . . ."

"The misfortune was here before you came, monsieur! Lamarre has annoyed me!" Suddenly she laughed and pirouetted around the cabin. "We are going to have an adventure, monsieur l'arpenteur!"

"Heaven send help quickly!" muttered Vandelac, with no gaiety.

"Is monsieur afraid? Me, I will protect him!"

"I am afraid of nothing except what may happen to you! But I suppose you are too light-headed to realize your danger!"

"Dieu!" she cried. "Is it not lightheaded to risk one's life rather than accept two thousand dollars? A fortune!"

"Perhaps that is something which you do not understand," replied Jean.

"Because I am a peasant I do not understand. He insults me, this seigneur from Quebec! I hate you most thoroughly!"

"Gabrielle!" cried Jean. "But I should have known that there is nothing where your heart ought to be!"

"How dare you call me 'Gabrielle'?" With a swift change of mood she began to laugh. "What do you care about a peasant's heart . . . except to break it?"

"That is like a woman!" growled Vandelac. "Call yourself a peasant and then accuse me of doing it!"

"You——" She became silent, listening, and then moved swiftly to the window, beckoning Vandelac to follow.

Together they looked out. Tacite Barbeau was moving rapidly away from the cabin, and under his arm he carried the two pairs of snowshoes which had been beside the door. Without the snowshoes they were prisoners to the immediate vicinity of the cabin and Jean leaped for his rifle. But the girl clung to his arm.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Think! If you shoot Tacite, Lamarre will have an excuse to bring over his gang and attack

Continued from page 15

us. Wait! Every hour gained is something!"

"You are right," said Vandelac, yielding, "but they will certainly find the trail of the Houles and press the attack before help can come!"

"If Lamarre thinks he has lost the wood he will try to take me," admitted Gabrielle. "He has dogs and sleds and a belt of money around his waist. In the country above the rivers there is not even the shadow of the law. And Barbeau can run the chantier for him until he chooses to come back."

"He won't take you while I live!" said Vandelac, grimly, and his feet took him a little closer to Mlle. Lavergne. But she slipped away, laughing.

"Monsieur! If you are to fight you must have some dinner!"

WINTER darkness comes early in the North. Gray-blue shadows crept along the snow and in the cabane Houle there was dusk. Gabrielle lighted the candles and called Vandelac to a supper as delicious as the one of the night before. Through the afternoon they had watched and waited in vain for some movement from the enemy.

After supper Jean smoked by the fire and watched the girl as she worked. Her deft hands stirred up batter for the morning griddle cakes, and set the big crock back of the stove to keep warm. The candlelight sifted through her cloud of hair; her eyes sparkled when they looked at him. Truly, this daughter of the bush was of a charm greater than the jeune filles of the Grande Allee!

But that the hairy face of Tacite Barbeau might be looking in at them Vandelac would have said some of the things he thought. Instead he contented himself with a more or less impersonal conversation until the clock struck nine, with a clatter of ancient works. Then Gabrielle said good-night, and drew the curtain at her end of the room. Jean was delighted that she could make a pretense of sleeping.

He knocked out his pipe, filled the stove with wood, and looked at his rifle. The magazine was full and he hung it, with his cartridge belt, at the head of the lower bunk. The door had been barred long since. Vandelac loosened his knife in the sheath and pulled it around so that it could be drawn in a fraction of a second. Then, with the candles blown out and his bottes sauvages off for greater comfort, he lay down for the long vigil to daylight.

There was no light in the room except a tiny spot of red from the stove, where coals glowed through a half-open draft. The little shaft of firelight struck across the room and touched the log wall. The windows were dim squares in the darkness; filled by a pale starlight not strong enough to penetrate the interior. The old clock wheezed and ticked. But for that, there was no sound.

Vandelac had intended to keep awake, alert for the first warning from outside, but after a time his tense muscles relaxed and his mind ceased to turn over the possibilities of what might happen. The ticking of the clock became hypnotic. At last he dozed.

Jean first became conscious of an indefinite urge to rouse himself; then of a sound. The sound was intermittent, but as persistent as the gnawing of a mouse. He lay listening to it as he pulled himself awake. He rolled onto his side, better to search the darkness of the room.

The glow of coals still showed from the stove; the dull squares which were the windows still held their starlight. As Vandelac lay he could look directly at the window to the left of the doorway. The sound came from that direction, but at first there was nothing to be seen.

Suddenly there was a faint scraping and a squeak, as of tortured wood. A rush of cold air came into the room and, as Jean realized that the window had been removed from the outside, the opening was blotted out. Somebody was coming in. Then the intruder was inside, for the square of the window was clear again. Jean slid his feet to the floor, and the three layers of woollen stockings that he wore made the movement noiseless. He stood motionless at the head of the bunk with a hand on his rifle.

Sound of heavy breathing and the faint pad of a moccasin came from near the window. A moment of heart-breaking tension followed, while Jean held himself rigid. Then that single shaft of red light from the stove struck upon the hairy face and glistening eyes of Tacite Barbeau. A knife was between his teeth. The light made a crimson spot upon the steel. There was just one glimpse of the face before it vanished into darkness. The light resumed its play upon the wall. But although he could not see, Vandelac knew from the soft sounds that the face was drawing nearer his bunk. He shuddered.

Jean waited, crouching. He heard the pad of feet so near that he could have touched Barbeau by reaching out his hand. Now he calculated that Tacite poised himself, and raised his arm for the blow. It was upon this calculation that Jean was risking everything. There was a thud against the blankets, and a grunt.

An exclamation of surprise rumbled in the throat of Tacite. This was Vandelac's moment. He swung his rifle, and felt the stock strike the body of Barbeau with force enough to cave in the ribs of an ordinary man. The knife dropped to the floor. But before Jean could strike again he was locked in an embrace like the hug of a bear.

The mighty arms of Tacite Barbeau drew in. Jean was bent back, forced downward. He thrust both hands up, with extended fingers, and reached the face above him. The hold of Tacite weakened for an instant. Jean raised a knee and drove it into the giant's stomach. Barbeau grunted with pain and they fell apart.

In the darkness they groped for each other, and the hand of Vandelac sought his knife. From the opposite end of the cabin came a scream; then a short and broken cry that was quenched as a candle is snuffed out. A mad scramble of feet beat the floor and dishes fell with a cataract of sound.

Jean was in a frenzy of fear for Gabrielle. He leaped to cross the room and Barbeau caught him again. One enormous hand closed upon his throat with a twisting motion and the blackness of the room became shot through with points of fire. Barbeau's other hand found the back of his head; in another moment his neck would be broken. The knife of Jean rose and fell, and found a mark. The hands dropped away from his head. He staggered free.

Now the room was quiet again, except for the panting breath that came from the floor nearby. That breathing came no nearer. Certainly [Continued on page 54]

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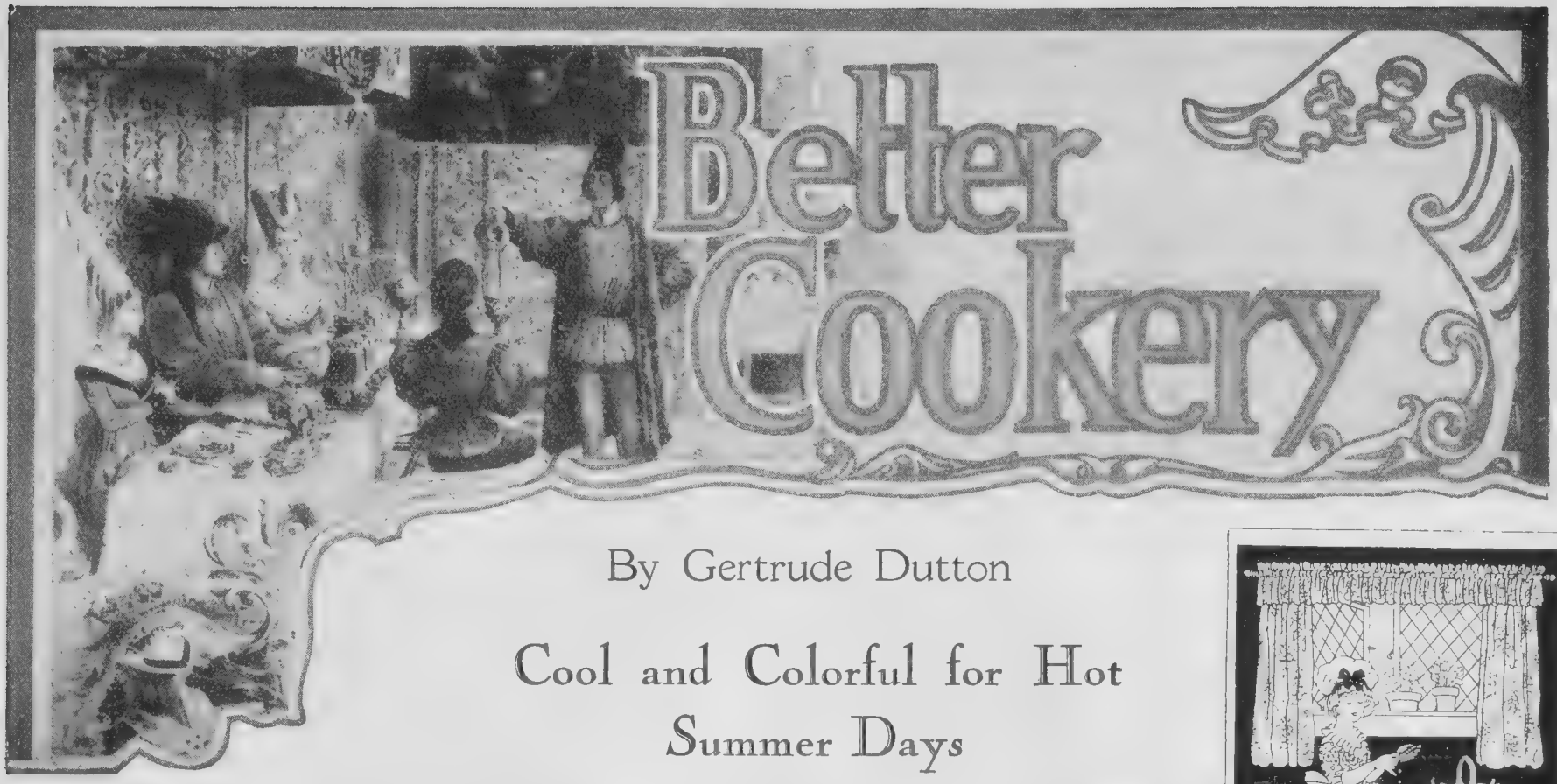

By Gertrude Dutton

Cool and Colorful for Hot Summer Days

THE fad for much gay color has found its way to our tables, as well as to all other phases of present day life, whether it is in the bright linens, the dishes, glassware, flowers, or the food itself, and it certainly adds much brightness to every-day living. Fruits and vegetables, or the colors made from them, give us unlimited opportunity to use it in our foods.

As the hot weather advances, meals should be so planned, that the woman who does the cooking, and dish-washing may spend less time in the hot kitchen, and when possible, as much as may be, of meal preparation be done in the coolest hours of the day. Gelatine is an invaluable aid in this respect, as are also the canned and fresh fruits.

This year, eggs seem to be unusually cheap and plentiful, so let us try to find new and interesting ways of preparing them, especially when "hard times" make us feel the necessity of greater economy. Eggs and cheese may well take the place of the more expensive meat, even for company meals. A dessert, rich in eggs following a light main course of salad or vegetables, will provide a well-balanced meal.

We must not forget the value of having part of the meal warm, but a little planning will do away with long hours spent in a hot kitchen. An oven meal, the use of a steamer, or a fireless cooker, will help greatly. Many interesting dishes can be cooked in an hour, or considerably less. No one knows unless she has tried it, the satisfaction to be derived from the jars of beef and chicken which she canned during the winter or early spring. No longer is a good housekeeper ashamed to admit that she occasionally uses commercially canned meats, some of which are not more expensive than that from the meat market to be cooked at home. Particularly good is the canned sausage recently put on the market, if the family is small. A picnic ham, boiled when a good fire is needed for baking, etc., will provide meat for several meals, and is so good, with its large proportion of tender lean meat. Bacon may be used in many combinations for quickly prepared meals.

Egg and Fish Salad

For this main-dish salad, any fish may be used, either cooked or canned salmon, tuna, crab meat, shrimp, halibut, etc., are all good. Pile the fish in a bed of lettuce, and put a spoonful of boiled salad dressing on top. Around it, arrange sections of hard-cooked egg, radiating like the petals of a flower. Sprinkle with paprika. Garnish with celery curls, or sprigs of parlsey.

Bacon Delights

Cut the required number of slices of stale bread. Cover each with a thin slice of cheese or spread with cream cheese. On this place a large slice of ripe tomato, or if not in season, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce. Across the top lay one or two slices of bacon. Put in a flat pan in a hot oven till the bacon is cooked. The bread will be toasted and the cheese melted. Serve at once.

Smothered Eggs I

Eggs — Toast
Left over gravy 1 c. — Tomatoes 1 can

Add the tomato to left over gravy or stew and when boiling break into it the required number of eggs. When the whites are set, carefully skim out the eggs, place on slices of toast, and pour the tomato mixture over them.

II

Cut a few slices of bacon into half inch cubes and fry till crisp. Add one can of tomato soup, and the canfull of water, and season with a t. of finely minced onion, salt and pepper. Break into it the required number of eggs, and when cooked, serve on hot buttered toast.

Sausages With Yorkshire Pudding

Milk 1 c. — Eggs 2
Flour 1 c. — Salt ¼ t.

Put the milk in a bowl and sift into it the flour and salt, then fold in the very well-beaten eggs, and beat well. In the meantime open a can of sausages, and put in a flat dripping pan to melt the fat. Skim out the sausages, and have the pan and the fat hot, pour in the batter, then arrange the sausages on top of it. Bake for 20 or 25 minutes in a hot oven, cut into servings, and serve at once.

Yorkshire Pudding With Ham

Make the Yorkshire pudding batter as in the above recipe. Arrange pieces of sliced ham, parboiled if necessary, in a dripping pan, and partly cook, either in the oven or on top of the stove. Pour the batter over the ham and ham fat, and bake in a hot oven for 20 or 25 minutes.

Summertime offers us vegetables in abundance, so there is every reason for serving them often and above all, for learning the secret of cooking them to perfection

Russian Egg Salad

On beds of lettuce, arrange sections of hard-cooked eggs which have been cut lengthwise, radiating them from the centre, and serve with

Russian Dressing

Made by adding to 1 cup of boiled dressing, 2 tablespoons each of Worcestershire sauce and tomato catsup, or a little less of the sauce and catsup, and some Chili sauce (about 2 tablespoons).

Deviled Egg Salad

Sprinkle a little boiled dressing over a bed of lettuce. Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves, lengthwise. Remove the yolk, and mash with salt, paprika, a few drops of onion juice, a little softened butter, Worcestershire sauce to taste, and salad dressing to moisten. Heap into the whites, sprinkle with paprika and garnish with sprigs of parsley or cress, or little curls of celery.

Cottage Cheese Salad

On individual plates of lettuce, unmold, in the centre, a mound of cottage cheese which has been mixed with a little cream, salt and pepper, then shaped in a small cup. On one side of the heap of cheese put over-lapping slices of cucumber, and on the other, slices of ripe tomato. Serve with salad dressing.

Jellied Chicken Salad

Gelatin 2 tb. — Boiling water or cold water ½ c.
Chicken stock 3 c. — Grated onion 1 t.
Lemon juice 1 tb. — Chopped celery 1 c.
Thick Salad dressing ¾ c. — Chopped green pepper
Diced cooked chicken 1 c. to 2 c. — Chopped pimento
Salt and pepper

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and add to the hot chicken stock, or stock and water combined, season with the lemon juice, salt, pepper and grated onion. Chill, and when thickened, beat in the salad dressing, and fold in the diced chicken, celery and chopped pimento and green pepper, and mold in a loaf pan. To serve, cut in slices, lay on lettuce leaves, and if wished, add sections of ripe tomato. Cooked veal, or a can of tuna may be used in place of the chicken.

Eggs a la King

Diced hard-cooked eggs 6 — Pimento 1
Small can mushrooms — Green pepper 1
Thin cream or rich milk 2½ c. — Flour 3 tb.
Butter 4 tb.
Mushroom liquor ½ c. — Salt
Paprika — Roast

Drain the mushrooms and saute for a few minutes in the butter. Skim out of the butter and add to the hard-cooked diced eggs, chopped pepper and pimento. Make a sauce of the butter remaining in the pan, flour, and cream or milk and mushroom liquor. Add the egg mixture, heat, and serve on triangles of buttered toast.

Asparagus de Luxe

Cook asparagus tips and put on oblongs of toast on a platter. Around the edge, put halves of eggs, stuffed, alternating with triangles of toast on each of which is a little curl of bacon. Over the asparagus, spread melted butter, or pour a little cheese sauce, made by adding grated or chopped cheese to a white sauce.

AMY GOT HER NEW DRESSES - -

"I must get around Jack to buy me those two lovely dresses I saw today," thought Amy, "and I know the way to get them." Let's see what she did.

That evening she put some bacon on to fry. Then she put some Clark's Pork and Beans into a dish and after pouring some bacon fat over them, popped the dish into the oven.

In about ten minutes she took out the dish of beans, which by now were a tempting, rich, nut-brown color . . . then she spread the bacon in fancy array over the beans.

"Mmmm!" chuckled Amy, as she looked at the appetizing dish of beans, neither mushy nor broken, "When Jack sees this for supper . . . well! he never could resist Clark's Pork and Beans."
(P.S.—She got the dresses.)

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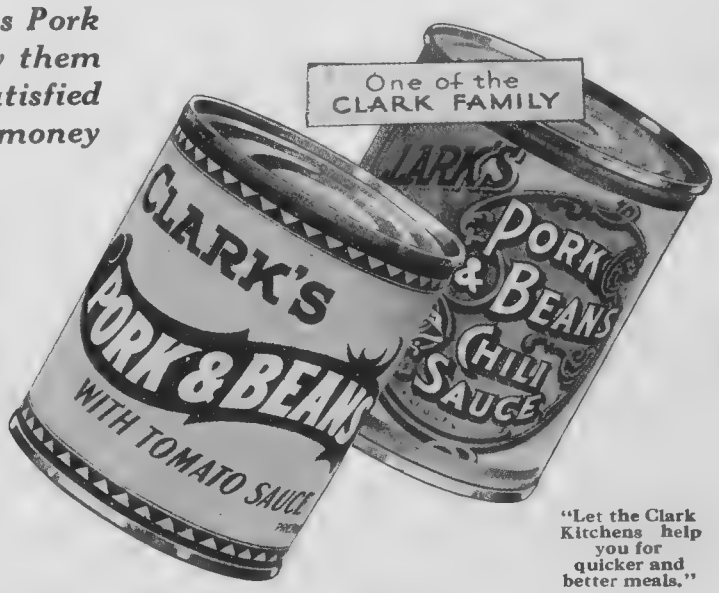

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JAVA CREAM

1 can Baker's Southern Style Coconut (or ¼ lb. pkg. Baker's Shred Coconut). 1 quart milk. 2 heaping tablespoons minute tapioca. 2 eggs. ½ cup sugar. ⅛ teaspoon salt. 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Warm the milk. Stir in the tapioca and salt and cook together in a double boiler for 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the sugar and beat until light. At the end of 15 minutes stir into milk and tapioca and cook all together until it begins to thicken like custard. Remove from fire and whip in the well-beaten egg whites, coconut, and flavouring. Pour into sherbet glasses. Serve very cold.

BAKER'S COCONUT

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A5-30M

Ham Molds With Potato Salad

Dissolve 1 tb. gelatin in ¼ c. cold water, then add 1 c. hot soup stock, which may be made of water and beef extract or a beef cube if none other is available; season; add 1 c. minced cooked ham, and ¼ c. or less of chopped pickle, or of pickle and chopped olives mixed, and 3 tb. salad dressing, when the gelatin begins to thicken. Chill in individual molds, and serve on a bed of lettuce with potato salad. Garnish with radishes or cucumbers or tomatoes.

Creole Eggs

Chopped onion 1 t. Tomato soup 1 can
Salt and pepper Eggs

Butter the required number of custard cups or ramekins, and divide the tomato mixture among them, after simmering the onion in it a few minutes. Break 2 eggs into each cup, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and put a little dot of butter on each. Set in the steamer over hot water, or in a pan of boiling water in the oven. To serve, which should be immediately, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Eggs With Greens

Line buttered ramekins with cooked chopped spinach, chard or beet-tops. On each one break one or two eggs, set in a pan of boiling water in the oven till the eggs are set. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, a little butter, and if wished, grated cheese, either before it is put in the oven, or after it is cooked. Serve at once.

Asparagus Shortcake

Cut the asparagus in inch pieces and cook till tender. Add to cheese or rich white sauce, and serve between halves of hot biscuits, and on top of them.

Scallop of Eggs and Vegetables

Hard cooked eggs 6 or 8 — Grated cheese ½ c.
Cooked vegetables 1 c. — Diced cooked potato 2 c.
Chopped onion 1 tb. — White sauce 2 c.
Salt and pepper
Buttered crumbs

In a buttered bake dish, put alternate layers of potato, sliced egg, other vegetable, peas are excellent, onion and well seasoned white sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs, and brown in the oven.

Sausage Savory

Cook a few sausages in the frying pan. When done, cut in small pieces. Cook in the fat, an onion and a green pepper, chopped. Add 2 c. cooked macaroni or spaghetti, the sausage, and a can of tomato soup, or two c. of tomato sauce. Stir till well heated. One cup of cooked kidney beans or baked beans may also be added.

Jellied Eggs

Gelatine 2 tb. — Soup stock or
Cold water ½ c. — strained tomato 3 c
Hard cooked eggs — Salt and pepper

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, then dissolve in the well seasoned hot soup stock or tomato juice. Let a little of it harden in a ring mold, then arrange shelled hard-cooked eggs at regular intervals on the stiffened jelly. Add a little more jelly, and continue as it stiffens, till the eggs are completely covered. Rings of olives or of sliced cucumber pickle may also be put in for garnish. If one has not a ring mold, one may be easily improvised by setting a tumbler or small bowl carefully in the centre of a large one, and anchoring it in place by filling the small one with cold water, which will have the added advantage of hastening the stiffening of the jelly.

Or each egg may be molded in the centre of individual molds of the jelly.

Platter Savory

Cover a platter with squares of hot toast. Over it pour a rich hot white sauce. Around the edge arrange a border of crisp little sausages. On top of the toast put bacon curls alternated with over-lapping slices of hot hard-cooked eggs.

Scalloped Ham and Potatoes

A-one-pound slice of ham — Salt if needed
Onions, small 2 — Potatoes 1 qt.
Pepper — Butter 2 tb.
Flour 2 tb.
Milk 2 c.

Cut the ham into servings. Peel and slice the potatoes, and let stand in cold water for an hour or so. Drain and dry on a towel. Make a white sauce of the milk, flour, and butter. Put in a greased bake dish, 1/3 of the potatoes, sprinkle with pepper and half of the minced onion, then half of the ham, then another third of the potatoes, the rest of the onion and ham. Cover with the remaining potato, pour over it the white sauce and bake for an hour, covering for the first three-fourths of an hour, removing the cover to brown the potato.

Red and Green Salad

Crisp and shred, lettuce, or use tender little leaves. Pile in a clear glass bowl. On it lay slices of ripe tomato, sprinkle with dressing, then another layer of lettuce. On the top, arrange five sections of ripe tomato, cut through vertically, to form a star. Between the sections, put sprigs of water cress.

Eggs With Rice

Cook 1 c. of rice, and mold in a dish with a flat bottom, and keep warm. Turn on a hot platter, make small indentions in the top, in which to put halves of warm hard cooked eggs. Pour a well-seasoned tomato sauce over them and serve hot.

Baked Bean Bacon Salad

3 c. baked beans, well drained. 4 slices of bacon, diced and cooked, chopped pickle, and salad dressing to moisten Pile on lettuce.

Luncheon Eggs With Potato

In a buttered bake dish, put alternate layers of sliced cooked potato and sliced hard-cooked egg, with a little minced onion. Over it pour cheese sauce and cover with buttered crumbs. Brown in the oven.

Cooking the Early Vegetables

So much depends upon the proper cooking of the tender new vegetables. It is so easy to lose a large portion of their valuable food qualities, and to spoil the appearance, by destroying the color and texture.

1. Usually, it is well to use as little water as possible.

2. Cook vegetables quickly, and only as long as needful to soften the tough fiber.

3. Avoid the use of soda.

Over cooking, or the use of soda tends to turn white or green vegetables yellow or brownish. Potatoes cooked too long, become yellow or a dirty gray color. New cabbage is delicious if sent to the table real hot and crisp and white or a delicate green, but if yellow or brown, is not fit for human consumption. The greens, such as chard, spinach, young dandelion leaves, etc., require so much washing, that considerable moisture adheres to the leaves. If cooked in a tightly covered vessel, there is usually enough moisture to steam them, without adding more water. As so much of the mineral matter goes from the vegetable into the water, none of the water should be wasted, but is used in soups, sauces gravies, etc.

Unfortunately we lose considerable vitamines in the cooking, unless an acid is present, so it is wise to use raw vegetables when we can, and to cook those which must be cooked, as short a time as possible.

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Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Continued from page 28

paintings on canvas of the movement, light, color, and general pictorial quality of the prize ring. But "Hold Everything" is just another noisy, boisterous musical comedy. Georges Carpentier sings that touching love-moan, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and for a minute or so there is a glimpse of him boxing. That was really a bright moment, and should have been stretched, for the handsome and likable Georges is still a better boxer than crooner.

The Man From Blankley's

WHEN this picture came along I very nearly forgot my dignity and clapped my hands with joy. John Barrymore is back at comedy again. You remember, of course, that he first came into prominence on the legitimate stage as a delightful light comedian. From light comedy he stepped suddenly into tragic drama as the convict in Galsworthy's "Justice." He played the part magnificently, much to the surprise of the critics who had already pigeon-holed him as a comedian. Again he surprised critics and public with his interesting performance in "Hamlet," and for a long while he thrilled New York with his portrayal of the subtle and handsome poet in Sem Benelli's colorful melodrama, "The Jest."

On the screen he did some memorable acting in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Beau Brummel." But later, directors seemed to consider his profile more than his acting ability, and he was given many inadequate vehicles upon which to waste his talents. The talking pictures have now pulled him out of the "profile pigeon-hole." In "General Crack," his acting was suave and extremely clever—really beautiful acting. And the profile is still there, for good measure!

Now, in "The Man from Blankley's" he shows us how deliciously he can play comedy. All the Barrymores are endowed with a keen and radiant wit, but John is the wittiest of the three. 'The Man From Blankley's" is slight, but very amusing, and you will want to give three cheers for John Barrymore's return to light comedy.

Redemption

THIS adaptation of Tolstoy's famous work was one of John Barrymore's great vehicles. A year ago, under the title of "The Living Corpse," it was played in New York in German by the celebrated Moissi and his company. Now John Gilbert plays in it, but with not quite the success of Moissi or Barrymore. A quiet evening at home with the book is what I should advise, for the picture is not at all distinguished.

Young Eagles

WILLIAM A. WELLMAN, who directed "Wings," is responsible for this picture, which is just a little disappointing. The airplane scenes are very well handled and are undeniably stirring, but the plot, which I seem vaguely to remember having read in a magazine story, is pretty thin stuff. This story tells of how a German prisoner of war was taken to Paris by two American pilots and there introduced seriously to a number of young women as "Mr. Good Guy." Apparently the name creates little or no suspicion among amiable ladies. Good Guy's name is really Von Baden, and a "bad 'un" he is, and no mistake, for he tries to escape with a young lady whom he thinks is a German spy. This leads to various complications, farcical and dramatic. Charles Rogers, who is a favorite with most film audiences, is not particularly bright in this picture; and Jean Arthur, who is attractive, has not much opportunity in her role to act. Paul Lukas is quite good as Von Baden.

Under a Texas Moon

THERE is nothing highly exciting about this film. It will not send your blood pressure up many points, but it is a gentle and pleasant enough diversion. Frank Fay gives a nice performance in a Holbrook Blinn sort of a role—an attractive Mexican villain. The play has its full share of Spanish "atmosphere," and some pleasing music.

Films reviewed recently in previous issues:

"Song O' My Heart"— A delightful picture starring John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor.

"Such Men Are Dangerous" — Elinor Glyn concocts a story about a man who had his face lifted. Fairly entertaining, but not distinguished.

"The Rogue Song"—Lawrence Tibbett, baritone star of the Metropolitan sings rousingly.

"The Taming of the Shrew"—A charming version by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford of Shakespeare's merry old farce.

"Anna Christie"—Greta Garbo's first talkie and an adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's famous stage play. Greta is excellent, and the picture will be interesting to adults.

"Mammy"—Al Jolson, of course. Not very good cinema but good Jolson.

"Captain of the Guard"—All about the French Revolution and it should be more stirring than it is. John Boles is the singing hero.

"Sarah and Son"—Ruth Chatterton's acting is excellent.

"The Green Goddess"—George Arliss brings his famous stage melodrama to the talkies and, as usual, his acting is perfect. A very entertaining picture.

Jerome Carver

Penitence

By Bertha Alexander

Sometimes the way seems long,
And everything goes wrong;
The looks of people on the street,
The words of people that I meet,
Cut through my heart, tear it apart,
As stones would tear my feet;
Then I rebel for hours
Against the Higher Powers;
So many things I want to know—
Why do we have to suffer so?
Why were we given strong desires,
Which eat into our hearts, like fires,
And leave our lives unsatisfied
By never being gratified?
Why can we not have joys that last,
Thoughts such as these come thick and fast?

But as the surf upon the shore
Breaks loud, and then is heard no more,
These thoughts, like angry waves, subside,
And o'er me flows a gentle tide
Of penitence, the Lord seems near,
But punishment I do not fear;
I do not pray, as I was taught,
"Oh Lord, forgive each bitter thought;"
I ask Him not, to prove His love,
Nor count me 'mongst His favored few,
I lift my eyes to heaven above
And say, "I'm sorry God for you."

For now that I can see
More clear, I know that He
Might well rebel, 'gainst me;
He gave me life and thought and mind,
To work for Him, and be
A shining light, in the dark night
For other souls to see;
If He wants me to do His work,
His heart must ache to see me shirk;
Because I've failed to understand
He may have changed what He had planned;
Perhaps He's disappointed, sad,
While I could help to make him glad;
So while I tread this lowly sod
I shall feel sorry for my God.

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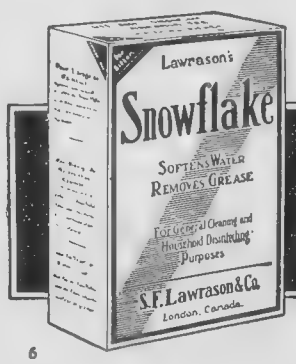

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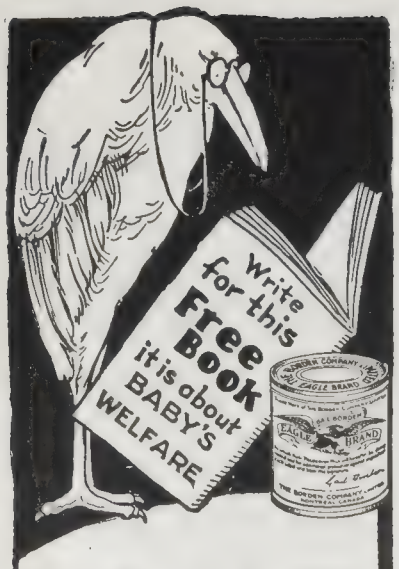

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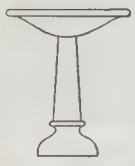

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Air Castles

Continued from page 17

the Squibbs house was "smelly," the proprietress a "valentine"——soon followed by a yawn and the remark that "Lil's folks were expecting him for some occasion or another" and was off. Cora called up now and then, generally to arrange about leaving the children there while she fulfilled a social engagement. Sara seldom left her quarters. What if some of them came? Why, she would miss them!

The rheumatism now much better, visits at their homes would have delighted her, but all invitations were so vague. To get to Herb's or Cora's she had to transfer twice on the trolley. They could reach her by auto in no time but their trips and picnics invariably led them through other parts of the city. She completed stitching the childrens' new wardrobes about the time Cora's club season ended and from then on saw little of them. So she idly thummed Miss Angie's confession magazines, played with a dab of crocheting and gazed at passersby—enlivened by Miss Squibbs' recital of the agony following the removal of her adenoids or a diatribe on the world's wickedness. In the evenings, thank goodness, there was the newspaper.

EARLY in the summer the Stackhouses took a cottage at the sea shore. "The children simply must get away from the dust of the city and Fred needs the surf week ends. He's getting so stout!" Cora offered in defense of the extravagance and Fred's inclination to play when the profits from the garage were not materializing as expected. Late in July Herb sent a postcard showing Lil holding a mammoth fish she had caught while camping up state.

The city seemed blanketed with molten steel. Exposed to the sun's sharp rays all afternoon, Sara's room at night was like an assay furnace. After Miss Squibbs had deposited her 230 pound bulk, a pitcher of ice water and a palm leaf fan on the four foot porch, Sara preferred to remain indoors. Sweltering on the old green plush settee she thought of her row of kettles down on G Street. Pined for the griddles and huge stacks of dishes. The patter of the boarders. There had been a gnarled old elm tree where the cigar stand now stood. Oh, if she could bury her face in its branches for just one minute!

Early in October Cora sent a postal saying that the weather now being cooler she felt equal to giving a family dinner. But Sara failed to put in an appearance. A few evenings later the young folks gathered again, began to wonder a little at Ma's absence. "Probably sulking about nothing at all," flippantly suggested Lil.

"We'll all pack in my car and go over there" murmured Herb worriedly, "She may be down with rheumatism again. And besides you know we have that note at the bank Monday and are depending on meeting it with Ma's two thousand."

"Ma certainly is the only person who'll even listen to our asking help when business has been so poor,'" added Fred, who always hunted pleasure harder than business anyway. So to the Squibbs domicile they proceeded.

CORA turned from the closet she had been exploring much as if she expected her mother to be hiding under one of the shelves or inside a pair of run over mouse colored Juliets beneath —her own discards.

"Oh, Miss Squibbs," she exclaimed to that lady who, having heard a commotion above clambered up the stairs, "Where is Ma?"

"Yes, where is she?" demanded Herb, thrusting his hands in his pockets and jutting forward what Lil called his "bull frog vest."

The children, with deft fingers were foraging in the drawers—any discovered treasure could probably be theirs if they howled for it long enough.

"I'd like to know where she is," repeated Cora sharply, a virtuous shoulder indicating the crumpled comic section of the Sunday paper, a sack of potatoes, a slab of bacon. The jagged half of a lemon pie, all of which she had deposited on the table.

"Yeh," drawled Lil, "Funny where—"

"I found it first!" shrieked one of the youngsters.

"Give it to me," demanded the other.

"Finders keepers!"

"Where is Ma?" the parents gasped. A package labeled "ARSENIC" could not have put more horror into their tones. The unlovely Angie Squibbs flicked absently at a grease spot below her fathermost chin.

One child scurried from behind the screen, clutching an opalescent glass jar which exuded a most pleasing odor. Meantime little brother inserted his arm into the same aperture. The prize prov- to be a bottle of "Mrs. Goldy's Henna Rinse," his mother screamed, "Merciful heavens! Usin' the best brand of cold cream ain't enough, Ma's doin' things to her hair too!" She shook the evidence at Miss Squibbs belligerantly. Sara's corpulent landlady grinned. "She had it tinted and bobbed before buyin' three trunksful of Paris clothes!"

"Paris clothes!" gasped Lil, dropping into a chair, "What on earth will she do, rigged out in them?"

"Decorate the landscape for Mat Ryan!" was Angie's cool retort. "She was so lonesome this summer that she wrote him a letter. He sent one right back sayin' he was comin' to take her on the long trip they'd talked of when you was kids and enclosed his picture. "He ain't aged like you," I says when she showed it to me. You orter doll up for him before you go honeymoonin' in them swell foreign places." I didn't have to argue with her at all. She went right down to Cogswell's that very mornin' and ast the woman they call "Cousin Nell" to take her in hand. She was just a young thing but awful understandin', so suggested first that your Ma get about 15 years took offen her in the beauty parlor." Clasping her sausage-like fingers and half closing her eyes, she added, "The rest of the two thousand then went—just like it was water!"

Herb's bull frog vest sagged and his voice was chalky. "With no one to help us meet our note Monday the sheriff will close the garage. That means Fred and I being broke, we'll have to start all over again—at anything we can get to do!"

He addressed Lil sharply. "You'll have to quit chasin' to matinees with that Gussie Quail and go to work too."

"I wish I could help Fred someway," whimpered Cora, "but how can I—with the children?"

A great light overspread Fred's plump face. "Keep boarders—like your mother did!"

The Restless Bird

By Ellen Rose Bunse

I am like a windblown bird
That never knew a rest;
That sings of music it has heard
Upon some mountain crest;
I envy so the simple folk
Who have no dreams to sing—
Who are not like a restless bird
That cannot still it's wing.

I know the pain and loneliness
Of being over-wise;
Of seeing things that are not seen
By other people's eyes;
Of knowing things I would not know
If I could have my way—
But as a wind-blown bird I go
When I would rather stay.

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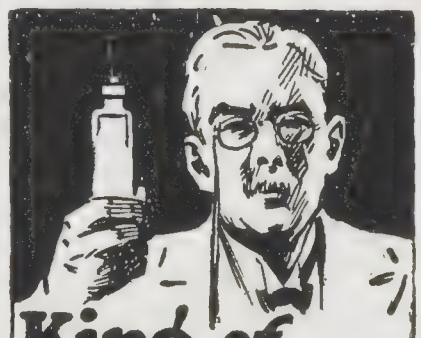

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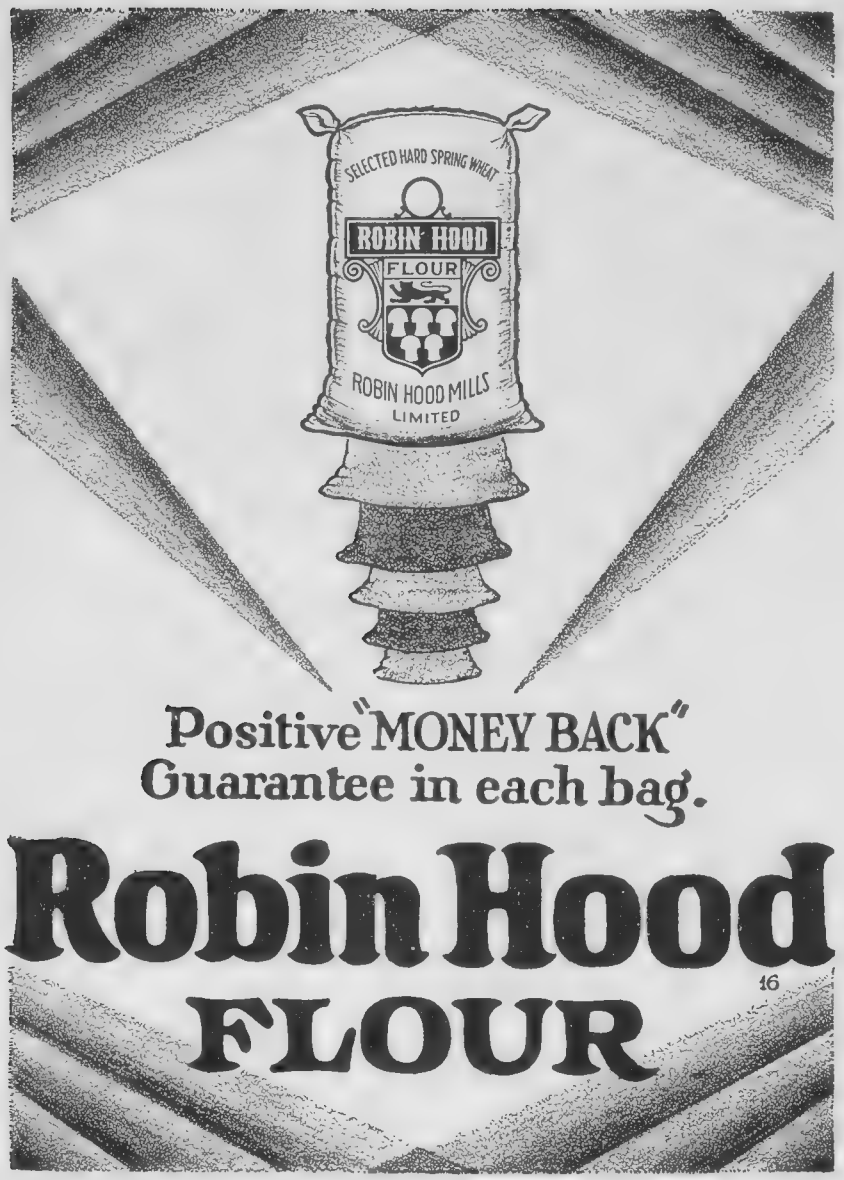

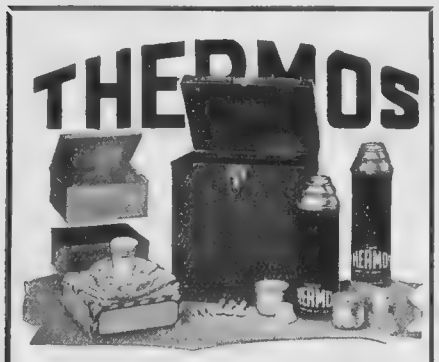

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Bright Steel

Continued from page 46

Barbeaut was dealt with this time. Vandelac's brain cleared and he put out a hand to locate himself by the wall.

"Jean!" Out of the darkness the voice of Gabrielle whispered his name. "Speak to me! Are you hurt?"

"Dieu merci!" he cried. "You are still here!"

"Light a candle!" She laughed unsteadily. "Hurry!!"

A match spluttered in his hand; he found the shelf with the candlesticks and light spread over the room.

Barbeau was a huge mound upon the floor, with the haft of Vandelac's knife sticking up from one shoulder. Gabrielle stood backed against her bunk, with hands gripping its edge.

At her feet lay a strange bundle that stirred and thumped spasmodically. It was wrapped in the curtain from the bunk, and bound with a rope. At one end of this bundle protruded the big crock in which Gabrielle had stirred the batter for her griddle cakes. The crock wagged. A thin stream of batter ran along the floor. Then a pair of legs kicked themselves out of the bundle.

"It would be well to sit on him," said Gabrielle, "and take that crock off his head. Or Georges Lamarre will be choked to death by my griddle cakes."

"It is impossible that there is such a woman!" said Jean, in the most profound admiration. "You are too good to be true!"

"I was ashamed to tell you that I was afraid," she laughed, "so I got the crock of batter after you'd blown out the candles. The curtain he tore down himself, and the rope was pure inspiration. I remembered where it hung and found it in the dark!"

"Gabrielle," said Jean, after he had dragged Lamarre into a corner and made a good job of tying him, "Gabrielle . . . I . . ."

"What?" she asked, and took a step to meet him.

"I . . . I love you!" cried Jean

"That, my Jean, is what I wanted to hear you say," she whispered.

THE cabin filled with the sunlight of a bright winter day, but it was not a place where Gabrielle and Jean cared to stay after they had eaten breakfast. The night had been long, but it was over. Tacite Barbeau was as comfortable as he could be made, and too weak from loss of blood to be dangerous. For lack of breath Georges Lemarre had ceased to curse them, but they preferred to be outside between the white earth and the blue sky.

The sound of voices came up the trail. Then from the bush appeared Napoleon Houle and his indomitable wife, Henriette, at the head of a little knot of armed men. After the rattle of questions and explanations had ceased, and the men from St. Urbain had set about making a litter for Barbeau, the family Houle and Jean Vandelac gathered in the cabin. The prisoners were taken out and they were left alone.

"Monsieur," said Jean, "your niece has done me the honor of promising to be come my wife."

"It was inevitable," replied Napoleon Houle, calmly. "I saw it in her eye yesterday."

"You have our blessing, young man," said Henriette, "and my sympathy. Bon Dieu! She took us from our home in St. Urbain, just because we happened to be relatives, and made us play we were wood choppers! To chaperon her while she saved her father's wood! What do you think of that? Ciel! She should have been a boy! Eudore Lapointe could have sent someone else! Or he could afford to lose ten thousand dollars, for that matter. But he, also, is mad! He does whatever she tells him to do!"

"Her father's wood?" echoed Jean. "Lavergne?"

"Eudore Lapointe is my adopted father," Gabrielle told him, with tender eyes. "I am his niece. My mother was the sister of Uncle Eudore and of Aunt Henriette."

"It is misfortune," said Jean dully, "that you are the daughter of M. Lapointe."

"But why?" cried Gabrielle, and at sight of his face she seized an arm and shook him. "Speak to me!"

"Because," he said, "I want you to be the wife of a surveyor, and I do not want to be the husband of an heiress!"

"Is that all?" Gabrielle clasped her hands and laughed; and the roses that had been stricken from her cheeks came back; "If you want to be a wood chopper, then I'll be the wife of a wood chopper, and live in the bush! Is that enough, monsieur?"

"You," said Jean with conviction, "are an angel! Without doubt you are much too good for me!"

"Since this morning," she said quietly, "I have thought I was not good enough! I saw you stand alone against two, my Jean, and keep faith with a stranger! It was then that you surely won Gabrielle Lavergne! You were like a bright steel blade, shining in the sun!"

Florence Nightingale's Romance

Continued from page 31

the same element in the Canadian wilderness as a pioneer missionary. Only once, after spending twelve lonely years in Canada, Smithurst returned to England to see Florence, in the fond hope that a change had occurred in the proud Nightingale mind. That this hope was not realized is evidenced by the briefness of his visit. Returning to Canada, Smithurst continued as a missionary in several parts of the country. His last post, which he served both as a missionary and circuit-riding chaplain, was near Elora, Ontario, when that territory was first thrown open to settlers.

Florence Nightingale died in England in 1910 at the age of 81. John Smithurst died in 1867 in Elora at the age of 60. He was buried in the Elora cemetery. A suitable monument marks his last resting-place. Though Smithurst achieved renown as a pioneer missionary, it is not so much this that will give him a place in the hall of immortality as the fact that he once loved his cousin—Florence Nightingale.

When I Am Old

By Marie Zibeth Colman

When I am very old and wise,
By the chimney-place I'll sit,
Remote from worldly cares and ties—
And knit—
When I am very old, and very wise.

I'll be content to sit and wait
Serene, detached and still,
Leaving of love and life to prate
Who will—
I'll be content to sit and wait.

But now I would a-roving go
Great battles for to fight
Against some wicked princely foe
Of might—
Ah me, I would a-roving go.

I would some wondrous treasure find,
A magic cloak or shoon,
Or mystic gems by witches mined
I' the moon—
Some strange rich treasure would I find.

And then I'll be content to rest,
Sheltered and snug within,
Watching young souls the eternal quest
Begin—
And then, I'll be content to rest.

Canada in Nineteen-Thirty

Continued from page 4

What interrogations would come from these same returned visitors over the modern wonders of radio, telephoning, television and all the other marvels, wired and wireless and ether, that mark these wonder days. Even the dweller of the present may well ask what the coming days have in store as new inventions are announced and new experiments made. The developments of these very midsummer months of 1930 make a graphic story of themselves, far removed from even the dreams of former years. When R-100 ties up to the St. Hubert mast at Montreal, as it is due to do in the beginning of August, a new miracle will have been performed; a new page opened in aviation. There is a danger that we of this fast-moving period may become so blasé as to be dead to thrills over what is happening in the conquest of the air alone, when the successors of Darius Green's flying-machine pick up mail sacks at Rimouski, speed them to Quebec, to Ottawa, to Toronto, to Winnipeg, almost before the steamer docks at Montreal, when other machines pick up the mail matter for the by-night flight to the Rockies, and when other fleets continue the service over the roof of the Western World to Vancouver—this is something to stir the blood, even in these take-it-for-granted times. Or when other ships of the sky fly northward to the very rim of the Arctic, there is little left to the imagination. And yet, one repeats, these accomplishments belong to Today, and who shall say that the end of this type of progress has come?

What transformations in transportation of all kinds since the delegates journeyed to the Charlottetown and Quebec conferences in pre-Confederation days! Travel by land and sea and air include the modern methods. The strands of steel unite East and West, with radiating antennae in every direction, even penetrating farther afield. What is this talk in the House of Commons about a new rail outlet from the Peace River Country to the Pacific; or projected lines stretching northward to prospective mining, oil and tar sand fields? And again, in this very year under review, which some regard as an off-year in production and prosperity, a railway to Churchill has been completed, a third Welland ship canal opened and mighty bridges span mighty rivers. In this same year, governments and railways are going ahead with huge expenditures; many industries are building new factories, pulp and paper plants continue to come into being, like the Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec ones. New storage dams and reservoirs are under construction. New development plants like the Seven Sisters one, new Hydro undertakings in every province—these are merely samples of construction in this year of a temporary wheat slump. It looks as if Wheat were not the only factor in our national life.

A Balance on the Right Side

IT WOULD appear, therefore, that, in this annual trial balance, the balance is on the right side, with a trifle of two billions as a nest-egg in the savings banks. We have a fairly good annual income, with 250 millions paid to Canadian investors in 1929 on 500 securities. 1930 also promises to be a record building year. More Canadians are travelling than ever before, and more travellers are coming to us. With four million motor cars entering Canada in 1929, a revenue therefrom exceeding 200 millions is estimated, and there are no signs of a slump this year. Note the increasing number who visit our great national parks — the largest and finest in the world. Note the annual additions to the passenger fleets of all the companies, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Recall the new railway stations that are planned or under construction. Mark the ever-rising figures in the banking world, with assets of three and a half billion for our eleven chartered banks, besides all the other financial institutions. Then add, one may repeat, the annual increment from investments, natural resources and all our varied enterprises here and elsewhere, and there is surely a tidy balance on the credit side—enough to warrant a quiet optimism. 1929-30 has not been such a bad year after all, having regard to all the setbacks and slow-ups. Prosperity is a relative term.

It is fitting to conclude this Dominion Day review with the stirring lines of Frederick George Scott:

O Canada, my country and my love!
O Canada, with cloudless skies above!
Where'er I roam, where'er my home,
My heart goes back to thee—
Thy lakes and streams, thy boundless dreams,
Thy rivers running free.
O Canada, O Canada!
God pour His blessings on thee from above,
O Canada my country and my love!

Family Bathing for the Holiday

Continued from page 18

has to be made. The spectacle presented to each member of the circle will be so ludicrous that laughter is more likely to predominate than fear.

After this an elementary dog-paddle style of swimming may be tried. Many bathers are successful with this at their first attempt, and swim five yards after just a few minutes.

One must lie forward on the water, the chin resting on the surface, and the legs trailing along behind, in line with the body. The arms work alternately, each one pushing forward until it is at full stretch, just beneath the surface, then scooping the water downward and backward under the body. Of course the hands must be slightly cupped so that they drive firmly against the water, supporting the head and pulling it forward. Meanwhile the legs simply move up and down, gently, one after another, in order to maintain their horizontal position.

Children usually get into this elementary stroke pretty quickly; adults do not find it always so easy—which will possibly add to the amusement of the family bathe.

Following this dog paddle the first attempt at more developed arm movement can be made—the hands simply whirling over and over in windmill fashion. And last of all the full crawl stroke action will come—with fast leg flutter; aquatic breathing, and bent, limp arm recovery actions.

Even if the whole family starts the season's bathes on a level, as a group of non-swimmers, it is probable that within a very few days all will be straggled out in various stages of proficiency. As soon as one or two get just slight swimming ability they should learn back-swimming so as to be able to practice the towing methods necessary for life saving.

But the simplest life saving can be understood by even young non-swimmers — how to take part in a human rescue-chain; how to float oneself by leaning backward with chest expanded and ears submerged; how to overcome cramp by rubbing and stretching the affected part—and so on.

From all this it will be seen that if father is to make the family bathes as interesting and as beneficial as they can be he will have need of considerable knowledge. Well, there is no need to be fearful of that. Knowledge will come as practical experience gives understanding of the special difficulties of swimming.

One last hint—don't let anyone stay too long in the water. You have already been too long if you feel chilly. Remember that not everyone can stay in for the same time—much depends on build. Slim folk must go out sooner than those with more flesh. So see that the family returns to the dressing-cubicles for prompt, vigorous towelling as each may require.

Plan the bathe well and it will be the most delightful feature of the holiday.

Shut in for Months but full of Pep!

IF you think you are cooped up by home and business, how would you like to be shut in for weeks in a snow hut?

This is the thing that works havoc with the health of Arctic trappers, according to W. S. MacPhee of Winnipeg, Canada. "Especially in the spring," he writes, "before the ice breaks and open water comes, all us trappers are apt to be in pretty bad shape. In the summer of 1924 I first discovered Nujol. The idea of internal lubrication appealed to me. Soon I found that the irritable nervous no-pep feeling was gone. Nujol has certainly given me a different outlook on life."

Even in this part of the world we have the same kind of trouble. We do not get enough exercise, and often we are not able to have proper diet. How simple a thing it is then to keep ourselves buoyantly happy, full of energy seeing the bright ide of life, by taking advantage of the discovery that Nujol gently, naturally, and surely clears away the poisons out of our bodies—we all have them—regularly as clock work.

Mr. MacPhee's letter is only one of several thousands which have come to us recently from people who have learned that Nujol is the normal way to health.

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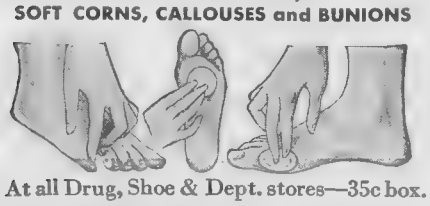

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The Last Days of McGee

these appeals, and the proceeds forwarded to the unfortunates; but the problems of Nova Scotia still weighed heavily on the mind of McGee.

"We will compel the people of Nova Scotia by our fairness and our kindness," he was to exclaim in Parliament only a couple of hours before his death. Meanwhile he wrote as follows to Sir John A. Macdonald:

Montreal,
Feb. 15, 1868.

My dear Macdonald:

"As to the Repealers, I suppose you have taken all due means to have them properly understood in England. But if anything could be done, by commercial legislation or otherwise, to bisect the mass of downright disaffection down there, it should be done . . . ."

His hope of a speedy release from invalidism shines out in this letter to the prime minister, as it had in the message to Brantford. "If possible when I do go west, where I hope to be the last few days of this month," he had written on February 1st. (Poor McGee! He was to "go west" in truth, very shortly, according to the slang of today.) "I am to be out in a week," he repeats joyously to Macdonald, "and to give on the 28th, an address to the English working man on 'The New Nation and the Old Empire.' It will contain a strong and pointed appeal against 'personal politics'."

D'Arcy McGee's prime endowment was his gift of oratory, and in these two letters we have instances of the generosity with which he offered his fine services "for any good cause at all." "An enthusiast, with the temperament of a poet, and the burning words of an orator of cultivated skill," is how Charles Clarke describes McGee in "Sixty Years in Upper Canada." We are told that a voice of peculiar carrying power gave utterance to the Irishman's wit, to his sympathies, and to the vehemence of his convictions. A wide vocabulary, and depth of classical lore enriched his eloquence. Isabel Skelton, in "The Life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee" records: "In all the principal towns of Canada, and in many of the smaller ones, he had lectured repeatedly in behalf of various benevolent and literary societies, and he never did so without imparting both instruction and delight."

WE of today, to whom McGee is but a figure in our history, wonder if it were his wide sympathies or his hot enthusiasms that cast a sort of magic over the personality he has bequeathed to our country. His sympathies appear in the readiness with which he identified himself—first, with the suffering poor in Ireland; later, with the suffering Irish poor in the New York slums; later again, with the problems of the Irish-Canadians; and finally—with the destiny of all Canada.

But his enthusiasms! How they centre around that one great scheme of Confederation! That he was almost the moving spirit behind the project, one gathers from the press of the time: "People are all ready to descant a la D'Arcy McGee, as nearly as their brains and oratorical powers will permit, on the grandeur of the British North American Union." At the great Convention which took place in Charlottetown, P.E.I., on September 1st, 1864—a date hardly less important than July 1st, 1867—he was the life and wit of the gathering.

It was partly McGee's former lecture-tours of the Maritimes that furthered the arrangements for his historical assembly and the mammoth excursion that preceded it. There were, in all, twenty-six members of all parties in the several colonies brought together to consider Union—five from each of the Maritimes, six from the Union of Canada, three from Canada West, and two from Canada East. The Chairman of the occasion was Hon. John Hamilton Gray of Prince Edward Island.

This Convention must have seemed to Thomas D'Arcy (whose five foot three bears a dignified part in the pictured group of the delegates) as the realization of his rosiest dream. For years he had tirelessly advocated a policy of conciliation that embraced all creeds and classes, an *esprit de corps* that would bring about

Continued from page 19

improvements and a system of defence all along the scattered border from sea to sea—"a new northern nationality!" To quote again from Isabel Skelton: "He created in thousands of minds an intelligent interest in our country and its political destiny."

And so, when the Doctor finally allowed his patient to emerge from the long confinement, a rather shaky but none the less energetic McGee returned to Ottawa where Parliament reassembled on March 12th.

It was on the evening of April 6th that McGee made his last speech—"and a beautiful speech it was!" afterwards declared Sir John Macdonald. The Irish-Canadian spoke in defence of Dr. Tupper's mission to England in behalf of a united effort for Confederation. McGee "wished Nova Scotia to suffer no wrong." He earnestly "believed that the asperities now existing must wear out with time," and enlarged on how important must be the influence of time "in the work of consolidating the Confederation of these Provinces."

In the moonlight of the early morning hours, he departed well content. Had he not just proclaimed himself "emphatically a Canadian?" Was not the happy atmosphere of his Montreal home soon to be his again? But his latchkey had scarcely touched the keyhole of his lodgings when the dastardly shot was fired that set all Canada astir, and a dark pool gathered on the Sparks Street pavement, at a spot marked for many years by a tablet of commemoration.

Over this fateful spot myriads of hurrying Canadians daily pass. Do they realize how much more "emphatically" Canadian they are—and have a chance of becoming—because of the life and death of D'Arcy McGee?

Re-Arranging Our Rooms for Summer

Continued from page 24

tried the effect of your living and dining rooms without these appurtenances, you would be interested in doing so. There is something very summery and restful about open doorways, little-draped windows, an expanse of waxed floor.

I SPOKE in the beginning about re-arranging the furniture for summer effects. Whatever may be your views about putting away things that could be done without for a time, I hope that you will really experiment with the magic that mere change can be responsible for, if you are not a devotee of this practice.

Inspired by the photograph which you see in connection with this article, a friend whom I was visiting a short time ago said "Let us see what we could do with my room—the furniture has occupied the same position since we moved into this house."

We looked about the undoubtedly pleasant living-room, studied its possibilities well before we began; then we tried this here, that there, pulled everything about to our hearts' content, and wrought a great change finally.

We began extracting, first of all. The room was a typical, well-lived-in type, that reflected plainly the people who had furnished and used it. It was not at all cluttered, yet there were many things of personal interest, bits collected on their travels, and charming odds and ends which we decided could well be given a rest.

Beginning at the mantel, we took down and wrapped a pair of silver candelabra, two delicate vases and two small placques; the clock which held the centre of the scene, we left in its place and put two crystal vases near the ends of the shelf, with a view to keeping them filled constantly with some of the wealth of bloom from the little garden of colorful annuals and perennials.

The picture above the mantel was a lovely thing, but my friend decided that they would enjoy it more for not having seen it for a little while and decreed that it should come down. However, when we removed it, the wall paper showed the mark too plainly to be left. Our first thought of returning the picture to its accustomed place, gave way before the inspiration to hang over the mantel a charming piece of printed fabric that had been a recent gift and which in the autumn, will be moved to another position, above the desk, in all likelihood.

This left the mantel looking delightfully different, and we moved on to the next centre of interest—a desk which now occupies much the same relative position as the chest against the end wall of our pictured room. Here, a number of framed photographs made an intimate little group; two of the frames were silver, which meant polishing; all needed constant dusting, so in the interest of lighter housekeeping, the entire group were tucked from sight for the interval. With them went three or four objects d'art from the small tables.

SINCE the windows were nicely equipped with window blinds, the draw curtains could be dispensed with. This was desirable, as they were in a warm-toned fabric that certainly suited a winter room much better than a summer one. Later, says my enthusiastic friend, she will pick up a bargain in a flowery chintz and treat herself to a set of summer curtains and perhaps a couple of slip covers for her upholstered chairs—not only for the sake of changing and lightening their appearance, but for the protection and longer life they will mean to her permanent covers.

We followed almost exactly the plan of furniture-placing that is used in the pictured room. In winter, the chesterfield stands at right angles to the fireplace, with an easy chair opposite—an arrangement which we can readily imagine in the illustrated room, too. So we pushed the chesterfield back against the longest wall in the room, moving the desk from that place to the end, as I have described. This meant a general re-distribution of the furniture, which we tried until we found what pleased us.

Two treasured lamp-shades — which were doubly valued because they were the result of much patient fitting and stitching by their owner—were put away in band-boxes; they were replaced by simple pleated paper shades which I saw later—learning that one of them had actually come from the fifteen-cent store!

A brass nut bowl was brought from the diningroom, to hold flowers on the desk. Pottery jars and bowls were left—placed to advantage wherever their own color and that of the flowers they would usually hold, would be most effective.

We debated the matter of the rug, but thought the room looked better with it down and since my friend has a vacuum cleaner, she decided that its care amounted to nothing. It had been treated, as had her woolen upholstering fabrics, with a thorough spraying on both sides with moth-proofing liquid early in the spring. (I would strongly advise this for all your rugs, if you have not done it this year; it is a wonderful preventative of trouble).

Finished, this was a different room entirely from the one we had tackled an hour earlier. It had that simple, rather spare look that we like in hot weather. The flowers more than made up any lack of color occasioned by the removal of the hangings, ornaments and so forth. And the value of a fresh aspect is alone worth-while, several times over. We know that change is always refreshing if it is pleasant—and I really know of no simpler way to achieve it in one's familiar surroundings, than by such changes in the appearance of the rooms we see most of the year 'round.

Regrets of a Well Frog

Continued from page 11

Cumulative Preferred Stock. I could not sell that thousand dollars' worth of paper now for enough to buy the sand in the mortar that holds that one stone in place

I am not on any "sucker list." I ought to be, but I am not. I have never bought a share of "fake" oil, copper or silver mine stocks. I am particular about that; I save my money and invest it in legitimate enterprises, that immediately sicken and have to be carried out in the back yard and buried before the neighbors complain to the health department.

I do not buy stocks from smooth-tongued strangers who come with four-page prospectuses of the Evaporated Squashbug Oil Company, or the United Washout-Fishgill Copper Company. I send them away with scorn, and wait for a close personal friend to sting me to death with stock of the J. O. Whiffenpoof Company of New York, which manufactures aluminum dinner pails, or something else that nobody wants any more.

It is a great deal pleasanter to be stung to death by a personal friend. He can sting so much deeper.

I am not so particular when it comes to lending money. I lend money to absolute strangers; but I buy stocks only from close personal friends in whom I have the utmost confidence, who tell me they have invested in the stocks they wish to sell me and that they have come to me because I am a friend and they wish to do me a favor. I am always willing to accept a favor, but I wish my friends would, sometime, sell me some stocks that did not immediately droop like a wilted petunia.

THE other day a man who had bought a good hundred dollar baby bond mentioned the fact to me and said he was pretty sore because it was selling at $95.00 on the Stock Exchange. I looked him firmly in the eye and said: "You poor goof, you don't know when you are well off. Your bond is paying you five per cent, and when it is due you will get $100; and if you sell it now you will only lose $5; but you ought to see some of the investments I own."

"Are they low?" he asked.

"If they got any lower," I said, "they would come up on the other side, in China or somewhere."

"What are they quoted?"

"I haven't seen the paper this morning," I told him, "but if they are quoted it would be among the Bolshevik activities or other outrages."

He smiled.

"I know what you mean," he said. "I have a couple of thousand dollars' worth of Mexican rubber plantation stock that I used to line a trunk with because wall paper is so expensive."

As he now seemed to be in a cheerful mood, I said, brightly and in my businesslike tone:

"I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll trade you my $3,000 J. O. Whiffenpoof Company of New York stock and my $1,000 Imperial Sawdust Cheese stock for your $100 Baby bond, and throw in a good-as-new set of the Rise, Decline and Fall of the Aztec Empire, in twenty-four volumes, half morocco."

"What do you think I am? Think I'm crazy?" he said.

WHAT the average American man needs as much as a liquor prohibition law is a fool-investment prohibitory law. The "Father, dear Father, come home with me now" sob story never came within a million miles of most of us, for we were never the people who put a foot on the brass rail and kept it there until the rail and the foot were welded together. What we need is a song that would begin, "Father, dear Father, quit buying bum stocks, or our whole caboodle will go on the rocks."

Any way you look at it a dollar is a dollar. You can turn it up edgewise, or lay it down flat, or toss it in the air, and it is still a dollar. You can call it an "iron man," or one hundred cents, or a cart wheel, but it is still a dollar, and usually a "dollar saved" represents the thin edge peeled off the edge of a great many "dollars earned." When a man, or a woman, has saved a dollar he has done something, and it usually stands for many hours of hard toil.

I like to think of dollars as wheat. Wheat is food. It is the basic food of the human race. If we have wheat we can get along pretty well without lobster salad and chop suey, and still keep the human machine going. A dollar is, now, nearly a bushel of wheat, and I like to think that when I am saving dollars and storing them in a safe place, I am storing goods, sound wheat that I can eat when I want to, and that my wife can eat, and my children can eat.

I work as hard for my saved dollar as the farmer does to grow the bushel of wheat. It means wheat to me, and when I take it and pour it into an unsafe investment I am about as wise as a farmer would be if he took his good sound wheat and poured it in the creek. Before the farmer pours his wheat into the bin he looks to see that the bin is sound and fairly rat-proof, and that he has a reasonable chance of getting it again when he wants it. When he sows his wheat he makes sure first that the field is reasonably fertile and sweet; and I have never yet known a farmer to sow his wheat on a friend's tin roof merely because the friend has a well-intentioned but wild-eyed notion that wheat grown on tin roofs ought to produce diamonds. The farmer keeps his wheat safe and sound until he is ready to sow it or sell it.

Of course, sometimes, when he has sold the wheat, he invests the money in lightning rods that don't work, but that is another story. He then becomes a well-frog like the rest of us.

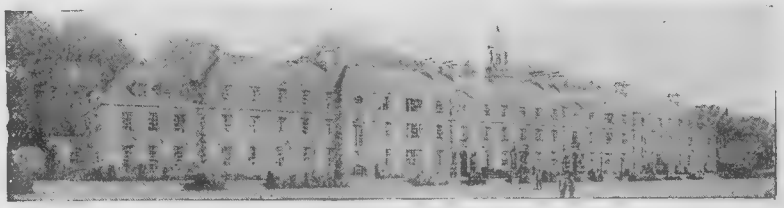
There are enough no-account, absolutely defunct stocks and bonds owned by Americans to reach from the southwest corner of Wall Street and Broadway to Mount Copernicus on the moon, wrap around the mountain three times and then reach back to New York again. The money I have invested in stocks and bonds that immediately got the pip, plus the money I have loaned to dead-beat friends, plus the money wasted buying houses that are too large for me, and similar articles of value only to idiots and the feeble-minded, would send my four children through college, pay for a trip around the world and endow a bed in the Flushing hospital.

I have a keen sense of humor, but I have not yet been able to laugh when I think of paying twelve dollars per year for a safe deposit box in which to keep a wad of stocks that no bank would lend me ten cents on.

But I have grown wiser as I have grown older. There were years and years when any friend who came to me with an optimistic disposition and an engraved stock certificate could take my money away from me, but of late I have become as callous as a mule's heel.

Only a few days ago a friend wrote offering me the chance of a lifetime. I had every reason in the world to have faith in his business ability, because he once wrote a story and asked me to criticize it, which I did. He immediately gave up story writing. Later he wrote a sort of guide to good English which I criticized, and which he could not sell. It can be seen that he was deeply indebted to me, and I was not surprised when he telephoned me and said he was sorry, but that he had given up literature and was going to Oklahoma to investigate oil properties. I thought he was probably one of those ungrateful cusses who would immediately forget all the favors I had done him: but this was doing him an injustice.

[Continued on page 60]



NEW LOWER SCHOOL

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Upper School — H. C. Griffith, M.A., Principal

Lower School — H. G. Williams, B.A., Principal.

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THE BURSAR, RIDLEY COLLEGE - - - St. Catharines, Ont.

Predicting the Smartest Themes

Summer days are with us. The anxiety of preparing the spring wardrobe is now a happy memory and we revel in the delight of cool frocks, soft floppy hats and comfortable sandals.

We are looking tall and slender in our long dresses; our fitted coats are becoming and our blouses tucked in. Our evening and dance frocks are in floor length and undulate gracefully or cling in Grecian folds. As our skirts have grown longer so our waists have grown shorter, and we step along with the grace and charming dignity that go with our clothes.

Printed chiffons and nets in gay floral patterns are especially summery and cool looking. Green and white, also white and yellow and tiny flowers and buds in two colors are popular combinations.

In some of the new evening frocks the raised waistline is marked by a stiffened peplum and the hem line too is built out firmly to flare. These models are cut very low at the neck line and are worn with shawls of lace or tulle. Other evening frocks show bolero jackets.

The new two colored suit is very smart. Silk suits are much in evidence, indeed it is a season of all suits. We have the three piece jacket suit, the cape suit, and the dress with cape. Sometimes the jackets are fitted or nipped in with tucks or seaming. Again they resemble boleros, or short box coats. Skirts of suits are circular and usually with plait fulness.

The new coat models show fitting at the waistline by way of a belt or tucks. For utility wear they may have wide belts and be cut in redingote style, with or without long or short capes.

Smart coats are made without fur and very much in the wrap around style with a diagonal line at the closing.

The daytime dress for utility wear and the afternoon dress for early dinner or a late tea are very important in the mode. The daytime dresses may have cape additions lined with printed crepe or silk or may be worn with a fur.

The afternoon frock of crepe or georgette is smart in black and pink. A skirt of black worn with a bolero or short jacket over a blouse of pink crepe.

A sleeveless dress of blue chiffon has a ¾ length coat of tweed forming a smart ensemble.

Cotton blouses are worn with woolen skirts. Pique and wool are a new combination.

A gown of chiffon with large dots in white and yellow is very chic.

A suit of blue and gray mixed tweed has a belted jacket in flare outline. It is worn with a blouse of egg shell white voile.

A new sleeve is in the form of a puff to the elbow where it is gathered and joined to a plaited two inch heading.

On a dress of red flat crepe, collar and cuffs of white organdie form a cool and attractive contrast.

Navy blue silk with large white polka dots was used to line a cape and make a belt for a blue crepe frock.

On a frock of printed silk black piping in a scalloped outline forms a very pleasing finish at neck and yoke edges.

Short coats of velveteen are popular. One in bright red made with broad revers and cape sleeves is finished with a flare peplum.

A dress of green flat crepe has the surplice blouse gathered in diagonal rows at the closing. This decoration is repeated on the sleeves.

Lingerie touches are seen on dresses for little girls. Flared effects as well as plaited and straight lines are shown.

Smart little ensembles in wash fabrics are shown with button-on skirts and tuck-in blouses. For dressy occasions soft pastel crepe frocks and some of net for very little tots are most attractive.

With a dress of black and white print one may wear a large white hat trimmed with a band of black and white.

Color is much in evidence in jewelry this season especially in pinks and blues. The multi-stranded effects are special favorites.

Quite a smart air is given to a sleeveless frock of plain linen by a jabot of polka dot silk.

The severity of a V neckline on a plain blouse may be softened by a bow with long ends of self material. Shirt waist frocks of striped silk shirting are cool and smart.

The question of skirt length having been settled for this season, we may delight in the various lovely exhibits of gowns, frocks, suits and ensembles in the beautiful materials, smart trimmings and accessories that are offered.

The new tweeds are especially inviting; woven light and thin, they make lovely sports coats as well as ensembles in which dress and skirt may be of one material. Two piece suits also are shown in tweeds.

For travelling the crepe tweeds are very serviceable, and hardly show any wrinkles at all.

Sports frocks are shown in colorful nubbed tweeds—also in rib effect jersey weaves resembling pique. Serge too has come to the front again for daytime and sports frocks, finished with touches of lingerie in the form of collar and cuffs or jabots.

This season all colors seem to have a fair chance at display and we need it after a winter in which much black has been shown. We have lavender in all its shades. The popular dahlia in various shades of purple is much in favor and green will enjoy great popularity in the lighter yellow tones and the darker blue greens. A rose red and one with a bluish tone is especially good for blondes.

For evening gowns taffeta and failles in moire and brocaded weaves are extremely smart. Every woman should have at least one taffeta gown in her wardrobe.

Two piece suits are shown with short double breasted jackets (three buttons) and padded shoulders. Also with longer jackets having one button, a high-nipped in waistline and curved front edges.

There are jackets with belted peplums, others with fronts open, boleros and Eton effects. There is also a flared ⅞ length jacket, belted, and the separate coat ¾ length worn with a printed silk or other contrasting dress.

Skirts for two piece suits and for separate wear are made in wrap-over style or gored in flare effects, or showing godet inserts or box plaited panels.

Some of the new separate coats show capelets divided in the back, some that appear only over the sleeves and extend to the elbows.

Summer Days

Are With Us

Little Ways to Style and Charm

6850. Printed dimity in orchid and white is pictured here. The binding is in a matched shade of orchid. One may choose chiffon or printed silk. The dress comprises a simple princess foundation, to which the lower flounce is joined and the other flounces are set on. All describing the up in the front movement. The short sleeve is new and very popular.

The pattern for this model is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in a 38 inch size, will require 4¾ yards of 39 inch material. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 12½ yards 1½ inch wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge of the lower flounce is 2 1/3 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6739. Transparent velvet in a new shade of green was used for this distinctive model. Stitching in self color, and crystal buttons are the only ornamentation. This style is also attractive in canton crepe or in moire. The waist blouses slightly above a narrow belt. Shaped yoke sections, deep at the right side are joined to flare skirt portions. A band facing outlines the V neck of the front, and narrow shoulder tucks, give pleasing fulness. The sleeve is a fitted model.

The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 46 inch size will require 5½ yards of 39 inch material. The width at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2½ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

6858. Small capelets take the place of sleeves in this pretty frock. The waist blouses slightly above the shaped skirt yoke. The skirt portions flare over the sides and in the back, while the front forms a panel over the centre. Printed linen was chosen to make this style. It is also pleasing in the new crepes in pastel shades and nice in shantung and voile.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. To make the Dress for a 16 year size will require 3⅛ yards of 35 inch material. To finish with bias binding as pictured in the large view will require 5¼ yards 1½ inch wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2-1/6 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6758. Princess lines with soft godet folds are featured in this attractive style. The Dress is sleeveless—and may be finished with or without the bertha collar, which supplies a sleeve formation over the top of the arm. Taffeta in a pretty shade of pretty shade of tomato red, or crepe de chine in orchid with frills of self material edging the collar, would be a pretty development for this design. Linen, or pongee is also suggested.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. To make the Dress for a 10 year size will require 2⅞ yards of 35 inch material. The plaiting (or frill) on the collar will require 3½ yards of material 1½ inch wide and cut crosswise. A wristband and neck bow of ribbon require 1¼ yard. Without collar 2⅜ yards will be required. For collar of contrasting material ⅝ yard 27 inches wide is required cut lengthwise.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6872. This pretty model was developed in printed crepe in orchid and white with white organdy for collar and sleeve caps. Groups of tucks lend soft fulness at the shoulders, and additional skirt width is obtained by means of plait fulness at the underarm seams. Dimity or dotted swiss is also suggested for this little frock. China silk or pongee would be cool and soft.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. To make the Dress for a 2 year size will require 1⅝ yard of material 35 inches wide or wider. For collar and cap sleeves of contrasting material, as shown in the large view, ⅜ yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6862. Here is an Apron style that affords complete protection, with fronts that are reversible, so that the apron may be fastened from right to left, or from left to right. Roomy pockets trim the front. This is a simple style, easy to develop. The fulness is held by belt portions that meet and fasten at the centre back.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large 42-44; and Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the Apron for a Medium size will require 4 1/3 yards of material 32 inches wide or wider. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view, will require 8½ yards 1½ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6782. This effective model may be finished with or without sleeves, and with the skirt in straight outline as shown in the small front view. The fitted waist shows side shirrings at normal waistline. It is lengthened by a circular skirt that flares gracefully. The shoulders are cut long to form a small cape effect if the sleeve is omitted. Printed silk, taffeta or velvet are suggested for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the Dress for a 14 year size with sleeves will require 2⅞ yards of 35 inch material. Without sleeves it will require 2¼ yards. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 6 yards 1½ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6566. Cotton prints, pongee, crepe or broadcloth may be used for this little model. It has quaint Dutch pockets and a round neck, and wide leg portions which are buttoned at the sides and at the inner seam, making the garment very practical and convenient for very young children. The sleeve is in wrist length, and is gathered above a narrow band cuff.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 6 months, 1, and 2 years. To make a 2 year size with long sleeves will require 1⅞ yard of 32 inch material. Without sleeves 1/3 yard less is required. To finish with binding as pictured in the large view will require 2¼ yards 1½ inch wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Use this Gauge *to increase Tire Life* 30%

TESTS conducted by leading tire manufacturers prove that *even five pounds* too little air reduces tire mileage 25 to 30%.

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Regrets of a Well Frog

He had hardly reached Oklahoma when he wrote me a long letter in the most friendly manner, saying he had little expected to be able to repay my many kindnesses so soon, because he had not dared to hope to discover any oil properties of vast possibilities so quickly, but that by the merest chance he had hit upon a group of oil properties that would, so to speak, make the Count of Monte Cristo's wealth look like one-third of a cancelled two-cent stamp. Because of my extreme kindness to him he was writing me, in order that I might pick up a good lot of stock before someone else got it.

NOW, I have not the slightest doubt of the honesty and good intentions of this friend. It is quite possible that the stock he mentioned will jump from the price he offered it at to one hundred times as much, but it can jump until it is blue in the face, for all I care. I don't know anything about the oil business; I don't know that my friend could learn all about it in a couple of weeks, and I don't know that those who do know about it ever really know anything about it.

The minute I got that friend's letter I reached for my check book and wrote a check for my last month's grocery bill. It made no difference to me how high his oil stock was destined to jump. I know mighty well that a well-frog that jumps 29¾ inches and slides back 29½ inches only gets ahead ¼-inch per jump, and I am not going to let any friendly advised investments slide me back any more of those 29½-inch slides. I am trying to resign my membership in the Great American Order of Back-sliding Well-Frogs.

You may never have invested. You may not yet have joined the Order of Well - Frogs. You may still have the dollars you saved salted away in the old sock or the savings bank, but, sooner or later, the temptation to invest will come to you. When it does I beg of you to do one of two things:

1. Ask your banker, or any banker, what he thinks of the proposed investment, or,

2. Send the money to me.

If you send the money to me I will send you, by return mail, registered, one share of J. O. Whiffenpoof Company of New York cumulative 7 per cent preferred stock for every hundred dollars you send, and I will guarantee that it is not worth a cent. This will relieve you of all worry. You will know, immediately, that you have bought a lemon, and you will not have to wonder why the dividends do not come, because you will know from the first that you are not going to get any.

If you are going to make the kind of investment you probably will make, I might as well have your money as anyone else. I am now in a position to treat money in a kindly and hospitable manner, and I guarantee not to let it get away from me.

Perhaps you are a man earning an income of $5,000 per year and can save $1,000 per year by the most heroic efforts. Perhaps you earn more than that, or less than that, and save more or less. Whatever the amount you may be able to save for investment, take a hunch from my experience, and before you "invest" go to your banker, or any banker, and ask him this question regarding the stock or bond you propose to buy: "How much will your bank lend me on it?"

At present most banks will lend 90 per cent of the listed value of U.S. Government bonds and 80 per cent of the listed value of other stocks and bonds. There are thousands upon thousands of these. You will know what to think of the proposed investment, then, if the banker says, "My dear man, this bank will not lend you a red cent on the insecurities you propose to buy," and the chances are ten to one that that is just what he will say.

Continued from page 57

I AM not grouching about those who rush in and buy wildcat stocks of the sort that are printed by the million reams for no other purposes than to be sold to suckers. The man who buys that trash is not a well-frog, he is a plain and unadulterated jackass. I am trying to lay open a leaf from my own experience as a buyer of stocks recommended by good friends of mine, and sold to me by good friends of mine, and in which those friends hopefully and freely invested their own money—or said they did.

A well-frog is not a jackass, but sometimes I think that if you pinned a pair of ears on it, it would look mightily like one. I wrote a story once that was published as a book and had a wonderful sale, and the royalty I got was just five cents a copy. About that time I went to a Yale-Princeton football game with my wife, and, when the game was over, all the vast multitude of spectators rushed down from the seats and filled the football field as they hurried for the gates. There were thirty thousand of them! I had just received the first statement from my publisher, and I turned to my wife and said, with awe: "Just think! My book has sold thirty thousand copies already! There would be one copy for every man, woman and child in all this mighty crowd! Isn't it wonderful?"

She said it was.

I think, now, that it is a whole sight more wonderful that eighty thousand copies of that book had to be sold to give me the four thousand dollars that two good friends took from me and turned into worthless paper. I think it is a whole sight more wonderful that all over the wide world today thousands of men are giving up thousands of hard-earned dollars — each good for nearly a bushel of sound wheat—for just such stocks that, in a year or so, will be just as worthless as mine are.

I wonder if you have bought your lemons yet, or if you will buy them to-morrow?

The Swimming Master

Continued from page 10

swimming master knew that, so far as he was concerned, that was for ever. It made no difference to him, of course—how could it make any difference? It merely meant that a little bright migrant was passing out of his life, but the memory of her would live on, and it had never been much more than a memory. Dear little girl, who had swum so gamely for the bamboo pole, looking up into his eyes and doing her very best!

Well, he too had done his very best, and he knew that he owed much to the little summer visitor who had come so faithfully, marking each year another notch in the rod of time. So he placed his hand on the young man's arm and said simply—"You have won a wonderful possession, my laddie. Good luck go with you both."

Then he turned away to the boats, but just for a moment it seemed that the bottom had fallen out of the harbour and out of his life. Why had he built these wonderful sand castles when the rising tide was sure to sweep them back to the common level of the beach? Castles of sand, indeed, or—were they castles of stone, built upon rock? for as he pondered thus, a strange thing happened. He saw on his sleeve a butterfly—a little crimson butterfly! Frail as a human hope it clung to him, fearful of being borne out to sea by the summer breezes—a symbol of the sunshine, of the beauty of things which live and come and go, yet which have existed throughout the ages, which is for all time. So the swimming master took it tenderly, and carried it away to the flowers of his own little garden behind the harbour.

Legal Information

Continued from page 36

A. As you did not give your name we could not write to you as requested. Also, our fee for a private reply is $1.00 which was not remitted.

If this woman is making false statements about you in writing, the quickest and most satisfactory way of settling it would be for you to go to the police and lay an Information against her for criminal libel. That should be sufficient to give you immediate assistance.

If, however, she is only making verbal statements, you will have to sue her in the civil courts, in which case it would be necessary to consult a lawyer. If she has any property and you can prove your case, you will be able to collect substantial damages.

St. Andrews, Man.

(Q) If it is not asking too much I would be grateful if in your next issue you could furnish me with some information re Old Age Pensions.

1. Must a husband and wife over seventy years of age be absolutely destitute to qualify for the pension?

2. If they have an assigned income, say a government joint annuity of $400.00, what proportion of the pension could they expect?—A.R.

(A) 1. It is not necessary that the husband and wife be absolutely destitute. Any person is entitled to apply for the pension if he has not an income of $360.00 a year.

2. We have investigated your case and are informed by the Department that you would each be entitled to $13.75 per month.

win $5,000 and make a Good Investment

Here is the Story Read it Carefully

THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT of the Vancouver Board of Trade, after a comprehensive survey of the silk industry in Canada, reported strongly in favor of the establishment of a silk mill at Vancouver, for these main reasons:

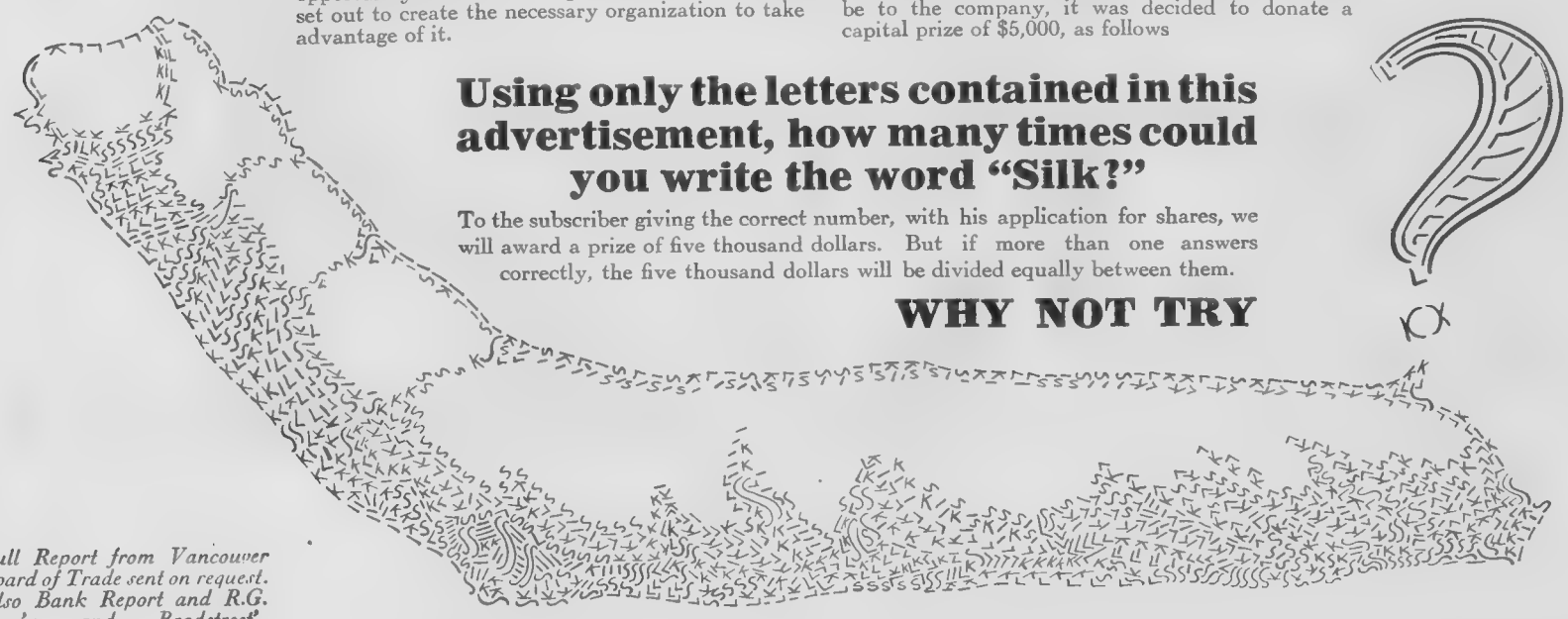
1. There is no silk mill in Canada west of Ontario.
2. A Vancouver mill would be 3,000 miles nearer the source of supply of raw silk than the Eastern Canadian mills. This would effect a saving in freight alone of $9 per 100 pounds, equivalent to 6% on an investment of $226,000.
3. Approximately $17,000,000 worth of silk; or one-third of the silk used annually in Canada, is consumed in the four Western Provinces. A mill situated at Vancouver would have a distinct advantage over mills situated in Eastern Canada to get this business.
4. The water adjacent to Vancouver is entirely free from alkali, and is fully equal to that used in such famous dyeing centres as Perth, Scotland and Lyons, France.
5. The earnings of Eastern Canadian silk mills, as reported in the Financial Post, Toronto, show substantial returns on the capital invested.

Impressed by the report of the Industrial Department of the Vancouver Board of Trade, a group of business men made an independent survey of the situation. They found a wide-open opportunity of tremendous possibilities, and at once set out to create the necessary organization to take advantage of it.

Out of this came Western Canadian Silks, Limited, capitalized at $1,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares of $10 each. At the head of this company was placed Mr. A. H. Alexander, Mayor of Port Moody, a man of keen judgment and high ideals. At the head of production was placed Mr. Joseph T. Boudreau, a man whose wide knowledge of the silk industry was gained through years of experience in the silk mills of the Eastern States.

Two courses were then open to the directors: (1) to invite a number of wealthy men to take up the stock available, or (2) to invite the general public to take up this stock. Weighing the advantages either way, it was decided to adopt the second course—with this important difference: That the company sell its stock as widely as possible throughout Western Canada—the territory in which it would look for the bulk of its business. And to achieve this aim more completely, *it was further decided to limit the subscription from any one family to ten shares.* This policy would not only be in line with that adopted by hundreds of other big corporations—Canadian Pacific, Swift & Co., American Telephone & Telegraph, General Motors, etc.—but it would build up in Western Canada a group of responsible people who would be enthusiastic boosters for the company with whose success they were financially bound.

To offset the stock limitation imposed on would-be subscribers, and to make some return to them for the value this wider division of shareholders would be to the company, it was decided to donate a capital prize of $5,000, as follows



Using only the letters contained in this advertisement, how many times could you write the word "Silk?"

To the subscriber giving the correct number, with his application for shares, we will award a prize of five thousand dollars. But if more than one answers correctly, the five thousand dollars will be divided equally between them.

WHY NOT TRY

Full Report from Vancouver Board of Trade sent on request. Also Bank Report and R.G. Dun's and Bradstreet' Reports, if desired.

Competition Closes Aug. 15th Prizes Awarded Sept. 1st

Although Unusual
This is a Genuine Business Proposition

By ordinary methods, it would cost us many thousands of dollars and years of time to build up a connection in the Four Western Provinces. By our unusual method, we plan not only to save this time and money, but also to bring in with us just the kind of people who can help us to make our company one of the outstanding business successes in the history of Canada.

Western Canadians! Let's put Western Canada over in the Silk Industry. We can do it—and we will do it!

Western Canadian Silks
Limited

307 STOCK EXCHANGE BUILDING VANCOUVER, B.C.

This Advertisement Will Not Appear Again in This Publication.

Western Canadian Silks, Limited.
307 Stock Exchange Building,
Vancouver, B.C.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed herewith you will find remittance for .....

to cover my subscription for..... shares in Western Canadian Silks, Limited.

I estimate that I could write the word "Silk".....times, using only the letters contained in your advertisement.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

No Director or Employee May Enter This Competition

for tired sore muscles . . .

BANISH the discomfort of tired, strained, aching muscles . . . rub in a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. This famous penetrating liniment goes straight to the cause—congestion. It arouses circulation, breaks up the congestion and prevents stiffness. Being a highly efficient antiseptic and germicide as well, Absorbine, Jr., safeguards you against infection. It is not greasy and does not stain skin or clothes. Always keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet.

At your druggist's—$1.25 per bottle; Hospital size—$2.50.

114

For soreness and stiffness, rub with
Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Spun Gold

Fair hair becomes spun gold when washed with Evan Williams "Camomile", the safe Shampoo.

There is an Evan Williams Shampoo for every shade of hair at your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

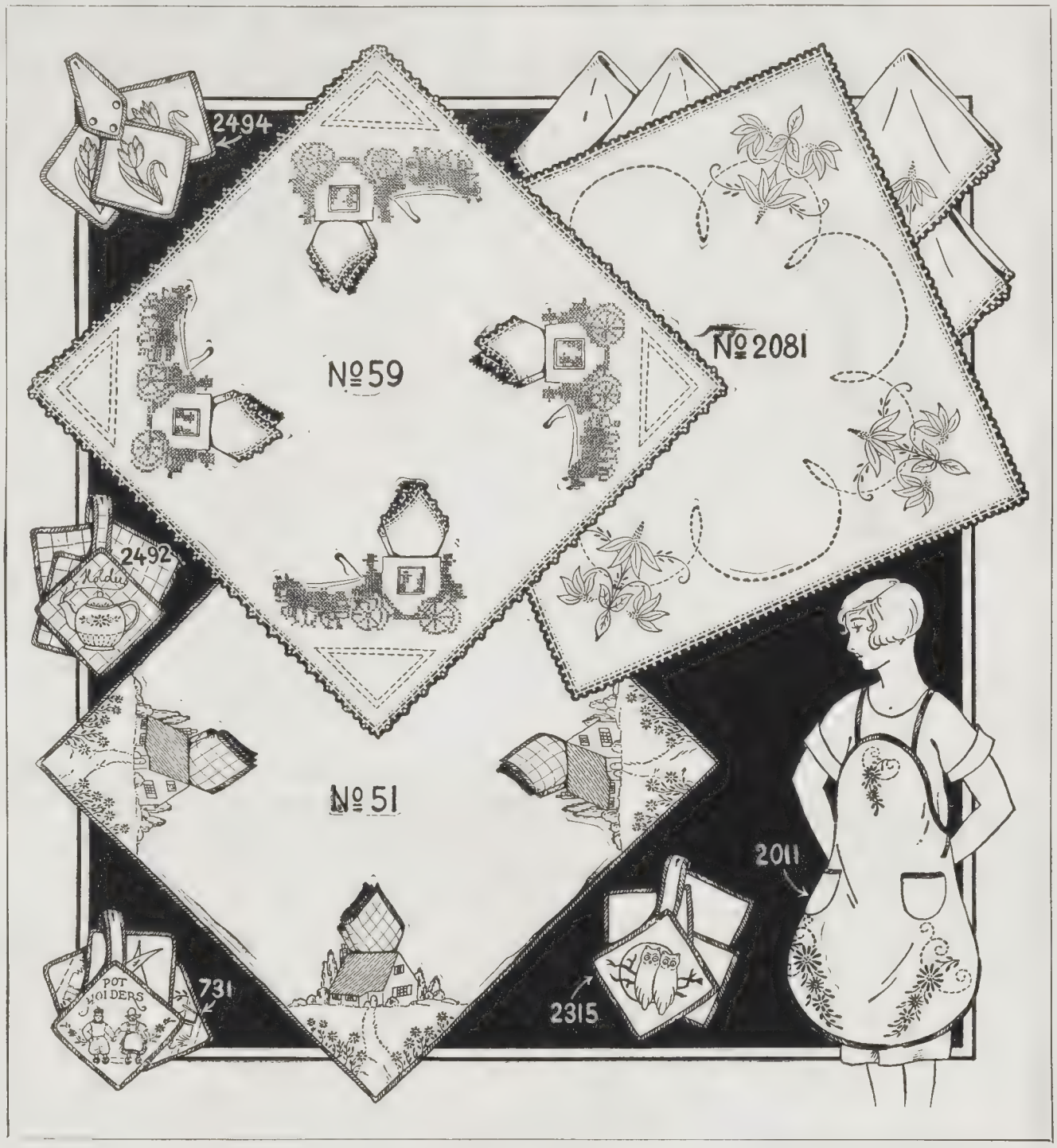
Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

RENEWALS!

Quite a number of subscriptions expire this month. The heavy demand for copies renders it mandatory for us to discontinue service unless renewal is received promptly so right now might be a good time to send us that dollar. We are anxious to keep our circle of readers intact.

The
Western Home Monthly

Beautiful Embroidery Designs for General Home Use



Luncheon set No. 59—Illustrates a new idea in the simple cross stitch in the old time stage-coach as shown. The top of the coach serves as a pocket for the four napkins, size 12x12 inches, furnished with the 36x36-inch lunch cloth. This lunch set is stamped on fine quality gold color Indian Head, and has an extra piece of white material for the pockets. The work on it is most simple, being in cross stitch in black. The edge of the set is to be finished with black bias binding, and six strand and perle cotton are used for embroidering. Price of this set is $1.50, postpaid to any address. Fast color embroidery floss for finishing same, 45c. additional.

Luncheon set No. 51—Also shows an entirely new design, that of the house, the opening in the roof of which serves as pockets for the 12-inch napkins furnished with the 36x36-inch cloth. This set has napkins of fine quality in the large blue and white or pink and white check, and either blue or pink material is also furnished for the pockets. All of the colored material as furnished is guaranteed fast color. The applique is to be cut on the dotted line and a small hem turned down, leaving an opening at the top, as indicated on instruction sheet, for inserting the napkins. Six rows of basting stitch are embroidered across roof of house, and edges are finished in No. 133, rose-color floss.

Price of this set, sent to any address, postpaid is only $1.25. Floss for finishing same, 45c. additional.

Luncheon set No. 2081—Illustrates the poinsettia design. It is stamped on finest quality Indian Head and consists of one 36x36-inch lunch cloth and four 12x12-inch napkins. The flowers are in the poinsettia stitch in blue and pink variegated perle cotton. The edges of the napkins and lunch cloth are to be finished in white lace. Price of this set, postpaid to any address, is only $1.10. Fast color embroidery floss for completely finishing same 50c. additional.

All of the hot pad sets are completely finished, except for the simple embroidering, the holders and pads being bound. No. 2492 shows the ever popular teapot design and is made of fine quality, large checked pink and white gingham. No. 2494 is an innovation in these sets. It consists of holders with three snap fasteners and three pads completely made up and bound, the pads being of rayon in blue, yellow and pink. No. 731 is on white Indian Head with blue binding and shows the Dutch girl and boy design. No. 2315 is on best quality unbleached muslin, the pads and holder being bound in blue. The price of anyone of these hot pads sets, Nos. 2492, 2494, 731, 2315, is only 60c. each, postpaid to any address. Sufficient fast colored embroidery floss for completely finishing anyone of the seats, 35c. additional.

The unbleached muslin Apron No. 2011—Is a simple but attractive design. It comes entirely made up and bound in green, with sufficient extra material for the two pockets. The flowers are in the lazy-daisy stitch in pink, using one shade to each daisy, and the French knots in the centre of the flowers are in green and yellow. The leaves are of lazy-daisy in light green and stems in outline stitch in dark green. The scrolls are all in green basting stitch. Price of this apron, No. 2011, postpaid to any address, is only 55c. Sufficient fast color embroidery floss for completely finishing same 35c. additional.

FIFTY YEARS OF CONSTANT ENTERPRISE

THE MAGIC OF THE OIL SMELLER

He had mysterious powers . . . this "oil smeller" of half a century ago. He earned his living hunting oil with a "divining rod." When the rod twitched or pulled in his hand it meant that the land on which he stood was oil land.

Some of these old-time "oil-smellers" acquired wide reputation. But because their methods were wasteful and inefficient their usefulness was short-lived. As the oil industry grew science replaced magic. The guessing "oil-smeller" was succeeded by the knowing geologist.

From the early days of the "divining rod" to the present day of great machines and advanced refining processes, Imperial Oil has been identified with every major improvement in the oil industry. It has pioneered and persevered . . . ever-experimenting . . . . creating new products to meet new needs . . . striving always to produce better motor oils and gasolines.

How well it has succeeded is indicated by the public faith in Imperial Oil products. Only through such faith could Imperial have grown into the organization it is today . . . service stations in all parts of Canada . . . six huge refineries . . . vast oil fields in South America . . . thousands of miles of pipe lines . . . fleets of tankers on the Atlantic, the Pacific and the inland waterways.

Fifty years of constant enterprise are in the products Imperial Oil sells today.

Marvelube is Imperial's finest motor oil.

Imperial Premier and Imperial Ethyl are its best gasolines.

Which means that nothing finer can be put in your car.

IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS

ALWAYS SO MUCH BETTER

FOUNDED IMPERIAL 1880

IMPERIAL PREMIER GASOLINE

IMPERIAL ETHYL GASOLINE

MARVELUBE MOTOR OIL

POLARINE GREASES

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS

. . . as clean as your finest china!

The very newest in Gas and Electric Ranges bear the famous name "McClary".

Kitchenwork is made ever so much nicer and pleasanter when you have McClary Enameled Ware utensils to work with. So CLEAN, just like fine china, yet so sturdy and durable. Odors cannot cling to the mirror-smooth surface; there's no metal to absorb grease, flavors, taints or stains. So easy to keep sweet and clean . . . new shapes; all sizes; colors, white, grey, blue, green, yellow . . . lovely, modern. But be sure it carries the famous McClary trade mark. It is our guarantee.

McClary Coal and Wood Ranges . . . wonderful bakers and splendid heaters. Everything up-to-date. All sizes and prices.

GENERAL STEEL WARES
LIMITED

Branches Across Canada:

Halifax, Saint John, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Windsor, North Bay, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

McClary ENAMELED WARE

McClary Enameled
Tea Kettle
95c to $4.50

McClary Enameled
Double Boiler
$1.00 to $4.50

McClary Enameled
Covered Roaster
$1.15 to $4.25

McClary Enameled
Preserving Kettle
55c to $4.00

McClary Enameled
Flaring Saucepan
35c to $1.50

The Barn

By Edmund Blunden

Rainsunken roof grown green and thin,
For sparrows' nests and starlings' nests
Dishevelled eaves, unwieldy doors,
Cracked rusty pump, and oaken floors
And idly pencilled names and jests
Upon the posts within.

All merry noise of hens astir
Or sparrows squabbling on the roof
Comes to the barn's broad open door;
You hear upon the stable floor
Old hungry Dapple strike his hoof,
And the blue fantails whir.

Dear Boys and Girls—

Are any of you lucky enough to have a barn like that? What a place to play on a rainy day! What nests of mice you'd find, and funny half fledged sparrows, and nests of bigger birds too, when wiley old hens hide their eggs so they may hatch them out in peace! What fun you could have tumbling in the hay making nests tunnels, and caves. You see I've played in barns and got hay in my eyes and hair! However, don't play in the barn when the sun is out, for all outdoors is calling you and you should go and get your lungs, your skin and your whole body filled with sunshine and fresh air. You know the summer time is the health time, fresh air, outdoors, green vegetables, fresh fruits, these all help you to store up energy and health for the long winter days. Don't forget this.

Our Summer Competition

Each week in July and August a little story of some animal, insect or bird. A weekly diary with a different subject for each week. Your own story, not anyone else's. It won't do any good for you to write learnedly what someone else has seen, we want what you have seen. Look up the June Cosy Corner and see what Bobby Burke suggests there. And the prizes? Oh yes, there'll be a book on Canadian birds and a Brownie camera, and several gold buttons. Send your stories to Bobby Burke, Western Home Monthly Office, Winnipeg.

With a Jump!

One night in June, I sat in the great Amphitheatre Rink in Winnipeg and watched 2,000 boys and girls of the Winnipeg Schools give a splendid exhibition of Physical Exercises and Dances. I thought perhaps you'd enjoy hearing about, it.

To begin with, there was the orchestra, a huge one, and every player a student at the Kelvin High School. Then the first item was all tiny tots, such wee things—and all the little girls wore colored organdy dresses and the boys dark trousers and white blouses, and when they all crouched down on the floor they looked like a big box of colored candies and cream-topped chocolates. They had such fun too. They played they were cats being chased by a dog and flowers going to sleep and children going down a water shute, and all sorts of things. The director spoke to them through a microphone so they could all hear. And then the next grade of boys and girls danced and sang to nursery rhymes, and 640 boys all in white came out. How fine they looked, and what straight, even rows they kept. They had great fun too, they played leap frog, and rowing games, and in the end they all scurried to their places and lying curled up on the floor they spelled, "God Save the King." The girls, both little and big danced English Country Dances and Swedish Dances, and how gracefully and well they did them. And the Junior High Boys did a sword dance. You would have been proud of them if you'd seen them, they did it so well, and never missed a step. This is a dance that used to be danced at Christmas time in Yorkshire, and was probably introduced by the Danes when they occupied England. Isn't that interesting? And then the big boys did some wonderful exercises. They had to be very strong, and very attentive and very quick to do these things. It was splendid to watch them. I hope that you all will have a chance to learn how do these things yourselves. Do you know why I called this "With a jump?" Because the director never had any "Right turns" or "Left turns," he always had them move "With a jump."

Try These Yourself (The Answers Appear Next Month)

Punctuate so as to read sensibly:

(1) That that is is that that that is not is not is not that it it is.

(2) Time flies you cannot they fly too fast.

The Cloud Fairy

By Nellie Regan

THE day was terribly hot, dry, and dusty. There had been no rain for a long, long time. Adele wandered along sadly and heedlessly in the heat. She had no idea where she was going. She was thinking of her sweet little baby sister who was lying sick; dying. Adele had heard her mother say that the baby could not live through another day of such heat.

She came to a big stone by the wayside and seated herself. She then saw that she had wandered into a place that was quite strange to her. Scarcely was she seated when she became aware of a sobbing somewhere near. After listening for a few moments, she arose, forgetting her own trouble and went toward the sound. Behind a high hedge she saw an old woman sitting upon the ground before a tiny cottage, rocking herself to and fro as she sobbed. Adele's heart was touched at the sight. "Are you in trouble?" she asked.

The old woman looked up startled. "Dear, dear! Where did you come from? Oh, I'm just a stupid old woman to cry like this. Crying never does any good, does it? Crying won't water my garden, will it?" she said, smiling through her tears.

"What is the matter?" asked Adele.

"Matter! Matter, my dear? Look at my flower garden! Flowers are the only means I have of keeping my body and soul together, and I have none to take to market. They are all drying up in this terrible heat!"

Adele found nothing to say. She thought of her little baby sister fading in the heat just like the old woman's flowers. Then, suddenly, a bright idea came to her.

"I know a place deep in the woods where there are some big tiger-lilies and bluebells," she said. "It is cooler beneath the trees, and the flowers are very beautiful. If you will give me your market basket I will fill it for you."

"Oh, what a good child! What a good child! Heaven bless you for your kindness, little one," cried the old woman.

Although it was very hot Adele hurried along the road. She had not meant to stay away from home for any length of time. She was too anxious about the baby. Her own trouble had made her heart very sensitive, so that she felt eager to help the poor old woman.

The deeper she went among the trees the cooler it became. She found the flowers as fresh as she had seen them some days before. She worked quickly, plucking and packing them carefully into the basket. When it was quite full, she carried it to a narrow streamlet that still had a little water trickling along its bed. She was busily splashing the water over the flowers with her hand, when she heard a tiny gasp, and then the ferns parted, and a beautiful little fairy creature peeped out, brushing the water drops from her face with a delicate hand' "Thank you for awakening me," she said.

"Oh, I'm—I'm so sorry to disturb you,'. said the startled Adele, nearly dropping her basket.

"It's time I was disturbed. I'm sure I must have overslept. A most disgraceful thing for a fairy to do."

"A fairy!" exclaimed Adele.

"Yes. I'm a fairy of summer clouds, but I've been neglecting my duties, I'm afraid."

"Duties?" said Adele, for the little fairy looked far too small and dainty to have duties.

"It is my duty to gather the fleecy summer clouds and drive them where they are most needed," explained the fairy.

"Oh, then you will help me, will you not?" cried Adele. "Please gather some right away and let them cool the air so that my baby sister may not die. This heat is killing her! Please gather some clouds quickly!"

"I have indeed overslept," said the fairy as she glanced into the streamlet and saw how low it was. "And are you gathering flowers already for the baby," she asked, pointing to the basket.

"No, no!" said Adele. "These are for an old woman whose market flowers have all dried up in the heat. She will starve if she has none to sell."

"I have indeed overslept," said the fairy again. She bent and lifted a slender wand from beneath the ferns. From the top of it hung clear, sparkling, crystal drops, like drops of jewelled water. "Come! I will set to work at once," she cried. Then pulling one of the pendant drops from the wand she held it out to Adele saying: "Hasten on your way with the flowers and tell the old woman that I will take care her flowers are revived by next market day. Then you must return home and place this upon the baby's brow. I will do the rest. Good-bye." And with that she vanished upward through the trees.

Adele gazed in wonderment at the drop in her hand. It was clear and cool, but left no moisture on her palm. She hurried from the wood, and glancing upward saw that the little white, fleecy puffs of clouds were drawing together.

The old woman was so overcome with gratitude when she saw the basket of flowers that she kissed Adele's hand, saying: "Heaven repay you for your kindness, dear child!"

Arriving home, Adele related her adventures to her mother and gave her the drop for the babys' brow. The baby had not opened its eyes for hours. It was lying like one dead. The crystal drop, when placed upon the baby's forehead, melted, and spread in glittering beads, then vanished. The baby opened its eyes and smiled. At the same moment big drops of a summer shower came splashing at the window-panes, and Adele knew that the fairy was doing her part.

Wash Day

By William Thompson

My dolly's clothes are often soiled,
The same as yours and mine;
And then I scrub, and scrub, and scrub,
Then hang them on the line.

And then I heat an iron,
And press, and press, and press;
My dolly really seems to smile
To see her nice clean dress.

I never dread the wash days
The same as some folks do,
Because I do for dolly
What dolly cannot do.

The same as mother did for me
When I was just a mite—
And when you're helping others,
You're always doing right.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A letter from Marguerite McLean of Calgary, asking about the Summer Competition. What we meant by a story was that we want you to tell what you have seen yourself. For instance yesterday I watched mother robin feeding her baby. She walked along the grass and every now and then down went her head while she listened for a worm, and then up it came from the cool earth, and the baby squeaking and squeaking followed her on unsteady legs, and she popped the morsel into its open bill, and went back for another. That's the sort of thing we want, the story of what you yourself observe about the insect, bird or reptile. Don't send in your stories till the end of August, and then send them complete.

Mabel Locken of Bearberry P.O., Alta., sent us some verses on muskrats, which we will try and publish later.

Audrey Hockley, who won a gold button recently, would like some correspondents, especially from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. Her address is 769 Cambie St., Vancouver, B.C. Audrey is fifteen.

Margaret Henry of Kindersley, Sask., sent us in some verses for Spring. Unfortunately Margaret they reached us too late, but I think we might send you a gold button for them. The rhyming I am afraid is rather a close copy of a well-known hymn, but the ideas are good.

The Women Makers of Canada

DOMINION DAY and the approaching celebration this month of the Diamond Jubilee of the oldest of the Western Provinces brings to The Philosopher's mind again a thought which came to him on the Diamond Jubilee of the Dominion three years ago, in looking at a reproduction of the well-known picture "The Fathers of Confederation." From the first of the pioneering days the women have borne their full share in the making of Canada—the pioneer women of the East, where the farms had to be hewed out of the hardwood forests, and the pioneer women of the West, no less, all faced hardships and privations. Their hearts were strong. In the making of Canada the staunchness of the men was sustained by the courage and devotion of the women. There should be somewhere in Canada a national monument to the pioneer women without whom Canada could not have been made.

Manitoba's Sea Coast

IN connection with the completion this summer of the railway to Churchill, on Hudson Bay, it is interesting to remember that Henry Hudson gave his name to the great river which has New York city and harbor at its mouth as well as to the Strait and Bay through which came the Selkirk settlers, who were the beginners of agricultural settlement in Western Canada. It was in the same little ship of fifty tons, the Discovery, that in 1609 he entered the Hudson and in 1610 the Strait and the great inland sea which both bear his name, and which are destined to have their waters furrowed, like the waters of the Hudson river where they meet the Atlantic, by many ocean steamships inward and outward bound. Early this summer the astronomers announced that an unusual spot had made its appearance on the sun. How many people know that the first man to discover a spot on the sun was Robert Juet, on board Hudson's ship, the Half Moon, which accompanied the Discovery on the 1609 voyage of discovery across the Atlantic? And how many know that on his 1610 voyage Hudson carried letters from King James to be delivered to the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor of China, or other Oriental potentates to whose dominions he hoped to sail through "the North-West Passage," which to the navigators of that age was a luring dream of gain and fame? How the Oriental Emperors or other potentates were going to be able to read them has never been explained.

The Pathfinders

THERE is an increase of interest in the lives and adventures of the men who first explored the immense area that is now Western Canada Most of us do not find it easy to imagine ourselves back into the shoes, into the moccasins and canoes, of those pathfinders. We must first put out of our heads the map of the Western Canada of today, and remember that they were adventuring into the unknown. Few of them found what they expected to find. From Hudson to La Verandrye they were seeking a short cut to fabulous wealth of the Orient. Hudson perished in the inland sea whose waters hide the secret of his fate. La Verendrye, who by the machinations of his enemies in Quebec and in France died a ruined man, failed in his quest of "the Western Sea," but he was in a real sense the discoverer of Western Canada, the first white man to descend the Winnipeg river, the first to see Lake Winnipeg, the first on the Red, the Assiniboine and the Saskatchewan—except the young Henry Kelsey—and the first to cross the great plains of the Missouri. Many years afterwards English-speaking explorers made their way overland to the Pacific both by the Missouri and the Saskatchewan. We Canadians of the present have inherited the rewards of the faith and energy and courage of men who were among the greatest explorers known to history, who first penetrated the vast unknown regions of the West, across which we can now travel at ease along the steel thoroughfares of Canada's two great railway systems.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor 3
THE PHILOSOPHER 66
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING 68

Fiction

WILD WEST PARIS—Francis Dickie 7
THE SWIMMING MASTER—H. Mortimer Batten 10
BRIGHT STEEL—William Merriam Rouse 14
AIR CASTLES—Florence Brewster Wikingsson 16
NO DEFENCE (Conclusion)—Gilbert Parker 20

Articles

CANADA IN NINETEEN-THIRTY—Frank Yeigh 4
REGRETS OF A WELL FROG—Ellis Parker Butler 11
IN THE WAKE OF CAPTAIN COOK—Robert Watson 12
FAMILY BATHING FOR THE HOLIDAY—Sidney G. Hedges 18
THE LAST DAYS OF McGEE—Constance Kerr Sissons 19
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S ONLY ROMANCE—William P. Schramm 31
MODERN SPARTANS—Edward Ormerod 32
FASCINATION OF MOUNTAINEERING—A. W. Wolfe 33
DOWN HOME—Olivia Alward 45

Regular Departments

SHADOWLAND—Jerome Carver 28
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I... 30
DOLLARS AND CENTS 36
LEGAL INFORMATION 37
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke 65

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHING—Katherine Caldwell 24
APPLIQUE QUILTS NOW IN STYLE—Marion Wathen Fox 40
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton 48
FASHIONS 58, 59
EMBROIDERY 62

The
Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG *BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR* MANITOBA

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Citizenship

IT IS fine to see that in the preparations which are being made throughout Manitoba for the Diamond Jubilee celebration on July 15, the sixtieth anniversary of the Province's entry into the Canadian family of Confederation in 1870, all the people in the Province, of whatever racial origin, are taking part in whole-heartedly enthusiastic Canadianism. There is constant evidence throughout all the nine Provinces of the increasing strength of the spirit of Canadian unity. Love of one's own land, true patriotism, is the best basis for true world citizenship and the sense of human brotherhood which is the only possible security for civilization against war. The late Lord Balfour gave a fine example of that spirit. A close friend of his, writing about him more than twenty years ago, said: "He has a deep love for the land of his birth, Scotland, and for the British race. Tell him something that a man or woman of the British race has done giving proof of courage, of high thinking, of excellent achievement in any way, and he shows at once his admiration and his pride that he, too is British." And Lord Balfour himself, in a letter written seven years ago and quoted in some reminiscences of him since his death, said: "I think of the human race, from whatever racial stock its members may come, in whatever age they may be born, whatever creed they may profess, as being together in the presence of One Reality, not wholly in vain spelling out some fragments of its message." In these words, surely, there is inspiration towards the best citizenship.

About "Marxism-Leninism"

FROM the office of "The Communist," in New York city, a little monthly which describes itself as "a magazine of the theory and practice of Marxism-Leninism, published by the Communist party of the United States," comes a copy of that publication, with an article specially marked in it, presumably with the desire that The Philosopher should read it. The outstanding statement in the article is that "the underlying purpose of the Soviet Union is to bring about in the whole world the triumph of the teachings of Marx, as converted into action under the leadership of Lenin, so as to secure to the real creators of wealth the wealth that they produce." A great purpose, but can "Marxism-Leninism" really give the world any real help towards effectuating it? There are many realities which the writer of the article in question does not face. One of them is the importance, as a factor in the production of wealth and the promotion of the welfare and progress of humanity, of brains which can plan and organize employment for hands and make that labor profitable. The Russian revolution was successful in overthrowing a despotic regime. But the Communist theories of Marx, even "as converted into action under the leadership of Lenin," possess no magic power to overthrow the unyielding despotism of realities, and of economic facts and the fundamental truths of human nature.

In NEW De Luxe Models

This is the "Big Boy" De Luxe Model at $7.50 in either gold-plated or Chromium finish.

The Gillette
New De Luxe
Razor
$5.00 to $75.00

The Gillette
New De Luxe
Blade
of Patented
KRO-MAN
Steel
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They're here too. De Luxe editions of the New Gillette Razor and the New Gillette Blade. Luxury in every detail. Beauty. Dignity. For the man who insists on utmost quality in all his personal requisites.

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The New Gillette De Luxe Blade fits any Gillette Razor, old style or new. Ten for $2.00 . . . at all the better shops.

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WITH ALL THE IMPROVEMENTS OF THE POPULAR-PRICED MODELS and TEN NEW BLADES of KRO-MAN STEEL

What the World is Saying

Especially the Other Fellow's
"Some people cannot stand prosperity," pronounces Henry Ford.—Kamloops Sentinel.

It Should Have Been a Kiawanis Kontest
Kwite a few from here attended the Kenora Rotary Kite-flying Kontest.—Fort Frances Times.

Ours Does at the Laundry
"The stiff collar ought to disappear and never come back," writes a doctor.—Manchester Guardian.

One Dot to a Costume?
Word comes from Paris that dots are very fashionable on bathing costumes this summer.—New York World.

It Seems a Very Poor Excuse
A Hollywood expert explains that many talking pictures are written around theme-songs.—Montreal Devoir.

Haw! Haw!
A donkey in Middlessex swallowed a gold wedding-ring. Attracted by the 22 carats, perhaps.—London Opinion.

A Shrinkage Sometimes Observable
You can't always tell. The man who seems a five-ton truck downtown may be just a trailer at home.—Kitchener Record.

Why Not Use a Sardine-tin Opener?
It is suggested that when Henry Ford opens his new works at Cologne he should do it with a golden key.—Glasgow Herald.

1930 Model
"Even the three-months-old baby has its special charm," says a medical writer. Who can deny it?—London Saturday Review.

An Heir of the Dog That Bit Him
A Clapham magistrate commended a man who adopted a puppy of a dog that was destroyed for having attacked him.—London Telegraph.

Not by a Damsite?
Search is being made for the oldest sawmill in Canada. When found, it will probably not be worth a — sluiceway. — Winnipeg Tribune.

And Then He Should Tackle Politics
Having silenced firearms, Mr. Maxim announces that he will next endeavor to eliminate noise from industry.—Scientific American.

Poultry Item from England
A Ford model village is to be erected in Essex. It is said that the local chickens will be trained to cross the road in high gear.—Coventry Herald.

Because It Doesn't Rhyme With Dove
A pigeon is a bird that never gets into a film theme song and never has soft-voiced young men crooning about it.—Kansas City Star.

Henry Ford Is After the Horse Fly
The man who can succeed in abolishing only one of the many serious insect menaces to mankind will deserve to rank in history as a great benefactor.—British Medical Journal.

A Generous Allowance for Breakages
There have been more than three thousand new laws passed in the United States during the past three years. We may well wonder why so many.—London Humorist.

The Very Best Way Is To Do Nothing
A Health and Beauty enquirer asks what to do to get soft, white hands. She should read the advertisements with the photographs and signatures of the various film queens.—Duluth Herald.

How About a Part in a Slow-moving Film?
We read of a young woman in America who breathes only twice a minute. Her chance of getting an emotional part in a film is, we fear, discouraging.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

An Anglosaxophone Suggestion
It is stated that jazz performers will soon be on the pay-rolls of Naval bands, but it is hoped that there will be no parity in saxophones with the United States.—London Passing Show.

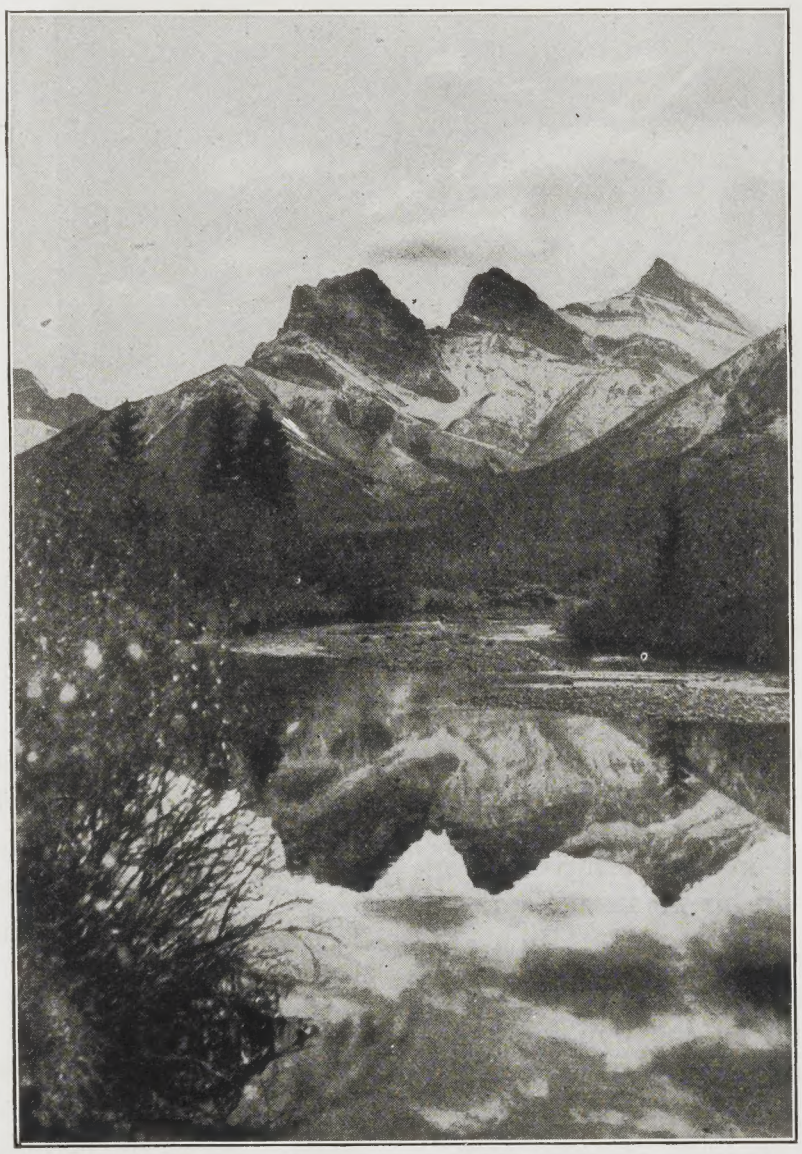
Nyassalanders Wha Hae!
It is said that so many Scottish missionaries have gone out to Nyassaland that the natives speak such English, as they do speak, with a pronounced Scottish accent.—Yorkshire Post.

More Doggish Waggery From London
An interviewer expresses the opinion that America's Hot-Dog King, who is young and good-looking, would be a "wow" on the films. Or even a bow-wow.—London Sunday Pictorial.

One More New Form For an Old Joke
With reference to the three Scotsmen who stated at Bow Street police station that they had been robbed of their money, we think the thief should explain how he did it.—Belfast Northern Whig.

More Than That, He's a Magician
The man who hides behind a woman's skirt is a coward.—London Daily Express.

How About Adam?
A garden keeps a man out of mischief.—Vancouver Province.



Canadian Rockies—The Three Sisters

She Should Have Yelled "Burder!"
A shop girl in Manchester who was alone in the shop when thieves entered had such a bad summer cold that she could not call for help. The thieves robbed the till.—London Daily Mail.

They Disclose a Person's Natural Bent
In the opinion of a psychologist, bowlegs are often an indication of a strong character. Without agreeing offhand to that we should be inclined to admit that they show something.—Ottawa Citizen.

—Or You May See the Next
"Buy a Car and See This World" says an advertisement. Also, when you are driving the car and come to a level railway crossing, Stop, Look and Listen.—Toronto Globe.

First, Of Course, Catch Your Rabbit
"When bees are scarce," says a gardening hint, "the expanded blossoms of fruit trees should be flicked with a rabbit's tail, in order to distribute the pollen.—Isle of Man Examiner.

Would Sound Like H.M.S. Pinafore
Ice cream, sweet cakes and sundaes are now supplied to the crews of warships. No doubt the jolly Jack Tars will sing a rollicking jazz-time song while absorbing these dainties.—South Wales Echo.

She Should Have the Job
Women are gradually taking the places of men. We know a woman who can even drive a nail gracefully and with power and efficiency and without hitting her thumb.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Seven-Days-a-Week Gas Burning
The forty-eight States and the District of Columbia collected $431,636,254 in 1929 on the sale of gasoline. This country could not afford to follow Russia's example and abolish Sunday.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Colon Is Not a Period
During his flight across the Isthmus of Panama the only stop made by Colonel Lindbergh, a brief one, was at Colon. And properly so, for that was no place at which to punctuate his flight with a full stop.—Washington Star.

But We Bet He Said "Who He Will Fight"
An American heavyweight who has arrived in this country is reported as saying that he is uncertain whom he will fight. In order to assist in the process of elimination, we hasten to say that it will not be us.—Dundee Courier.

A Hint for Hollywood
A North London woman, interrupted by shouts of "Fire!" while having a bath, ran out in a dressing-gown to the nearest telephone box and summoned the fire brigade. As far as we know, no actress has yet thought of doing this.—Belfast News-Latter.

Rubbering Recommended for Roughnecks
Roughness of the neck, according to a beauty hint, is often an indication of unsuspected rheumatism in the system and may be remedied by head exercises which bend the head in all directions to improve the circulation.—Montreal Gazette.

Motor Cars Flying North
There were cars from Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania and thirteen other States on Windsor streets yesterday. A couple even from Ontario were reported, but this could not be confirmed up to press time today—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Now is That a Nice Thing to Say?
In a review of Dr. Frederick Tilney's book on the development of the human brain it is remarked that anyone who compares Mr. Lloyd George's photograph taken thirty years ago with his appearance today will see that his head seems to have swelled out.—Aberdeen Citizen.

Absolutely
The question whether a motorist travelling past a stationary person at twice the velocity of sound would hear speech backwards has been discussed in a weekly paper. Our own observation is that the remarks of stationary persons are wasted on passing motorists.—London Spectator.

He Was Afraid of Being Hit Again
Detroit had a new form of the hit-and-run case yesterday. The man knocked down by the car jumped up and ran away. Whether he was wanted by the police, or was under the impression that he had injured the car, is a matter of conjecture.—Chatham News.

They Might Be Elected to Parliament
In his latest book, in which he attempts to look ahead a hundred years into the future and describe what human beings will be doing in 2030, Lord Birkenhead would almost seem to ask us believe it possible that by that time science will have equipped men and women with machines that will help them to think, if not actually with machines that will do their thinking for them. But how could such machines be used?—Toronto Star.

Beautiful New Bodies by
FISHER
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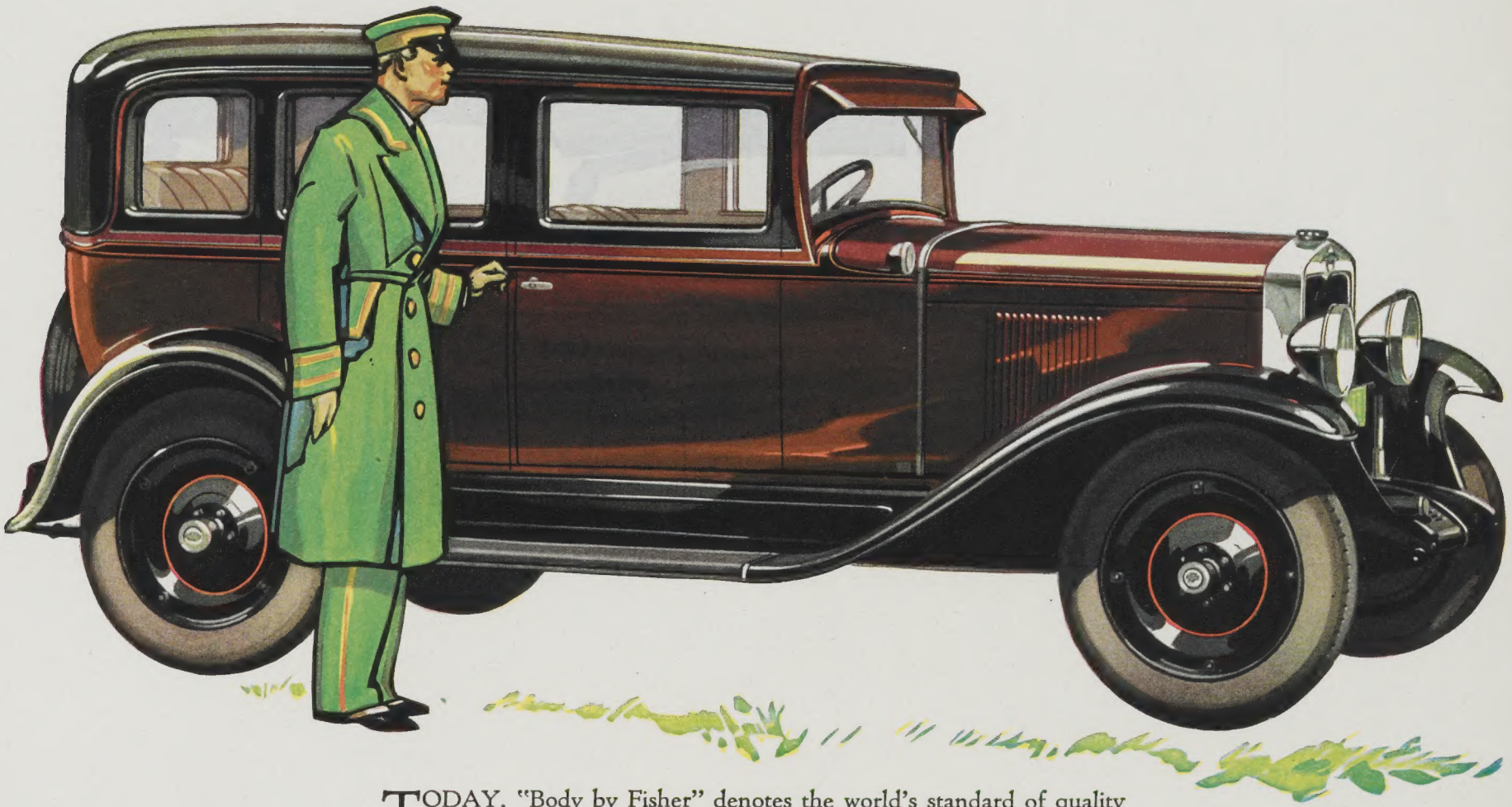
CHEVROLET
in Chevrolet History



TODAY, "Body by Fisher" denotes the world's standard of quality in automobile coach-craft. And among all cars in the lowest price field . . Fisher Bodies are exclusive on the new Chevrolet Six.

That is the reason for Chevrolet's outstanding beauty . . for the graceful fleetness expressed in its long, low lines . . the instant impression of luxury and completeness of appointment, inside and out, conveyed by no other car near its price.

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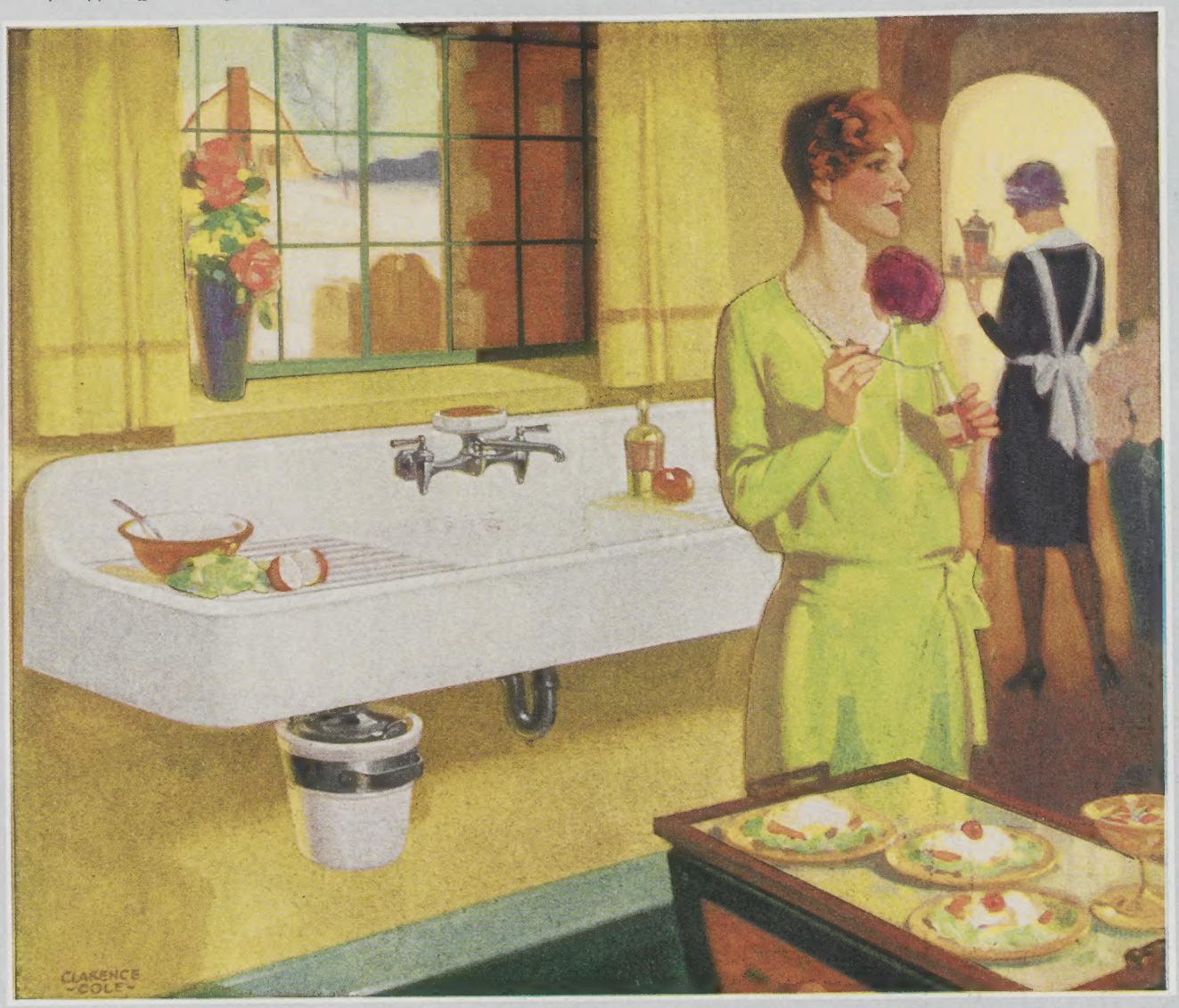
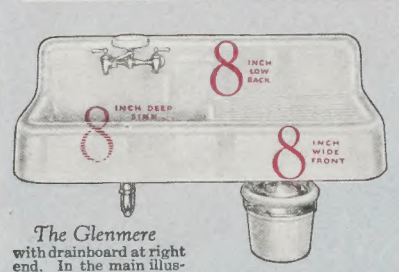
I T ' S B E T T E R B E C A U S E I T ' S C A N A D I A N

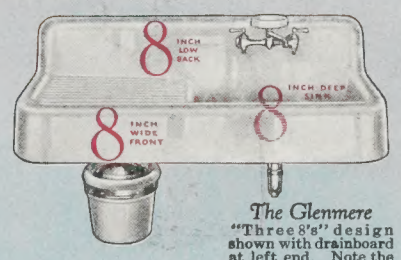
"THE SINK IN THE SUNLIGHT"





The Glenmere with drainboard at right end. In the main illustration is the BRENTWOOD, double drainboard model.

These features make a kitchen sink *complete*



The Glenmere "Three 8's" design shown with drainboard at left end. Note the "Three 8's" dimensions.

Only the "Three 8's" Sink Offers Them

THE most used fixture in your kitchen is the Sink. It should be complete—easy to keep clean—step-saving. When you see the "**Standard**" "Three 8's" sink, you will immediately appreciate the *completeness* of its convenience.

8-inch low back—lower by 4 inches than most sinks—which fits easily under a low, cheerful window;

8-inch deep sink compartment which easily accommodates your deepest, widest pan—an *extra* 2 inches;

8-inch deep front which gives the whole sink a new, symmetrical beauty;

The beautiful swinging-spout faucet finished in non-tarnishing, non-corroding Chromard;

Attached garbage container with removable aluminum receptacle and capable of being pushed back under the sink on a folding bracket can be furnished at additional cost.

See this *complete* sink, in several styles and sizes, at your plumbers.

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